THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Wee azine
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April 17, 1909

Five Cents
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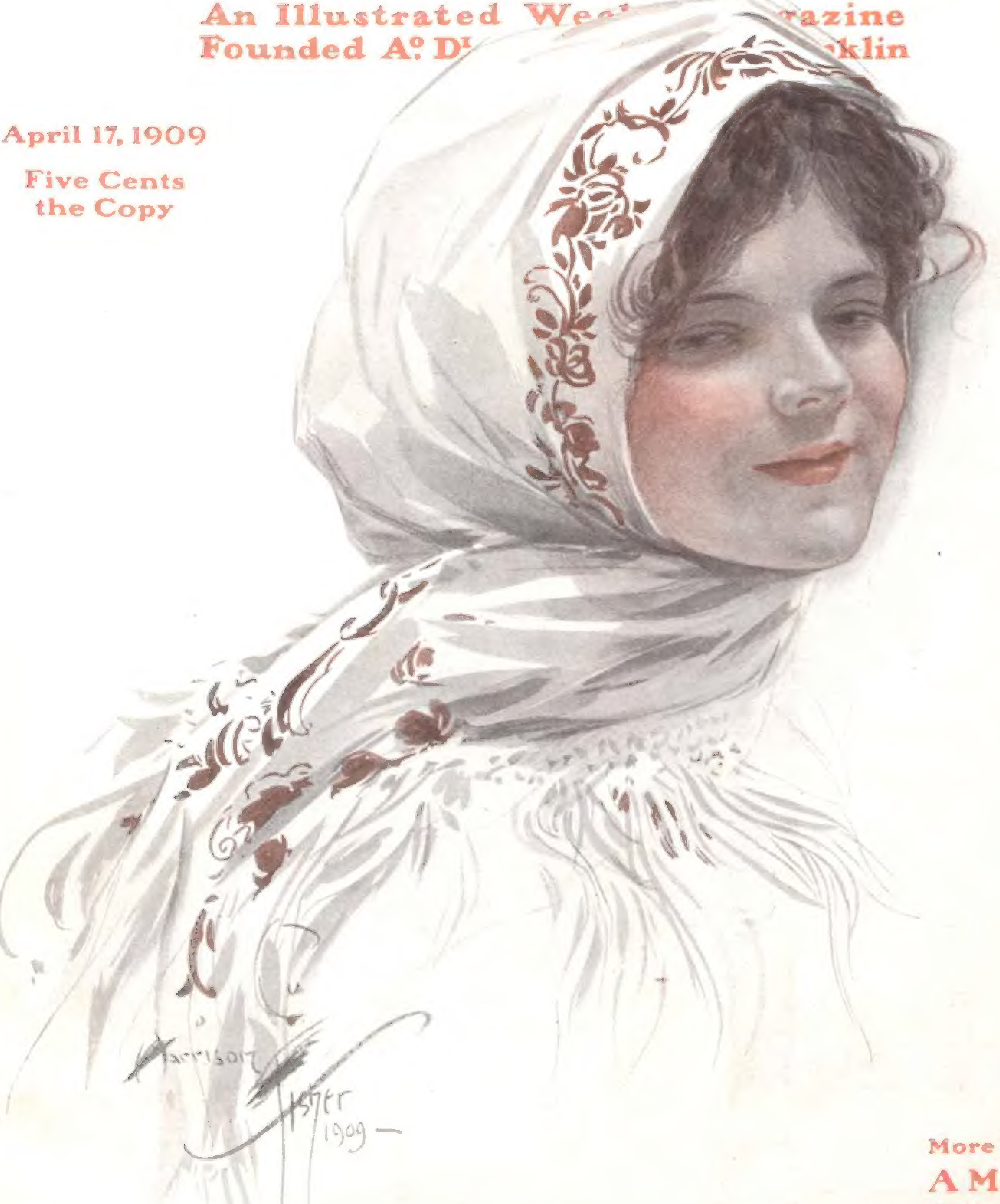
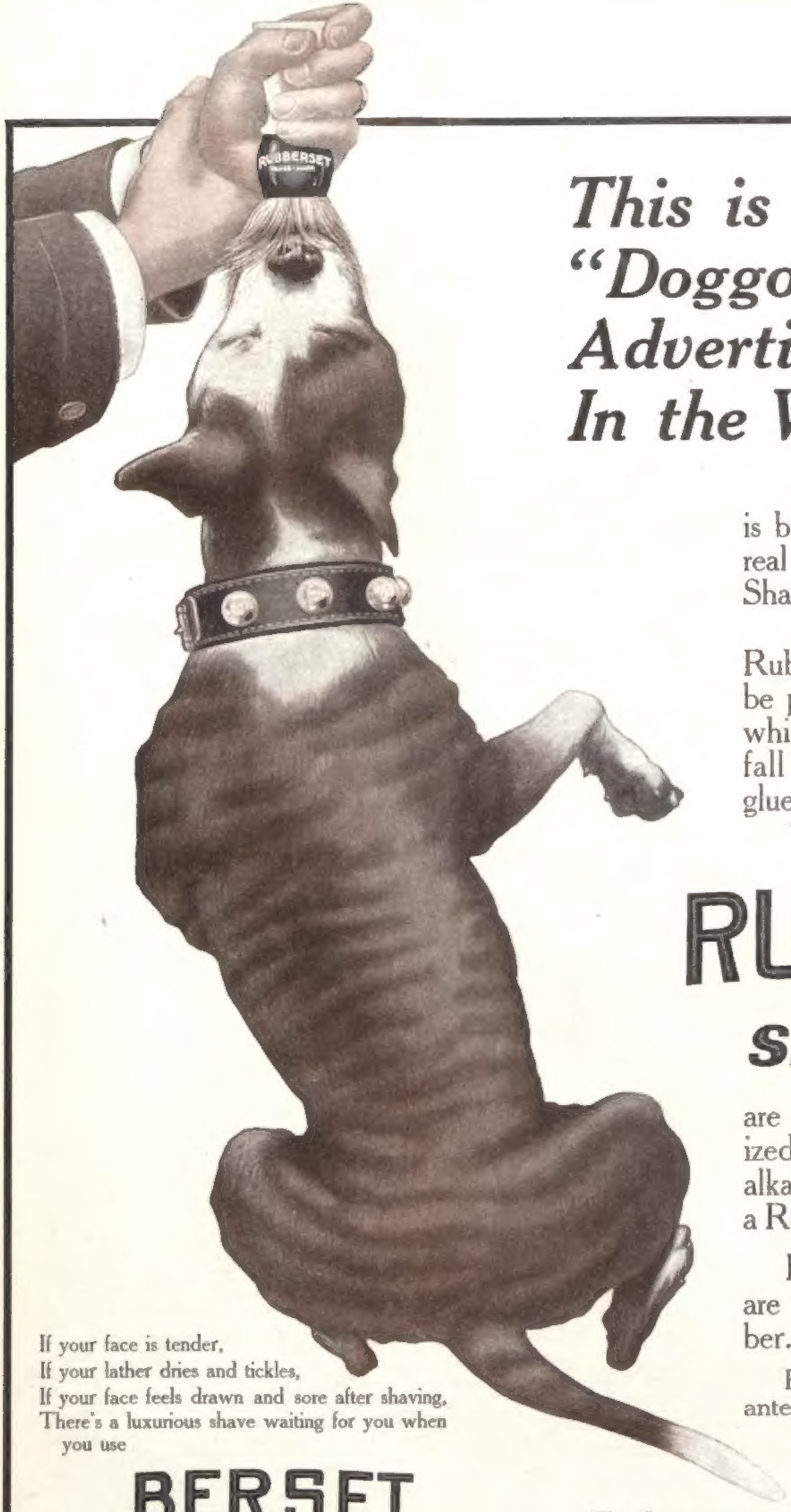

Harrison Fisher
1909

More Than
A Million
A Week
Circulation



This is the Oldest "Doggone" Advertising Idea In the World

The reason this illustration is used is because it is a real photograph of a real Bull Dog and a real Rubberset Shaving Brush.

It shows that the bristles of a Rubberset Shaving Brush can not even be pulled or twisted out of the setting, while those of an ordinary brush just fall out when the rosin, cement or glue setting is softened by hot water.

The bristles of a

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brush

are held in a solid bed of hard, vulcanized rubber—water-proof, soap-proof, alkali-proof, wear-proof. You can boil a Rubberset if you like—it does it good.

Rubberset Brushes are patented and are the only brushes held in hard rubber. Look for the name on every brush.

Every Rubberset Shaving Brush is guaranteed never to lose a bristle from its setting.

At all dealers' and barbers', all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00.

To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Dept. No. 24
5204 Metropolitan Tower, New York City

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
63 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal.

If your face is tender,
If your lather dries and tickles,
If your face feels drawn and sore after shaving,
There's a luxurious shave waiting for you when
you use

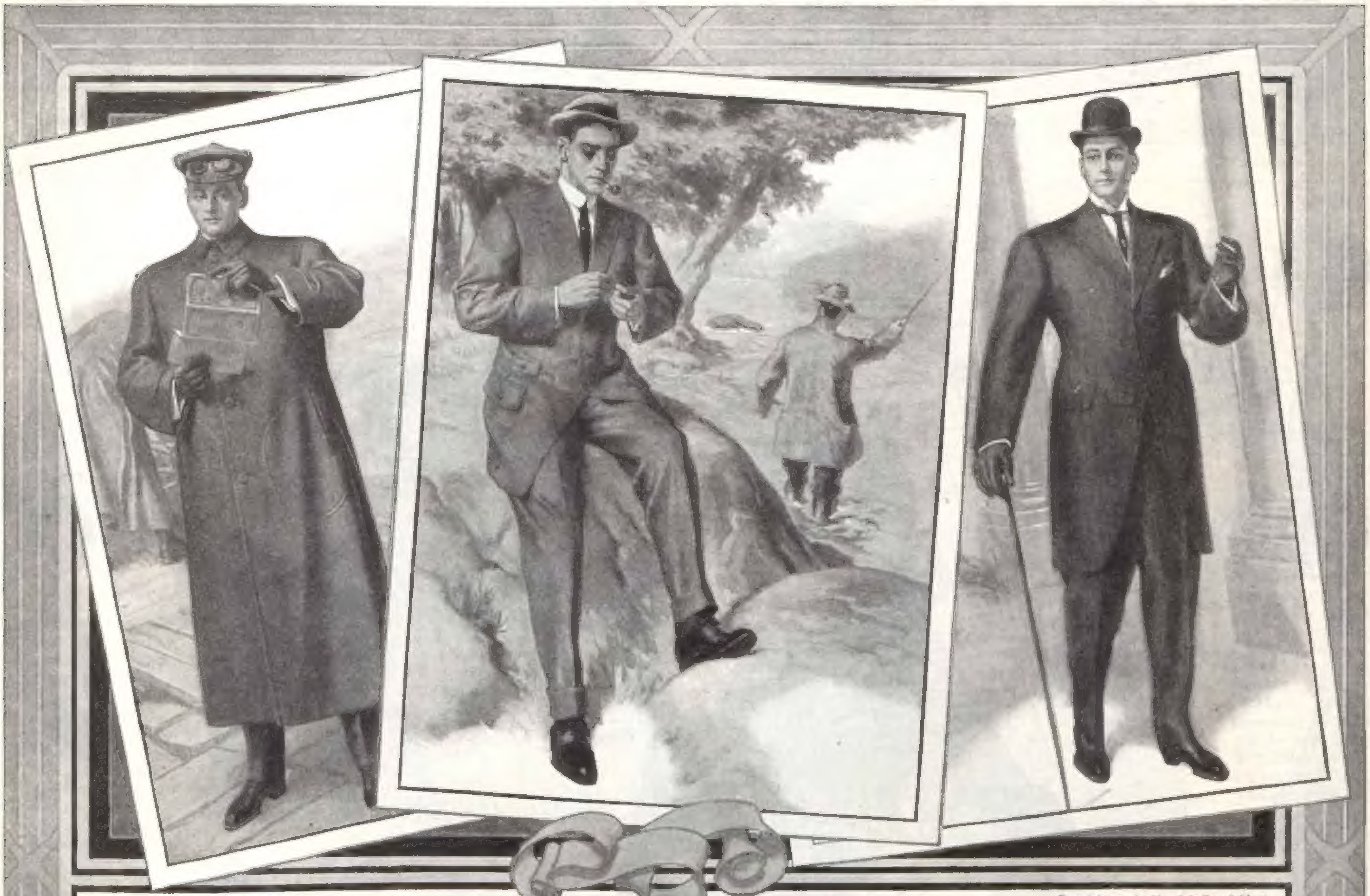
BERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Cream Soap

composed of Glycerine and Cocoanut oil. Prevents dryness—is antiseptic and soothing—contains no free alkali. *Send dealer's name* and 4 cents for 10 cent sample tubes.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY



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YOU can see for yourself that the clothes we make have a distinction in style and tailoring which is quite unusual.

There's another fact about our goods which gives them a unique position among clothes; we use none but all-wool fabrics, and that means, in these days when cotton-adulterations are the common, almost universal rule among clothes makers, a quality-distinction which is very significant.

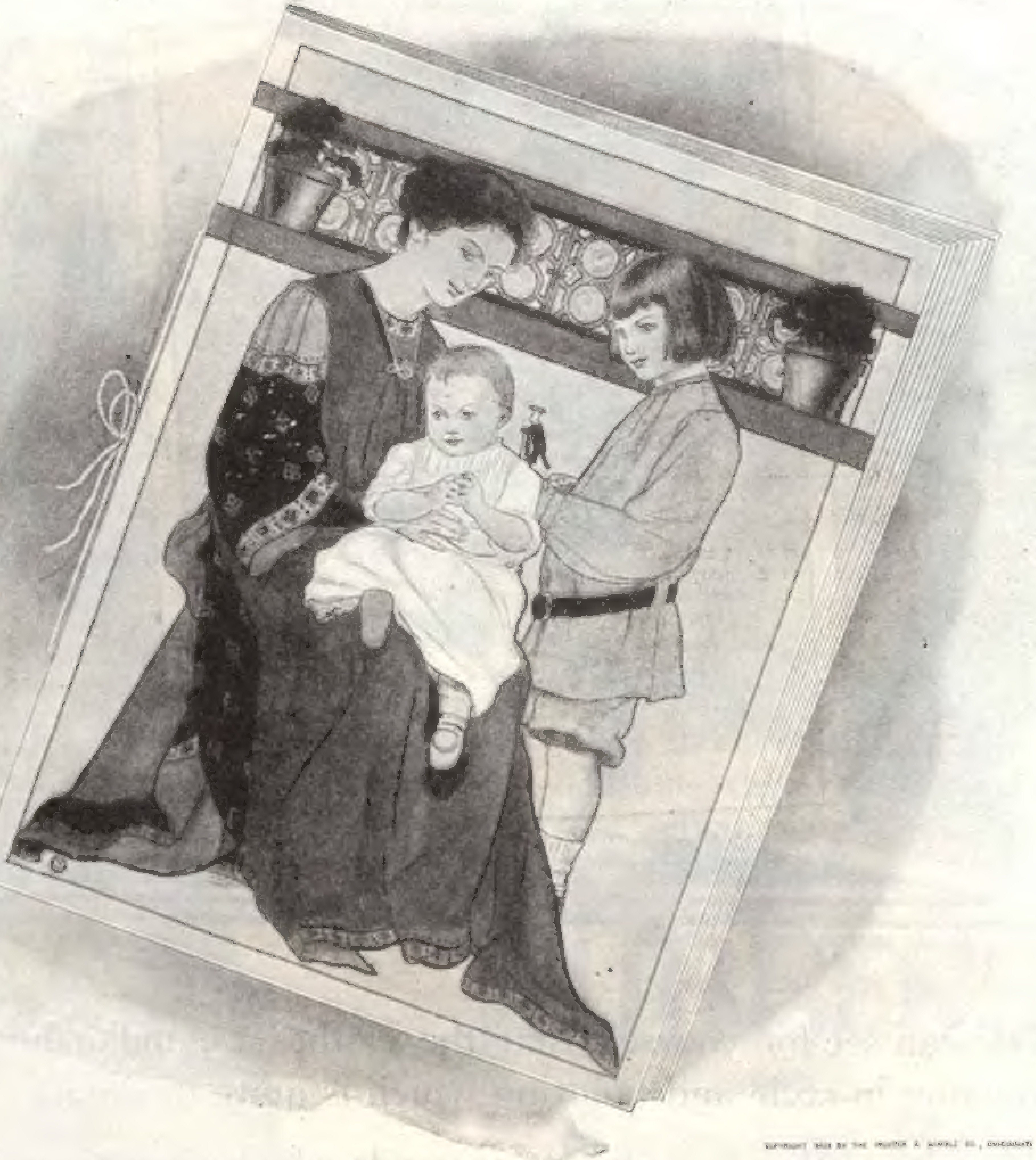
You want all-wool, for the sake of the wear, the better tailoring, the better shape-keeping; for the sake of your own self-respect. You may be sure of getting it with our name.

The Style Book shows many different models; send six cents for a copy.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York



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"HOW TO BRING UP A BABY"—A BOOK THAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD READ.

Contains 40 pages of valuable information—just the sort of information that every mother ought to have access to at a moment's notice.

Tells, among other things:

What kind of food a child should eat.
How long it should sleep.
What it should wear.
When and how it should be bathed; and why Ivory Soap is best for bath and nursery use.
How to care for its eyes, ears, nose, teeth, hair and nails.
How to treat the minor ailments of childhood; *and when to send for a physician.*

The illustrations—in color—are charming. The text is by Miss Elizabeth R. Scovil, graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, and the author of several books on the care of children.

If you would like a copy, address a letter or postal card to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati; say that you want a copy of the "Baby Book," give your name, street number, town or city and state and you will receive one in the course of a very few days.

Ivory Soap . . . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

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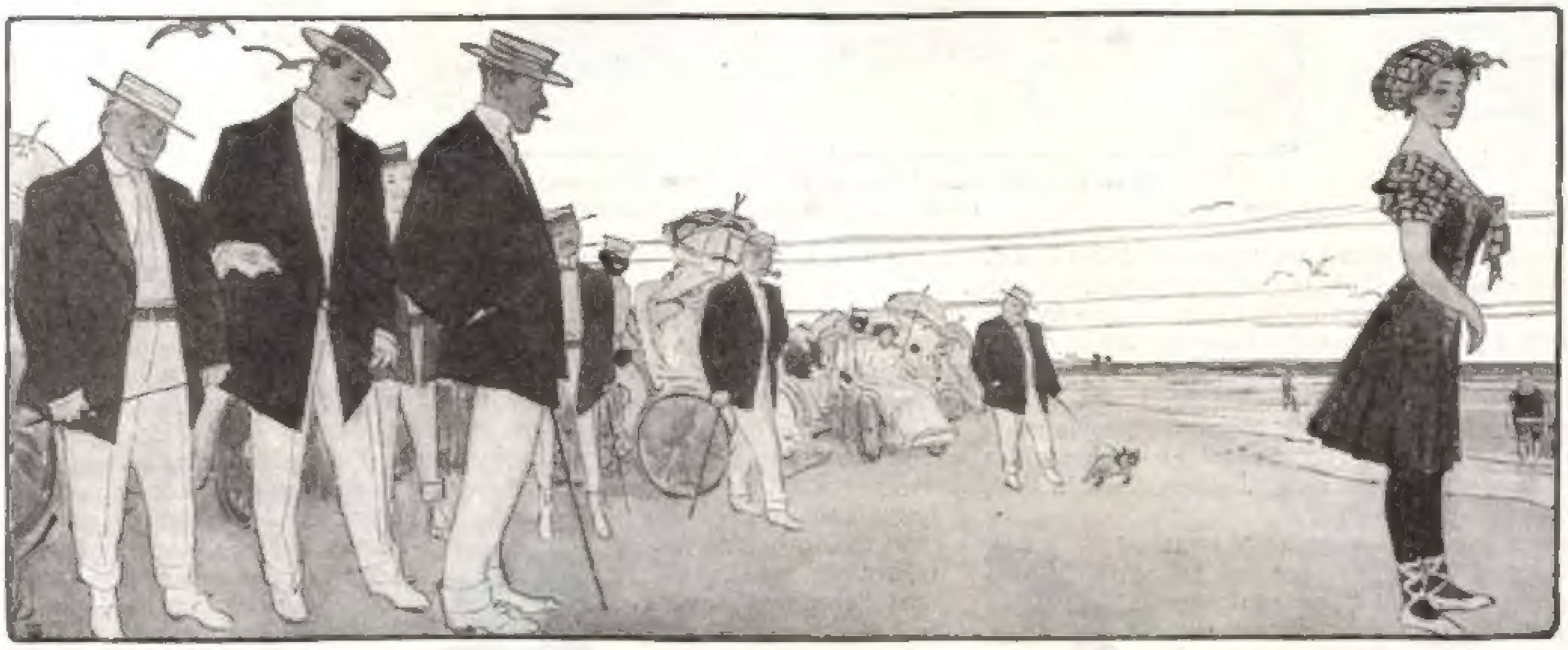
THE HOOKERS-UP

Being a Consideration of Certain Phases of Life at Palm Beach



There is a Large and Commodious Ocean Just Abaft The Breakers

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

"IS IT a club?" I asked the Man Who Had Been There Every Season for Ten Years.

"Iswhat a club?" he asked back, rather coldly, I thought.

"Why, this," I said, waving my hand comprehensively to include the porches, the lobby and the lawns.

"I do not understand," and there was no mistake about the ice.

"What I mean is this," I continued cautiously, for persons who have been there every season for ten years are of consequence and not to be trifled with or considered lightly: "Are all these apparently normal men wearing the same uniform because they belong to some club down here on an excursion, or something?"

"Uniform!" he exclaimed, congealing rapidly—he had just been explaining, with much detail, that he knew the hotel before they built the addition—"You jest. I see nobody wearing uniforms but the servants."

"Pardon me," I said, with that deference due to his position as one of the oldest guests, "but I can see very plainly about two hundred men, all attired in blue serge coats, white flannel trousers, white shoes and straight-brimmed straw hats. If that isn't a uniform, what is it? Or," I suggested hopefully, "perhaps they are doing it on a bet?"

Well, he wore a blue serge coat, white flannel trousers, white shoes and a straw hat, and his low temperature was immediately dissipated by a hot wave he generated himself. He blew up.

"Young man," he shouted, "that attire isn't a uniform—it is absurd—ridiculous—my word—I protest—uniform!—any person acquainted with the conventionalities of fashion would know that these garments"—he patted his blue serge coat and his white flannel trousers—beautifully creased—"these garments are the only proper ones for morning wear at such a place as this. Uniform!" He choked and spluttered into incoherence, trailing off into a stammering succession of "fashion"—"proper"—"conventional"—"my word."

"What are you doing here?" I next asked him.

He straightened up. "I am on my regular winter vacation," he replied. "I have been here every season for ten years. In fact"—and he was very proud about it—"I am one of the oldest patrons of the place."

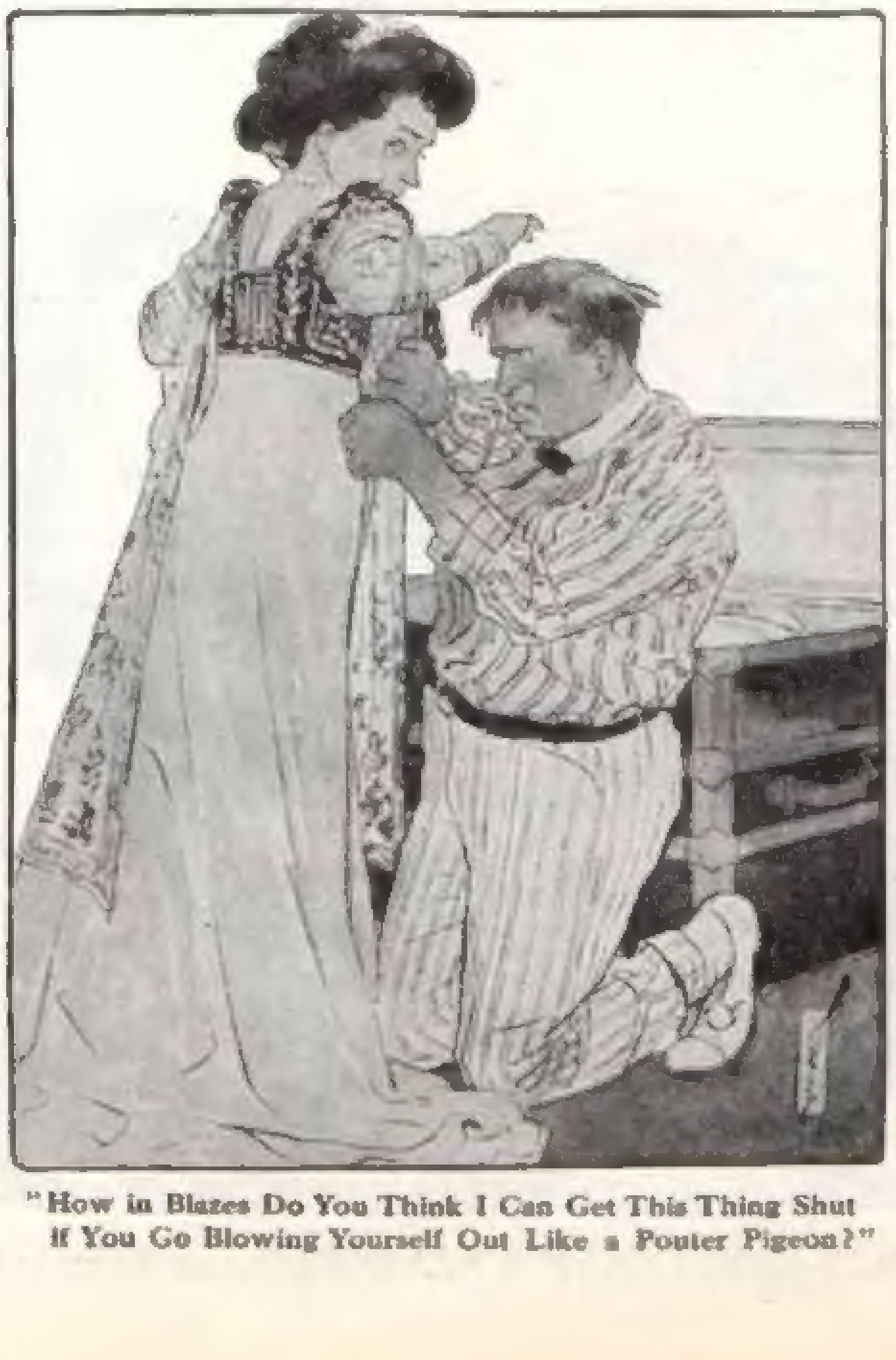
"And is it your idea of a vacation to come down here and rig yourself up every morning just like two hundred other people, or three hundred?"

"Young man," he said, and he was kind and patronizing now, "I fear you do not understand. It is proper, the proper thing. I bring twenty-seven pairs of white flannel trousers with me every time I come."

Then he left me, and the procession of blue-serged and white-flanneled rest-seekers, young and old, moved slowly down to the end of one porch and back again, commented on by the countless blue-serged and white-flanneled rest-seekers who were in the chairs.

Do we Americans take our pleasures sadly, as has been charged? Oh, say not so. We take them sartorially, when we go to Palm Beach. One might as well be in Senegambia as at Palm Beach without the proper rig. The most worried man I ever saw was a millionaire from Franklin, Pennsylvania, who came down, the first morning he arrived, wearing a yachting cap and a brown suit of clothes. He was miserably out of it, but he soon found that, across the way, an enterprising tradesman could supply him with the regulation uniform, at prices to suit the situation, and very soon he was parading swathed in the serge and the flannel, and all was well.

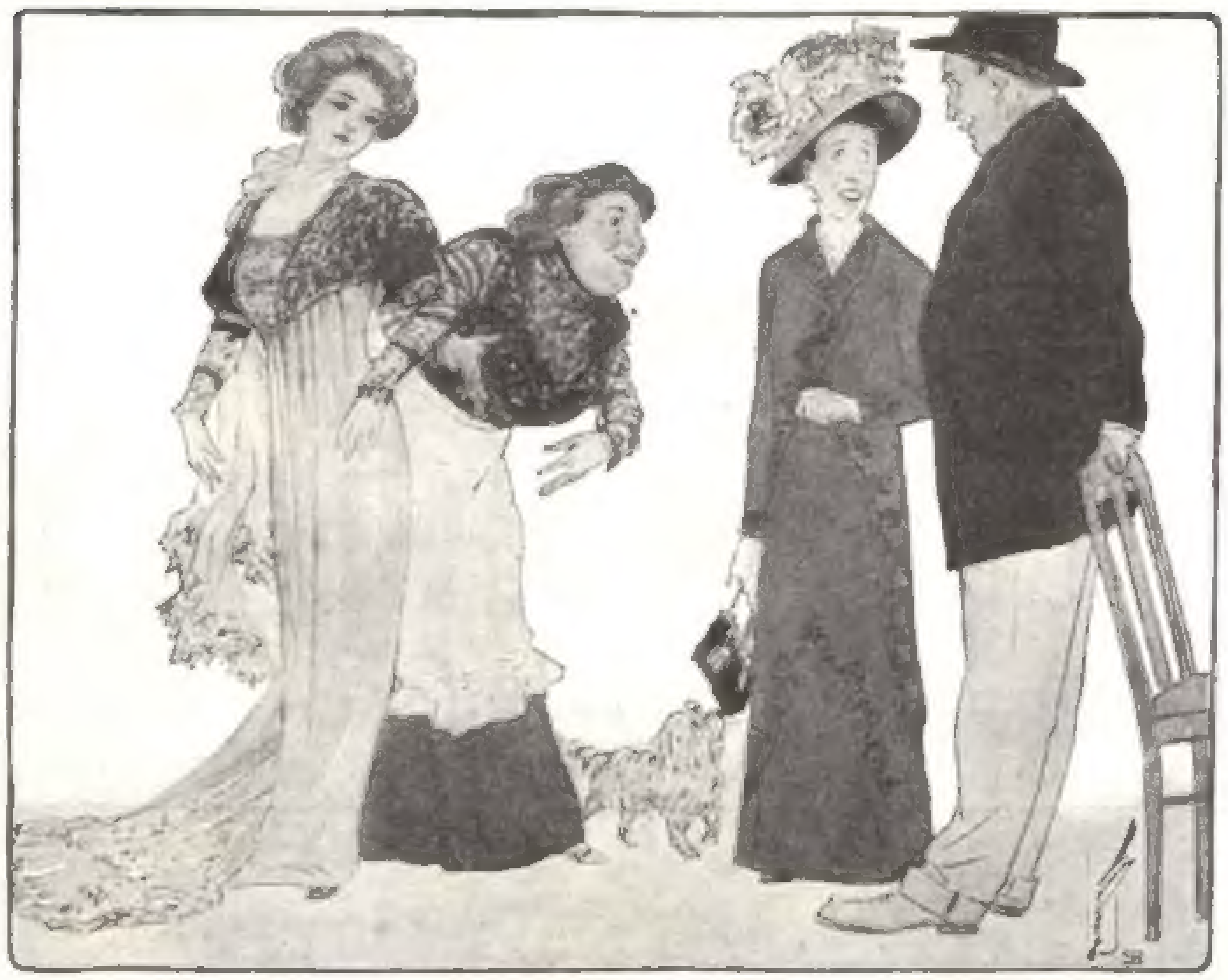
And why not? Surely, if one goes to Palm Beach one should do as the Palm Beachers do; else, why go? What profits it a person to pay eighteen dollars a day for a room unless he—and his wife—have the togs to make the splash? And what profits it a man—and his wife—to stay at Palm Beach after the splash is made? Move on, is the slogan; move on. Show all your clothes and pass along to the next stand. Climate? Perfect, but suddenly imperfect if mamma has displayed every directoire she has in the trunk—oh, immediately too hot or too cold, and we must try it somewhere else. There is a subject for the investigator of natural phenomena: The Immediate Failure of the Climate of Palm Beach to Satisfy After the Tissue-Paper Has Been Taken Out of the Sleeves of the Last Evening Gown in the Trunk. It is sublime until that moment. Then it fails, fails miserably. Try it somewhere else? Certainly, for gowns can be shown again, you know, in a new hotel lobby, with all that grace and dignity that characterize the tourist lady, but never twice in the same place.



"How in Blazes Do You Think I Can Get This Thing Shut If You Go Blowing Yourself Out Like a Pouter Pigeon?"

Primarily, one would think that when Papa and Mamma, for example, or Mamma and the Girls, or Jack and his Bride, go South in the winter it is to escape the rigors of the North—that's the accepted term—rigors of the North—fine, impressive language, too—enough to scare any one into buying a ticket at once and, therefore, largely employed by the advertisers of the delights of the Sunny South—to escape the rigors of the North they would go for rest and recreation, to bask in the genial sunshine, any place where the basking is good, and loll under the palms, eating luscious, golden oranges and pitying those poor slaves of toil or fashion back home, condemned to follow the conventional paths of life and society. One would think that; but, dear brethren, the rigors of the North fade and faint into blessed balm when compared to the rigors of the South at a fashionable hotel.

Nature was lavish at Palm Beach before any but the Seminoles knew of it, and then came Henry M. Flagler, and he outlavished Nature ten to one, until he built a garden spot there beside Lake Worth as beautiful as a poet's dream. There is everything the heart of the seeker after rest could desire: a wonderful lagoon, a sapphire sea, the foliage of the tropics, sunshine for days and days, perfume-laden breezes, flowers, countless opportunities for rest and relaxation, luxury on every hand. It is ideal.



Resolutely Led Papa Down to One of Those Shops and Acquired a Directoire for the Evening's Exhibit

But: "Come, John, it is time to change this breakfast frock for my morning gown and you must hook me up."

Hook her up! Many a tired and careworn citizen has spent several high-priced hours a day hooking her up. Through the corridors of the hotels at breakfast-time, at bathing-time, at teatime and at dinnertime echo and re-echo: "Dod-gast it, I can't find the place for these hooks—why in thunder didn't that dressmaker put on a million of these things when she was about it?—keep your hands down by your sides, can't you?—how in blazes do you think I can get this thing shut if you go blowing yourself out like a pouter pigeon?—where in—in—where does this blamed thing go, anyhow?—there, I've busted two fingernails trying to squeeze you into this sausage case and I quit—I'm going home—go on and get the chambermaid, why don't you?—busy, is she, hooking up other women?—well, I'd think you'd have gumption enough to hire her, too—there—I don't give a hang if it is crooked—I'm through—do you understand that?—I'm through."

And then, too, in shriller tones: "Why, William, I am astonished at you—I—am—astonished—didn't come down here to wrap yourself in stiff shirts and put on evening clothes every night?—the idea—I'd look well, wouldn't I, with my new gown, going down there among all those people and you in that old sack suit?—you have just got to do it—why, William Jones, everybody does—wouldn't you cut a pretty figure down there in that lobby without a dress suit?—don't know any of them, you say?—what difference does that make—do you think I am going to be humiliated by sitting around with you, and every other man all dressed up?—I won't go down at all—sniff—sniff—now, Will, be a dear and go on and dress up—are you sure you hooked all the hooks?"

There are two times when you can escape, only two: the night when you arrive and the trunks are not yet up, and the night when you go away and the trunks are packed. Even then you go about telling your casual acquaintances, in the most casual way, but so they will understand why you are not rigged out, that you just got in and the trunks haven't arrived, or that you are leaving at midnight and the trunks have gone to the train; in the most casual way, of course, but always, for it is inexorable at Palm Beach, inexorable. It is a show place and you are part of the show. If you do not take your part you have offended against conventionalities, and can you imagine a baser thing than that to do, especially where you, although being part of the show, are paying for it?

You find your directions on the door, printed on a card: Breakfast, from 8 to 10:30; luncheon, from 1 to 2:30; dinner, from 6:30 to 8. There you are, knowing the three grand divisions, and see to it that you dress and comport yourself accordingly, for these lotus-eating days at Palm Beach are run on a schedule as rigid as that of any railroad, and if you forget it you are reminded of your lapse by the amused glances of a thousand others who are strictly up to the minute, dressed for each division as is proper and in accordance with the mode.

Most people rise early at Palm Beach, because most people go to bed early. To be sure, those of the ultra fashionables, whose names are printed every day in the lists in the papers as conducting various festivities, may linger in their own groups or at their own functions rather late, but the ordinary Palm Beacher goes to bed along about ten-thirty or eleven, there being little else to do. Breakfast is a simple part of the day's procedure—reasonably simple, that is, for it is only here and thère you observe a lady wearing a shirtwaist that cost more than a hundred dollars, and the wise ones hoard their lace coats and their hand-embroidered linen gowns until later.

However, the blue-serge and white-flannel brigade is on hand and the waves and puffs in the ladies' hair are fairly well preserved, so all is joyous and lively. You dawdle at breakfast, watching the arrivals, and the long room buzzes with chatter.

"Isn't it strange we can't get grapefruit at home like these?—I wonder why they call them grapefruit, anyhow?—Oh, is that it?—I supposed it was because they tasted like grapes, not because they grew in clusters like grapes—strange, isn't it, how much you can learn when you get away from home?—I saw her last night—you remember—why—yes, you do—you must—she had on a pink satin gown—I thought it was a sheath gown at first, but it wasn't—I wonder who that big blonde is?—she doesn't seem to have any husband with her—fish?—oh, yes, I dote on fish—I suppose they get them right out here in the sea—well, what do you think of that?—see that tall one over there with all her diamonds on—she'd better save some of them for tonight, I should say—well, of all things—there's that little brunette we saw on the train—I thought she said she was going to some quiet place where she'd not have to dress up, and she's got on a lace waist that cost a mint of money—but you never can tell about these quiet ones—she looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth—look at that linen gown—I saw it in the store yesterday—she went in and bought it, and I was thinking about getting it myself—it's a pity those old ladies don't go to quieter places—I can't see what they can find down here to amuse them—oh, that's the wife of the patent-medicine man, is it?—they tell me she bets fearfully over at the club—look at that curious person—how did she get here I wonder—what?—you don't say—Mrs. Frank Gould?—well, I declare—it's hard to know them, isn't it? Now—she——"

Breakfast over, and the porches come. A few fanatics go out to play golf, which shows that golf is as stern a master as fashion, for it is hot on the links. A busy, uniformed boy takes the chairs and puts them in little groups, twos and threes and fours, and they sit and rock, while the blue-serged walk up and down, alone or in pairs, and no pair and no group talks to any other group, but all look at the others and all talk about the others, kindly, oh, so very kindly.

Presently, the ladies begin slipping away, slipping away to their rooms after whispered instructions to their men. The second point on the schedule has been reached. It is almost eleven o'clock, bathing-time. In a quarter of an hour the first melancholy procession of hookers-up begins to make its way to the elevators, and in ten minutes more the halls are resounding with the strange cries of the men struggling with the hooks. Just before eleven the ladies begin to flutter out on the porches again. The breakfast simples have given way to the more elaborate toilets, the lace ones and the embroidered linen ones and the filmy whites and all that, and away they go toward the bathing-beach, walking or in the wheeled chairs.

There is a large and commodious ocean just abaft The Breakers, open to all comers at any time during the day or night, but the schedule says the bathing hour is eleven o'clock, and eleven o'clock is *the* hour. That is all there is to that. Not many of the women go in, for it spoils the hair so, but the men stand in a long, impatient line waiting to get up to the window and buy a key. The women sit on the beach, or wait on the back porch of The Breakers. To be sure, any person who likes bathing for its

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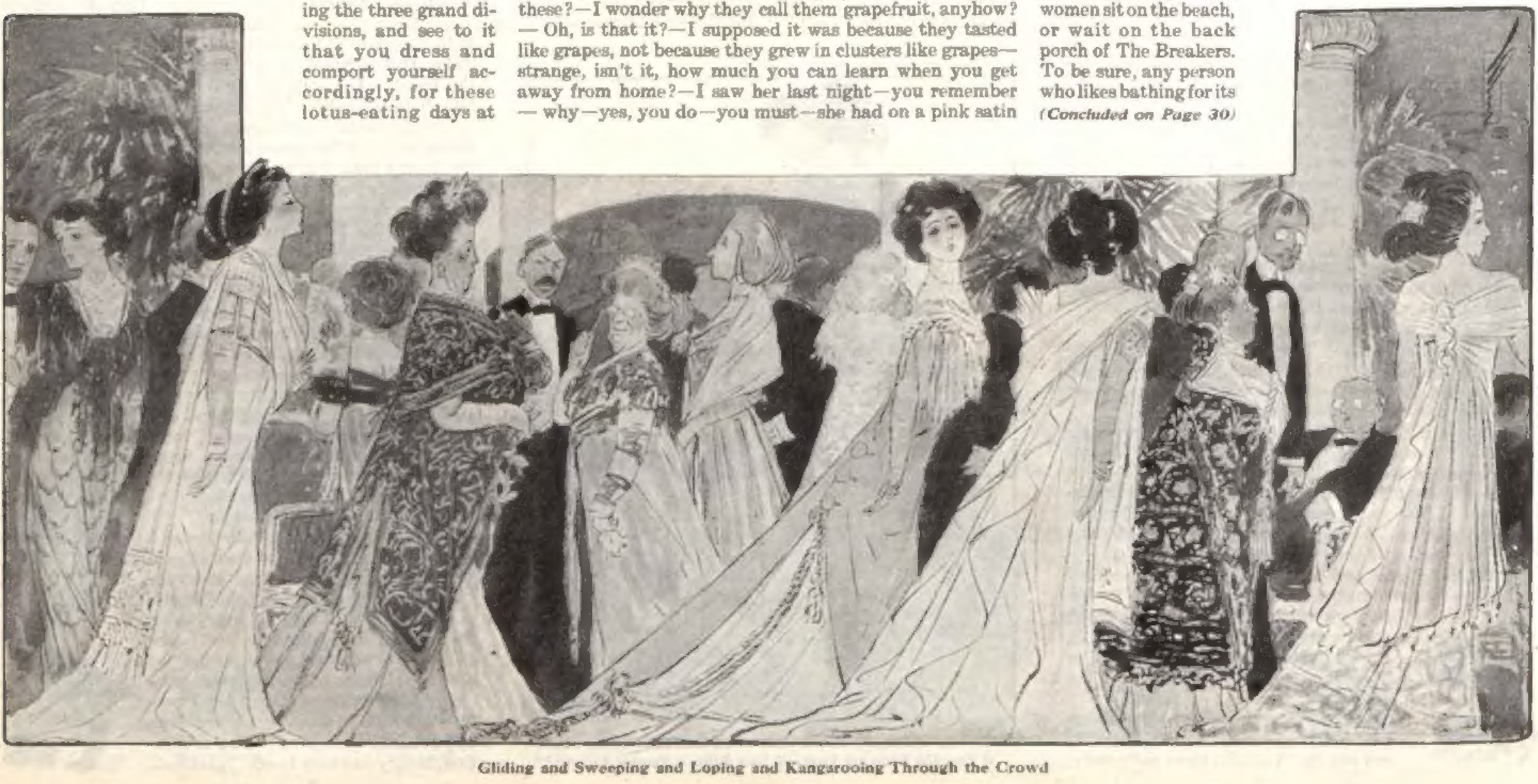
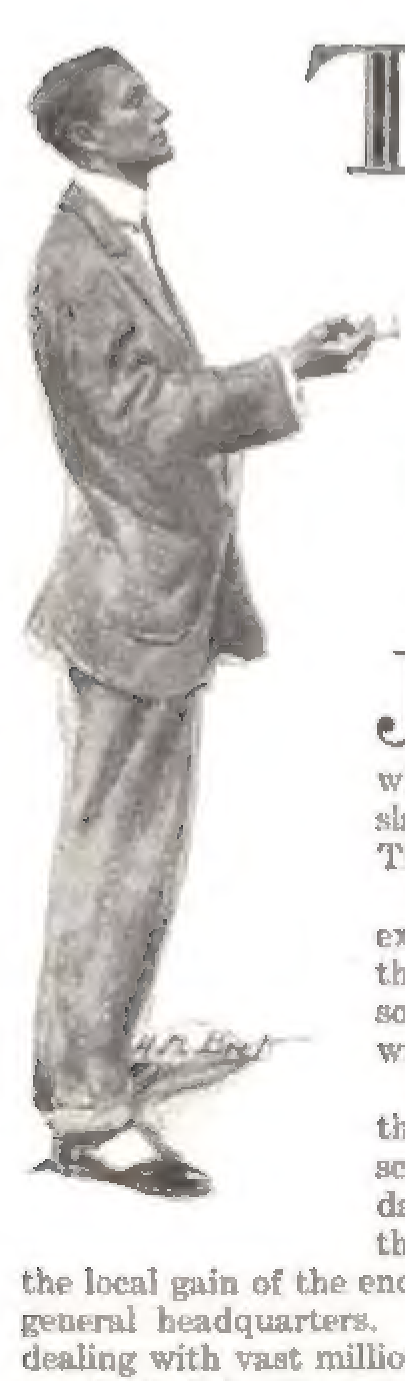


Gliding and Sweeping and Loping and Kangarooing Through the Crowd

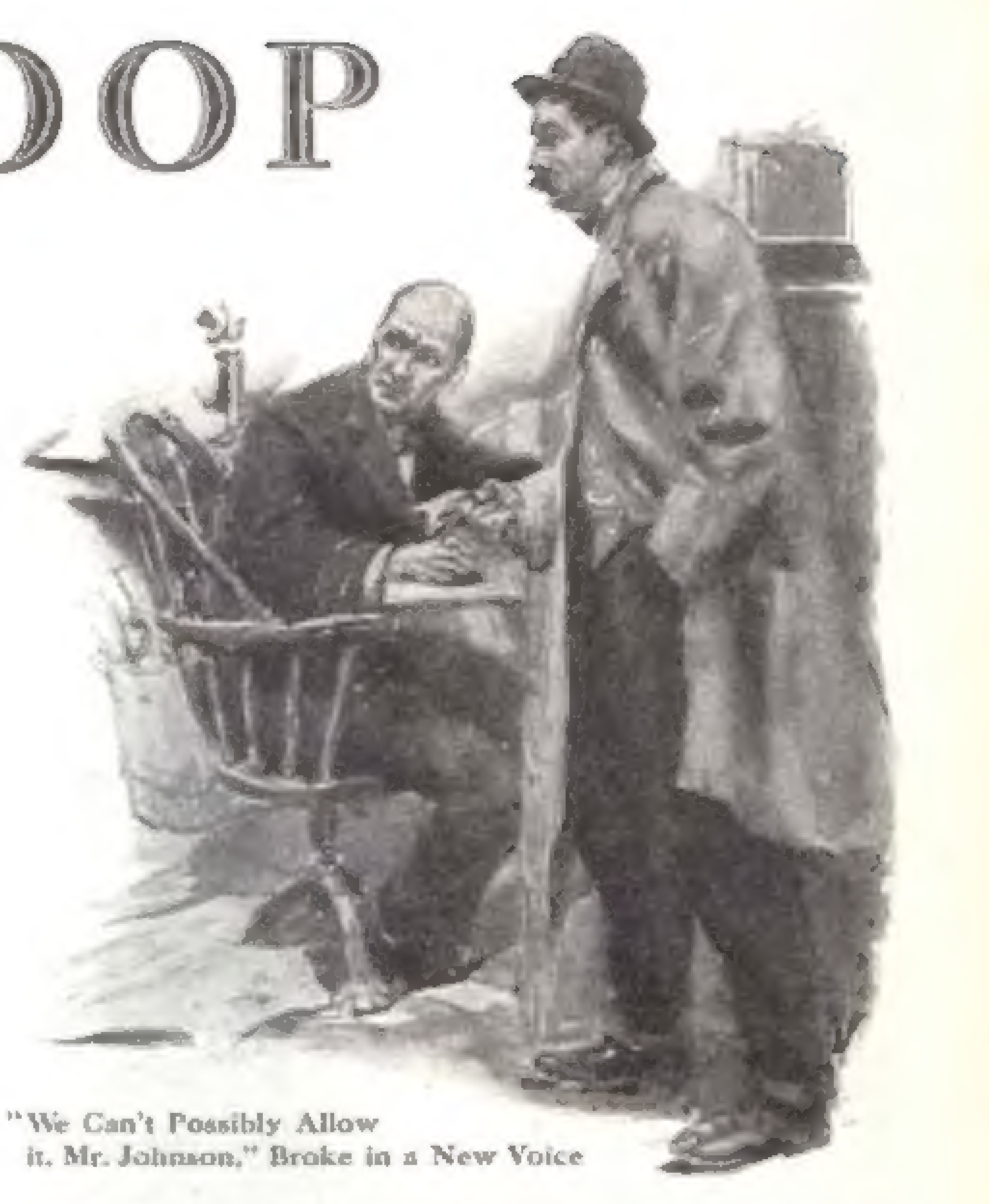


THE FIRST SCOOP

The Bulldog Reporter Puts New Life Into the Courier

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD M. BRETT



"We Can't Possibly Allow it, Mr. Johnson," Broke in a New Voice

JOHNSON, star assignment man on the Courier, bounced into the office of the managing editor with an anger-white face and slammed a copy of the Blade before Thomas with a strong word.

"Three scoops in three days!" he exclaimed. "Thomas, I'd feel like throwing up my job if I didn't feel so much more like going out and wringing somebody's neck!"

Thomas barely gave a glance at the copy of the Blade, with its big scarehead announcing the consolidation of the G. & R. Railroad with the Mexican Trunk, together with the local gain of the enormous G. & R. shops, offices and general headquarters. It was an exclusive news-story dealing with vast millions, but Thomas had already been apprised of the "beat," and Brest, the city editor, was at that moment making over for an extra, revamped from the Blade. In the mean while, he had competent men after a first-hand follow-up for a later edition.

"I don't see what we can do about it," he protested, passing his hand nervously over his partially bald head. "You know our position. The Blade is the administration paper, and we've been the starving opposition for more years than I care to count. The administration has given the G. & R. everything it wanted, including the entire water front, against the Courier's protest. Naturally, when the G. & R. has a big item like this it hands it over to the Blade. The traction extension and the gas bond issue were canned scoops of the same sort. I don't see where any blame rests on any member of this paper."

"I do," returned Johnson hotly, bending over Thomas and shaking a strong forefinger at him. Johnson was a tall, compactly built man of forty, with hair on his knuckles and a mustache as stiff as toothpicks under a twisted nose. "I do! We are to blame for not having ousted Galway's crowd long ago!"

"We've put up a fight on them every election," insisted Thomas.

"Do you call a slap on the wrist a fight?" retorted Johnson. "I heard Lanning tell you, before the last campaign, to go after them hot and heavy. Lanning had just bought the paper at that time. He was a young man and did not know the newspaper game, so he left it all to you. What did you do? You conducted a perfectly spinster-like fight. You supported Packett's mummies with the usual anti-gang argument, to which the lickspittle public has grown callous, knowing that the entire Packett slate was perfectly hopeless. It was a frame-up, pure and simple, and we all knew it. It always is. Packett, the boss of his spineless party, is paid by the administration to put up a jellyfish ticket against them year after year. He belongs to the administration, hand and foot. He's been known to rush right over from a meeting of his own party committee to Galway's cubby-hole of an office, and report everything that had occurred; and his very cab-hire on that trip would be paid by the administration. The thing to have done was to have begun the campaign early, to have gone after Packett and Galway both, compelled the opposition to put up a strong ticket, and then exposed the gang, specifically, as if you meant it. We're becoming a joke in the newspaper world, and for my part I'm too old to like to be connected with a joke!"

"Johnson," interrupted Thomas, pale under this scathing arraignment, "you seem to forget that I am running this paper."

"You're not!" blazed Johnson. "You're letting it stand still, or, worse, you're letting it slip backward. I know what's the matter with you. You've not had a libel suit since the first year you took the desk. You never had but one, and that took your nerve!"

Thomas, now thoroughly aroused, banged his fist on the desk.

"Get out of my room!" he roared, "and don't come in it again; and on Saturday ——"

"No, you don't!" shouted Johnson. "I'm going to beat you to it. You'll not fire me. I resign!"

"We can't possibly allow it, Mr. Johnson," broke in a new voice, and, turning, they saw Lanning in the doorway. He was a well-groomed young man with a brisk air and a keen eye. Moreover, he had a good jaw.

"Johnson, do you think you could run the Courier better than Mr. Thomas?" he drawled.

"Yes!" snapped Johnson. "I'd at least either make or break it. If it were my paper I'd rather take that chance than see it die by inches."

"So would I," agreed Lanning grimly. "Mr. Thomas, you will please relinquish your desk at once to Mr. Johnson. I really think that I want a trifle more of aggressiveness than you seem able to furnish."

Thomas shoved back his chair, arose, and put on his coat and hat.

"There are a few little personal trinkets in that desk, Johnson, that I'll be back after a while to get," said he. "Of course I shall be allowed to resign, Mr. Lanning."

"I'd much rather find you a good place on the paper," objected Lanning with sincerity. "Take the rest of the day to study the matter, and come in to see me in the morning."

Unable to make any reply, Thomas left the room. Lanning looked at Johnson a moment with a curious smile. He was rather slightly built, was Lanning, and almost foppish in dress, but there was a snap to his movements that forbade any thought of effeminacy. Johnson, who already had dropped into Thomas' chair, had the telephone receiver to his ear and had asked for the city editor.

"This is Johnson, Brest," he was saying. "I have just been made managing editor. Hunt up Flagg and send him to me at once. You'll probably catch him over at Joe Paxton's, either upstairs playing poker or downstairs drinking beer. Let's see, this is Monday. He's playing poker. Who's out on the G. & R. story? Ringling and Beers? Call Ringling in as quick as you can reach him, and put Canby on in his place, unless there is something important at the courts."

Lanning, still with that same curious smile, had already opened the door to retire.

"I came in originally to see if Thomas had any confirmation on that Market National rumor," he observed, "and in the mix-up I had forgotten it."

"I hadn't," said Johnson. "Mr. Lanning, can you stand for skirting the close edge of a half-dozen libel suits?"

Lanning blew a cloud of cigarette smoke at the ceiling and watched the curling blue wreaths contemplatively.

"Is that the only way?" he asked.

"Absolute confirmation of half the big news-stories is impossible until it is too late," rejoined Johnson. "Moral certainty must take its place, especially on an afternoon paper. This Market National affair is one of those cases. I've been on this story myself, and haven't been able to secure confirmation anywhere, but I have a moral certainty that James G. Buxley has defaulted to the tune of over a hundred thousand dollars. I've just sent for Ringling to chase this down. If he can't get it confirmed I'm going to use it anyhow. Then I'm going to put Flagg on the track of the paving steal. I got a fresh tip on that today, but I wasn't going to turn it over to Thomas to have the story quietly assassinated."

Lanning drew a long breath.

"You're going after Galway in his own cave," he remarked. "The Market National is the Galway bank, and the paving graft has been Galway's one best bet. But go ahead. I'm spoiling for a fight myself. I've spent two years of inactivity, and I fancied, when I bought the Courier, that I was going to have some fun."

II

RINGLING was a thick-set fellow who looked like a prize-fighter, was as brutal as he looked, and an expert bluffer, and Johnson had chosen him for this assignment for exactly these qualities. His first step in the tracing of the Market National Bank story was in keeping with the famous French detective motto: "Hunt for the woman!" He did not go to the bank of which Jim Buxley had been cashier, nor to Buxley's home, nor even to the elegant flat of Mrs. Nellie Bell, with whom, it was whispered, Buxley had been seen pretty often. Instead he went to see a certain Mrs. Graydon, who had been a chum of the lively Mrs. Bell. It was through a quarrel between these two women that the first rumor of Jim Buxley's disappearance had come to the ears of the paper, having been reported by a friendly cab-driver to a Courier reporter. A quiet investigation of this tip had revealed only these facts: first, that Buxley, who was a handsome fellow and very popular, had recently suffered some enormous pool-room and bucket-shop losses; second, that he had been seen much with Mrs. Bell, whose husband was known as a worthless character; third, that Buxley was out of town, "on his vacation," they said at the bank, "out in the country with his parents," his wife reported; fourth, that examiners were at work in the bank, and that three special meetings of the board of directors had been called within as many days.

Ringling found Mrs. Graydon, a vivacious widow of the grass variety, in a flattered flutter over the prospect of publicity.

"I'm not saying what I know," she declared, puffed up with immediate importance upon finding that she had a secret worth while. "Just because Nellie and I have had a falling out, I'm not going to do any chattering."

"Oh, well, I don't suppose there's much to tell," rejoined Ringling with studied carelessness. "Mrs. Bell says you can talk all you want to, so far as she's concerned, because you don't know anything, anyhow."

"Oh, I don't?" flared Mrs. Graydon.

"That's what she says," repeated Ringling glibly. "She says you're only sore because you tried to win Buxley away from her and couldn't."

"She's crazy!" shrilled Mrs. Graydon, then laughed with scorn—much scorn. "If I'd have wanted him, I'd have got him a dozen times over, and she knows it; but it certainly was a shame the way that man wasted money on that woman. Look here; I'm not going to say anything about Jim Buxley. He was a perfect gentleman, and if he'd have—well, I'm not saying anything, you understand."

That was as far as Mrs. Graydon would go, but Ringling, during the conversation, had managed to slip the portrait of Mrs. Bell from its place on the mantelpiece and secrete it in his pocket, and he departed well satisfied, going straight to the Buxley residence. This was a big house, set back in large grounds, the gravel driveways of which still bore the marks of Buxley's huge racing-car.

Mrs. Buxley sent down word that she was too ill to see any one. Ringling wrote her a message that he had something important to tell her about Mr. Buxley, and that it could not be put off. She came down quickly upon that, proving to be a woman of much refinement, and of beauty so exquisite that Ringling wondered at Buxley's craze for the flashy Mrs. Bell; also he noted that she had been crying!

"Where is Mr. Buxley?" he asked abruptly.

"He is visiting his parents," replied Mrs. Buxley, with an effort.

"No, he isn't," denied Ringling flatly. "He was there one week ago today and left the same night. Now I want to know where he is. I must find out, and I'm going to find out!"

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

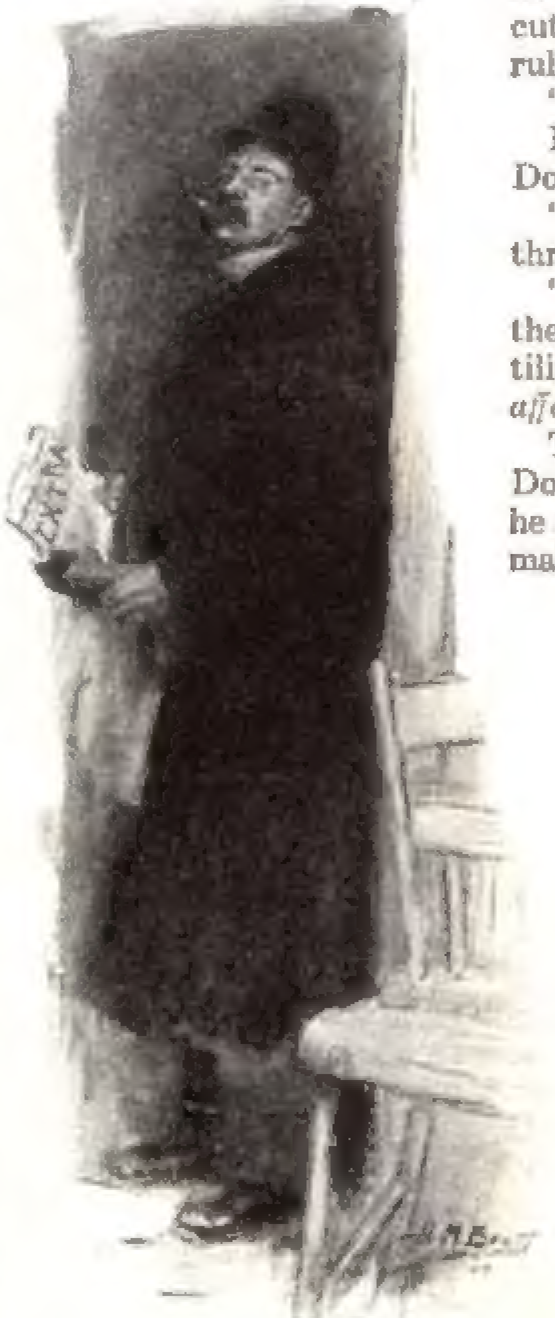
"But this woman does," and suddenly he thrust before her the photograph of Mrs. Bell.

Nobody on the paper but Ringling would have done that trick; no one anywhere could have done it so brutally. The woman gazed at the picture in fascinated horror.

"That is Mrs. Nellie Bell," Ringling mercilessly went on, "upon whom your husband has lavished thousands of dollars."

"It isn't true," gasped Mrs. Buxley, and sank to a chair, still mechanically holding that photograph before her eyes.

Suddenly she raised stiffly.


"You'll Suffer for This!" Declared Galway Savagely

"It *is* true!" she said. "I feel that it *is* true. I have been told about her, and I saw him with her once—but I'm not going to tell you where he is. I'm not going to tell you! I'm not going to tell anybody! I never want to see him again, but he is still my husband! This house is in my name, but they may take it. They may take my jewels, my runabout, my horses, everything I have but my children!"

Suddenly, with her nervous fingers, she made a movement to tear the photograph, but Ringling, watching for just that action, shouted in as sharp and peremptory a tone as he could summon:

"Stop! That's my property!"

Mechanically she obeyed that word of command, and when he extended his hand she weakly laid in it the photograph; then, sinking back to her chair, she buried her eyes in her kerchief and started sobbing convulsively.

Deliberately Ringling walked to the wall of the library in which she had received him and looked at the lower corner of a framed portrait of her two children. The mount had upon it the mark of photographer Falls, and he gave a grunt of satisfaction. Falls could be relied upon for prints; some of them could not. He took a car straight downtown. His destination was the Market National Bank, but, instead of stopping there, he went on two blocks to the Hotel Nouveau, where, in the privacy of a booth, he telephoned Johnson to have Miss Wing hurry over to the gallery and have Falls make prints of the photographs of Mrs. Buxley and of the children, if he had none in stock.

"How does the story shape up?" asked Johnson.

"It's a cinch," announced Ringling. "I've no absolute confirmation, but I rattled Mrs. Buxley so she let it slip out that she knows where her husband is but won't tell, and that she's ready to turn over her property to cover his shortage."

"Chances are it won't begin to cover it," commented Johnson.

"It'll do about as much good as a drop of perfume in a glue factory," agreed Ringling, "and she knows that too, for she says she's willing to let go of her jewelry and everything she has except the children. When she cools down she'll get a divorce. Nice woman, too. Buxley must have been bugs."

"All of which has nothing to do with the story," Johnson reminded him. "Is it worth while to hold a crew here for an extra?"

"I don't know," hesitated Ringling. "As I said, there's no absolute proof, and I don't expect I'll get any at the bank."

"You're sure he got away with the money, aren't you?"

"It's a pipe that he did."

"Then I don't need proof. Make absolutely sure that the story is right, and we'll get the confirmation after it's printed."

"Then hold your men," said Ringling, and rang off.

At the hotel he obtained a messenger and sent the photograph of Mrs. Bell over to the office.

III

IT WAS almost on the stroke of three when Ringling reached the Market National. At the desks and behind the wickets were worried-looking men, and quite a string of the bank's patrons were at the window. Every man of them was withdrawing money; none was depositing. The rumor of Buxley's mysterious absence from the city had already gained headway.

Ringling strode straight back to the president's office and tried the door. It was locked. A clerk came to the side railing.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

"President Dover."

"He is not in."

"I want to see him, anyhow," insisted Ringling, and shook the doorknob, then knocked upon the frosted glass.

"There is no one in, I tell you," repeated the clerk, a lean young man with a fighting eye.

"I know better!" retorted Ringling, for he had heard voices in there, and seizing the door-knob again he shook it violently.

It was suddenly opened, and an angry, red-faced man of undersize and overgirth, with a red beard as squarely cut across the bottom as if it had been trimmed with a ruler, demanded gruffly:

"What do you want?"

Ringling, without replying, started to force his way in. Dover resisted him as angrily as he had come to the door.

"Get out of here or I'll have you thrown out," he threatened.

"No, you won't," defied Ringling. "If you try that there'll be the prettiest scrap, right here on this marble tiling, that ever came off in the town; *and you can't afford it!*"

The argument was such a potent one that it rendered Dover's arm limp and, dropping his hand from the door, he stood aside for Ringling to walk in. Ranged about the mahogany table were three most anxious-looking men. Ringling recognized them all. They were a part of the bank directorate.

"Now what do you want?" asked Dover, again confronting him, but speaking more mildly.

"I want to know how much Jim Buxley stole; that's all."

"We don't know that Mr. Buxley stole anything," returned Dover.

"I didn't ask you whether he had stolen or not. I asked you how much he had stolen."

Dover was equally ready.

"We have had the books gone over—our annual examination, you know—and they balance to a penny," he asserted.

"Sure," agreed Ringling. "But how about the cash?"

Though Dover thought his face as impassive as a gambler's, Ringling saw an evidence of flinching in his eyes, and knew that he was on the right track. Moreover, the three directors, upon that question, exchanged fleeting and worried glances.

"The proper packages have been found in the vault," said Dover calmly.

"I suppose so," again agreed Ringling. "Nothing clumsy about Buxley. How much reserve have you been carrying? Two hundred and fifty thousand, wasn't it, your last report?"

"About that; a little less," admitted Dover.

"And of course it's in the back part of the vault, where nobody but Buxley ever took the trouble to go, wrapped in dusty packages of from ten thousand dollars up, I suppose," added Ringling. "What did you find out when you opened the packages and counted the money?"

"It's none of your business!" flared Dover. "We deny that there is any defalcation. If there were, the stockholders of this bank are amply able to make up the deficit."

"And will do it with pleasure, no doubt," commented Ringling, with a smile which awoke no responsive light upon the face of any of the four officials. "Now listen to me. Jim Buxley, two weeks ago, in a poolroom here which is patronized only by high-rollers, took from his pocket a flat package wrapped exactly as bank packages are put up, and in that package was ten thousand dollars. It was your money and he lost it." The directors could not be human and hear that without wincing. "Now I know that Jim Buxley is gone, and if you know where he is you helped him get away to cover somebody higher up. I know that Jim Buxley stole a big wad of money from this bank, and I want to know how much. If I can't find out I'll say that he took the whole blazing reserve. We can correct it in later editions."

"Look here, Ringling," interposed Thorpe, a thin, nervous man with a dyed mustache and the falsest of false teeth, who arose agitatedly from the table and took the reporter almost affectionately by the arm, "what's the use of all this? As Dover tells you, no matter what happens, the public won't lose a cent. If you print this story you'll cause a run on the bank, and it will come so quickly that we won't have a chance to cover up. We're going to lose enough as it is; some of us practically all we have."

Ringling slapped the nervous director on the shoulder and laughed aloud.

"That's all I want to know," he declared in glee. "I have your admission that you have lost a lot of money, and that you will have to make it good."

Thorpe was dazed.

"You don't mean to say you're going to print anything based on what I just said?"

"I sure am," retorted Ringling. "I know exactly what will happen, otherwise. This is Galway's bank. He's on the board. He does all his county and city business through it, and all his personal business. The Blade banks here. If the examiner were to make his report showing that the bank would have to close its doors, you'd hold him off long enough to give the exclusive story to the Blade, so they would color it to suit you. That don't go with the Courier. We're going to use this story in the first edition tomorrow," and he stalked out of the room, leaving the directors aghast.

Back at the office he found Lanning and Johnson awaiting him in the latter's room. The late edition was already off the press. Up in the etching-room the photo-engravers were swiftly at work on a big picture group, composed of Jim Buxley, Mrs. Buxley, the two Buxley children and Mrs. Bell. In huge glee Ringling detailed to Johnson and Lanning how he had bluffed Thorpe into an admission. They all chuckled over that circumstance, and then Ringling, jerking off his coat and hat, sat down to a typewriter in the corner.

"If you don't mind, Johnson," said he, "I think I'll pound this off in here. It's too public outside."

"Just going to suggest it," agreed Johnson. "I want to see the sheets as they come off."

The furious hum of the typewriter began instantly. Ringling stopped occasionally to light a cigarette, to lean back with a momentary sigh of relief while he glanced over the lines which projected from the top of his machine, and then thrashed away again, his ponderous shoulders shaking alternately. It was an absorbing story, the way he put it together, the old, old story of a fool and too much money and an unworthy woman, of friends and family sacrificed, of trust betrayed and faith broken, of a life wasted and a half-dozen other lives rendered waste. Yes, it was a "good" story! Johnson went over it with what seemed to be haste, but was really minute care, inserting a comma here, changing a word there, crossing out a line or two in another place with a decision that never wavered; and as he finished each sheet he passed it over to Lanning. Already he had dashed off a "screecher-head" for across the top of the page, an emotional line to go under the photographs, and pyramid heads presenting the most startling features of the sensation.

By the time Lanning had finished reading the first sheet, the foreman of the composing-room, a thin man with a perpetual savage frown during working-hours and a perpetual "kidding" smile when off duty, was there for it, and he watched with an impatiently-jealous eye the apparently slow progress of the second sheet under Johnson's fingers.

"We'll have the cut in five minutes," he said at the door. "How much more of this copy is there going to be?"

It was Ringling who answered:

"Not over two additional pages. That's great stuff, Riggs."

The foreman glanced at it indifferently.

"I know, but how soon do I get it?" he demanded.

IV

PRESIDENT DOVER, in a panic, sent for Cassamine, of the Blade, and for Galway. Cassamine, a stiffly-groomed man with deep cheek creases, who looked like a preacher and was cultivating desperate social aspirations, arrived first. Dover was shaking like a man with the ague.

"It's all up," he declared. "We're caught like a rat in a trap."

"As badly as that?" protested Cassamine. "How much did he get away with?"

"No one knows," groaned Dover. "The packages of the reserve are being opened and counted now, and we're learning the bitter lesson that a one-dollar bill is the same size as a thousand-dollar bill. One bundle that was supposed to have contained twenty-five thousand turned out to contain twenty-five dollars."

Cassamine himself turned white. He also was a stockholder in the Market National; he had large deposits there, and, moreover, this bank was a clearing-house for all the operations of the municipal administration with which he was so closely allied.

"When will you know the amount?" he asked.

"Not before midnight," replied Dover; "but we are making up our minds to a loss close to two hundred thousand dollars. This afternoon we have been busy scouring up all the ready cash we can, and within an hour after the bank opens tomorrow morning we can replace what is missing from that reserve, dollar for dollar, even if it is all gone. But it is going to break some of us."

"Caught like a rat in a trap! You were right," agreed Cassamine.

"Oh, the loss isn't what I meant by that remark," corrected Dover. "Ringling, of the Courier, was just over here. He doesn't know anything positively, but his guess is almost identical with the facts, and he swears that the Courier is going to publish the story in their first edition tomorrow."

"First edition tomorrow!" exploded Cassamine, and sprang for the telephone. "Why didn't you tell me this in the first place? Why didn't you telephone it to me? Why did you waste my time by dragging me over here? Tomorrow morning! Of course he'd tell you that. Do you know what they're doing over at the office of the Courier? They're preparing an extra, right this minute. The Blade! Quick!" he yelled to the telephone operator.

The rest of them sat silent and rigid while he waited for his number. They were scared into graven images.

"Editorial!" he demanded in a voice that rang with forceful impatience. "Hello, Editorial! Is Holyoke there? Is Carroll there? Is Reese there? Well, who in blazes is there! Who's this talking? Leavitt! *Leavitt!*" His tone of disgust was almost pathetic. Leavitt was the newest and greenest and most wooden-like of all the cubs. "Well, Leavitt, this is Mr. Cassamine, and here's your chance to wake up. Run up into the composing-room and see if any of the Blade's gay little band of pleasure-seekers have remained in the building. If not, back in the Mad House—of course you know Googy Connell's saloon across the alley—he calls it the Pica—you'll catch a half-dozen compositors, if you'll hurry. Get them back up into the composing-room at once and hold them for further orders. Then get Holyoke or Carroll or Reese as quick as the telephone will work. Wherever they are, have them report to me by telephone at the Market National Bank."

He turned from the telephone perspiring, and expended his gathering wrath upon that shaken board of directors.

"Tomorrow morning's edition!" he exclaimed with anguish. "You kept this thing bottled up against my protest, and this is what I knew would happen! Haven't you fellows learned yet that a newspaper is the one institution in this world that always does it now?"

Galway, the political Czar of the town, arrived at this moment, a placid, masterful man who talked little and was never flurried; a man whose face was a model of sphinx-like reserve and repose; a man who rarely smiled and never laughed. At the outer corner of his left eye was a little scar which gave that side of his face a most sinister expression. He asked no questions, but sat silently while the others poured out to him the situation, not even nodding with comprehension as the dilemma was unfolded to him point by point. The telephone bell rang, and Cassamine, who had not quitted his seat at Dover's desk, answered it. It was Carroll, city editor of the Blade.

"The Courier has that Market National story and will get out an extra tonight!" announced Cassamine excitedly. "Go right up to the office and start things moving. You have all the facts."

"Wait a minute," boomed the heavy voice of Galway.

Cassamine turned to him with an impatient frown, but a glance at that impassive face stifled whatever protest had been about to arise to his lips. He turned again to the telephone.

"Go up to the office as fast as you can, and report to me again as soon as you get there," he redirected. "Don't do anything until you hear from me."

He slammed the receiver on the hook and turned to Galway.

"What is it?"

"Don't push this muss into print."

"But, Galway, we must hustle! The Courier's going to use the story."

"The Courier won't use it," growled Galway, and arose ponderously.

"You going over to the Courier office?" asked Cassamine, as Galway moved toward the door.

The boss nodded his head. It was significant of the gravity of the situation that he was going in person.

"I don't know if you can stop it," mused Cassamine doubtfully. "Of course, going right over there is the best thing. If they're getting out an extra they're all there; if they're not there, there will be no extra, and we have time to turn around."

Galway made no reply, but stalked out and jumped into the waiting cab which had brought him.

V

AT THE office of the Courier, Galway passed through the almost empty local-room. Desks and typewriters were deserted. One or two quiet reporters, busy with routine for the next morning, seemed only to add to the desolateness of the place. Already the scrubwoman was cleaning the litter from the floor. Over in the corner sat Thomas busily writing some letters, and to him Galway strode.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded, looming above the deposed managing editor. "Are you a fool?"

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted Thomas dully. "What brings you here?"

"That Market National affair," said Galway. "Are you trying to commit suicide by springing that story?"

Positive joy flashed into Thomas' face.

"Have they the goods on it and are they using it?" he demanded. Picking up a letter he was then writing he tore it in bits and threw the scraps upon the floor. "Galway, I'm glad they fired me! You can't stop any more good stuff through me! I'm fired and free! I would have given a leg to have used that story. Say, I was just writing a letter to Cassamine, applying for a job; but if Johnson is using this Market National story it's only the beginning, and I'm going to stay with the Courier!"

Galway paid attention to but one word of that speech.

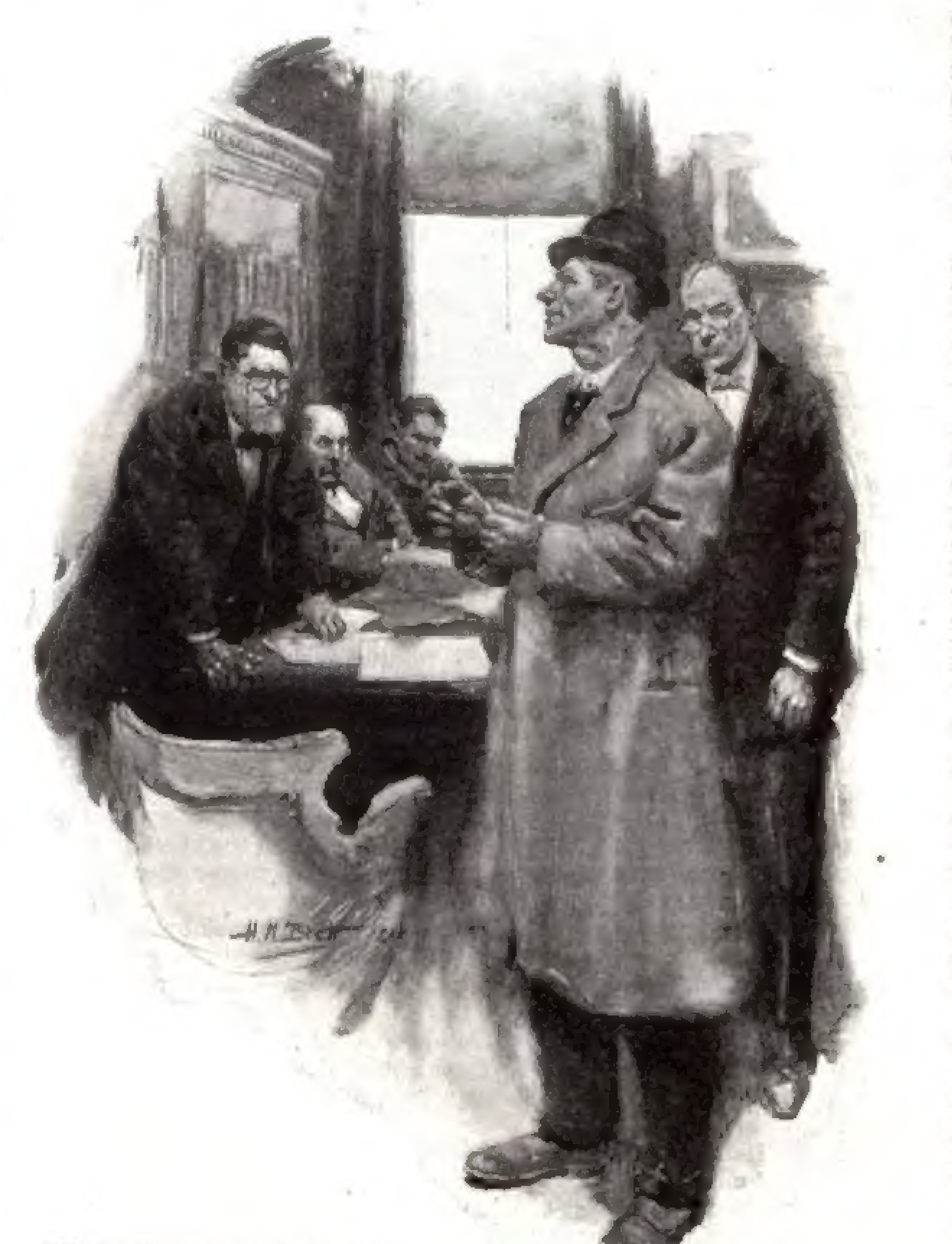
"Johnson!" he repeated, and hurried back to the managing editor's office, where Johnson and Lanning and Ringling sat smoking, at peace with the world, waiting; for the first page form had been made up, the plate was cast and now on its way to the pressroom. In the silent building they could hear the slow grind of the elevator as it carried the four curved plates of scorching hot metal down into the deep basement.

"They tell me you have a cock-and-bull story about some trouble at the Market National," Galway began, fixing his eye on Lanning; for Lanning, in his two years' ownership of the Courier, had been regarded as a young man of fresh putty, since he had done nothing aggressive.

"Fine little story, Galway," said Johnson complacently. "We're delighted with it."

"Dee-lighted," repeated Ringling, and laughed most aggravatingly, a made laugh of separate staccato syllables.

Lanning, smiling, made no comment.



"We're Going to Use This Story in the First Edition Tomorrow"

"If you use that story I'll break you!" threatened Galway, without raising his voice, but with an intense earnestness that Johnson took for its full value. Galway made but few threats, and when he made one he carried it out. It was again Johnson who answered him.

"Go right ahead and break," he returned, glancing at Lanning. "We're here for that purpose."

"Do you know what you're doing?" went on Galway, still addressing Lanning. "Besides the loss of advertising and the other money crimps that are going to be bent into you, you're shutting off absolutely every source of news from your paper. You won't get an item out of the police department, out of the city hall, out of the courts, out of the public service corporations, out of half the business places in this town!"

Lanning made no reply. Johnson waited a moment. Lanning, still smiling, nodded to his new managing editor that he might conduct the entire conversation as he saw fit.

"We've been getting that dose for some time," Johnson then calmly explained. "You promised us, during the last campaign, that we should have an equal show with the Blade. We had it for about two months, then, gradually, the Blade began to appropriate all the pie again. Why shouldn't it, with previous Blade men fattening up in good offices in half the departments? Today, the blotter is open to us for the fact that John Jones was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and that Sallie Whimple sued Silas Whimple for divorce and two dollars a week alimony; but anything above that we revamp from the Blade."

Galway nodded.

"They edged up on you," he acknowledged. "I gave orders to give you within a shade of an even break. I'll see to it again."

"We were promised a share of the county printing."

"You'll get some," declared Galway, patiently sticking to the conciliatory tactics which he had suddenly decided to be necessary. "You cut out this story and I'll give you my personal word that you get a square deal. You didn't have my *personal* word before, did you?"

"No," retorted Johnson, "and we don't want it now. The Courier don't even want the county printing. There's no money in it. Sheriff Copse demands and gets a thirty-three-and-one-third per cent rebate, of which, I suppose, fifty per cent goes to you. We're through with mush, Galway. You have positively nothing you can give us."

"*Except the worst of it!*" returned that gentleman, deserting his policy of conciliation as suddenly as he had adopted it, and returning angrily to the brute force which he naturally preferred. "I *dare* you to use this story! There are forty ways in which I can get the Courier as a paper, and every one of you individually. Ringling there I can have pinched and sent up for that Chestnut Street affair. You haven't forgotten that, have you, Ringling? Johnson, you have a note falling due within three days and you can't meet it. That means a foreclosure on your house? Lanning——"

"You will address your remarks to Mr. Johnson," interrupted Lanning. "I had one conference with you and you bullied me because I was green to the business. Now I know what I'm doing, and I'm going after your scalp; but I'll talk to you no more."

The telephone bell rang and Johnson answered it. He gave an eager exclamation and immediately pushed a button on the wall above his desk, then, seizing a pad of copy-paper, began to write rapidly. After he had hung up the receiver he continued writing for a moment or two, poised his pencil here and there swiftly over the copy when it was finished, took a blank sheet of paper and scrawled a few hurried words upon it, and jumped up from his desk.

"Wait here just a minute, Galway," said he. "I have something important to lay before you."

Outside in the hall he met the composing-room foreman, with his coat and hat on, coming downstairs, and a grimy boy from the pressroom coming upstairs.

"Here, Ed," said he to the foreman, handing him the new copy; "here's a make-over for a second extra. It's a great and grand little day for the Courier."

The foreman, this time interested, glanced at the heading of the new copy with a grin.

"You nabbed me barely in time to stop the boys," he commented. "They had just finished washing up when your bell rang, but they've caught the fever," and he started to hurry back up the stairs.

"I'll be up for the make-over in five minutes," said Johnson, and turned to the boy from the pressroom.

The boy handed him three wet copies of the sensational extra. He glanced over the staring first page with an experienced eye, nodded with satisfaction and marked his O. K. upon one of the copies.

"Tell them to let her go," he directed briefly, and was starting back to his own desk when he noticed Thomas over in the corner of the local room.

He hesitated a moment. He felt a bit guilty about Thomas; but, after all —— Thomas looked around, and seeing Johnson with the extra in his hand came hurrying over.

"That the Market National story?" he asked. "Let's see it?"

He took a comprehensive glance at the page and nodded his head.

"Tell Lanning I'm going to stick," said he. "It was very kind of him to give me the chance."

"Glad of it, old man," returned Johnson awkwardly, and that was as far as either one of them could go in the matter of sentiment.

Inside the office Johnson found a strangely-silent trio. They had scarcely spoken a word. Galway, standing just

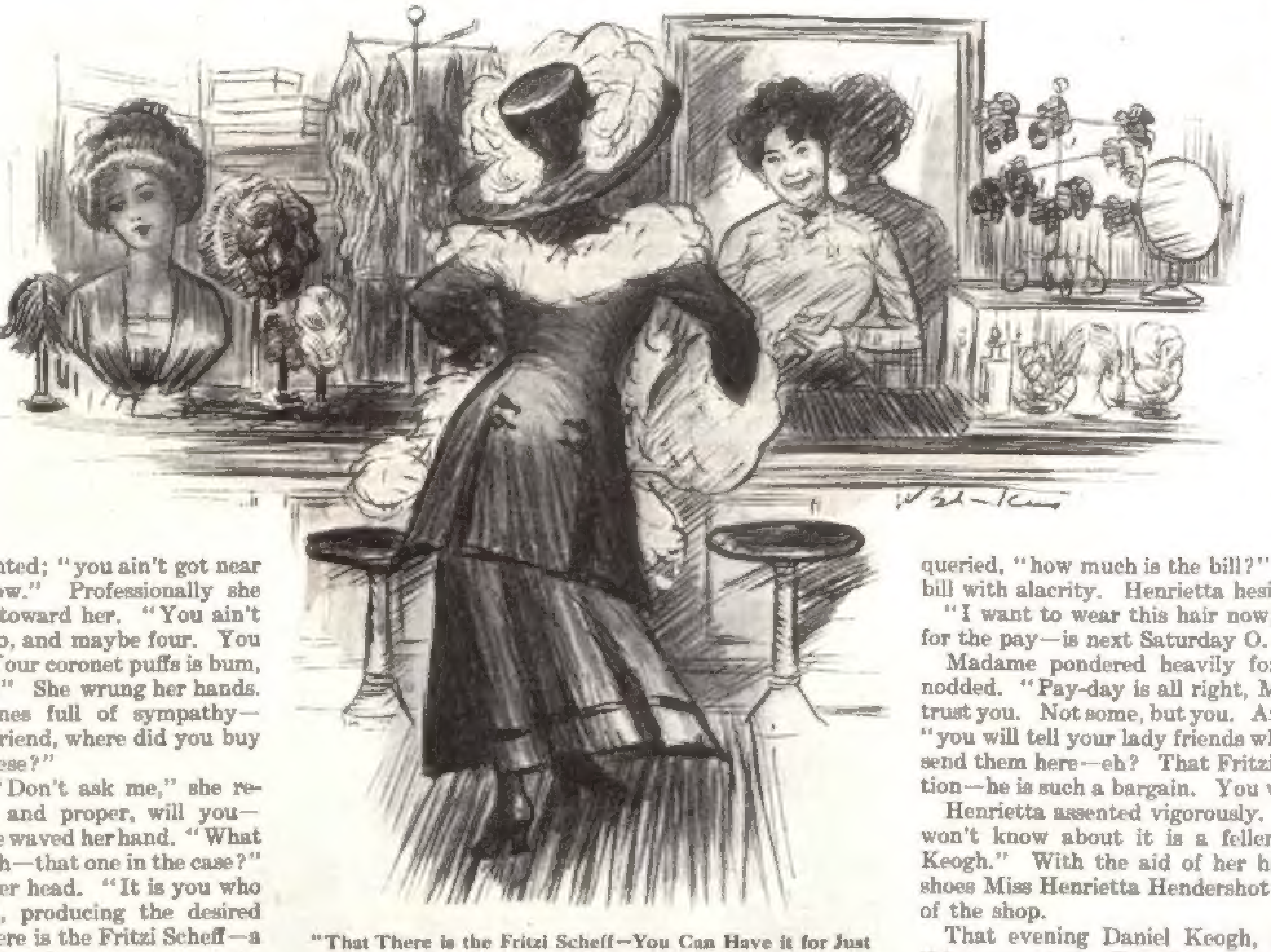
(Concluded on Page 36)

HENRIETTA'S HAIR

The Evidence in a Celebrated Case

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



"That There is the Fritzi Scheff—You Can Have it for Just Two Dollars and Ninety-Eight Cents"

NAVIGATING gracefully with that peculiar twentieth-century motion of the hips that is inevitably due to high-heeled shoes, Miss Henrietta Hendershot swung into the hair emporium of A. Pantaneous, sank into the delicate, embrace of a revolving stool, and threw her arms upon the counter with an abandon redolent of charm.

"I ain't got enough hair," she sighed, lifting her eyebrows and gazing through the side wall into the eternity that lay beyond.

Mrs. A. Pantaneous, the proprietor of the hair emporium, nodded her head.

"Take off the hat," she ordered. She was obeyed; and, no sooner was the hat removed, than she held up her hands in horror.

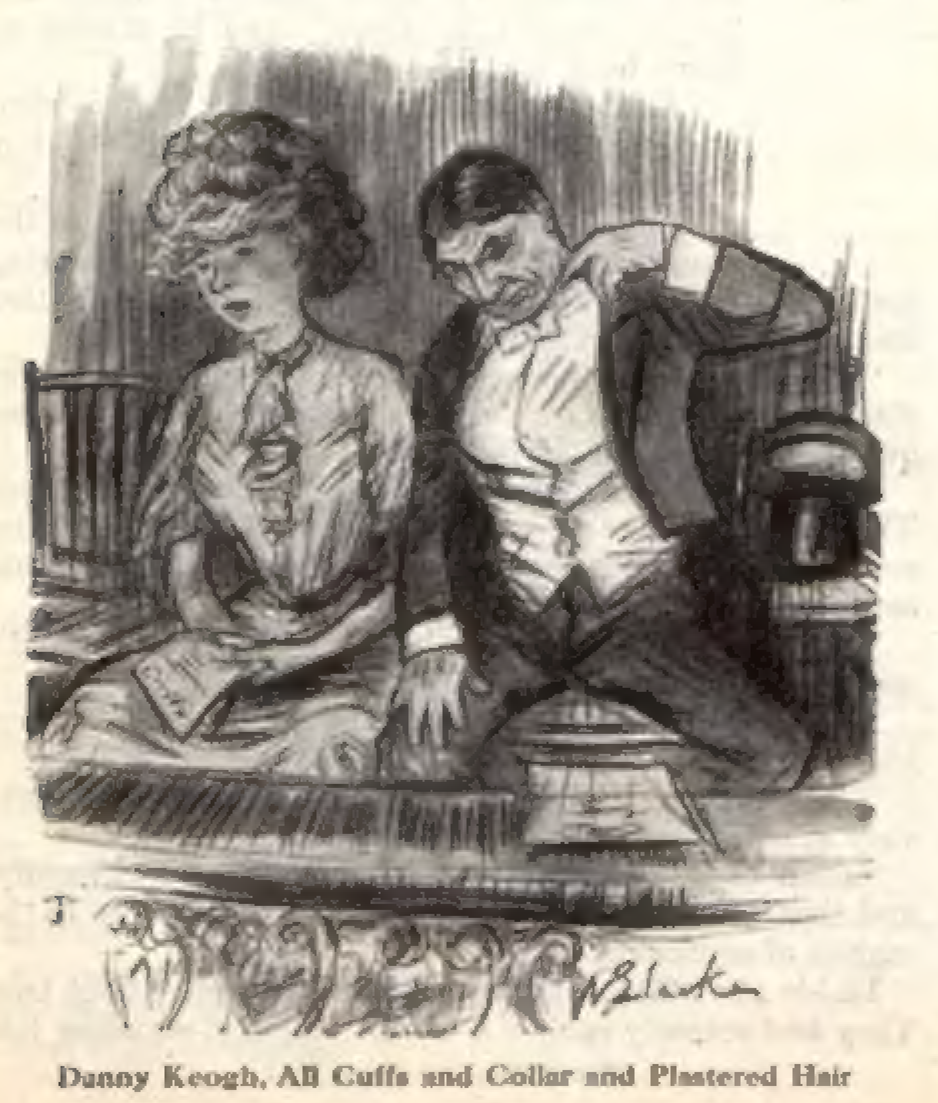
"I should say—not," she assented; "you ain't got near enough hair. Let me look, now." Professionally she pawed the flaxen poll extended toward her. "You ain't only got one rat. You needs two, and maybe four. You ain't got but one psyche knot. Your coronet puffs is bum, and your *chignon* is on the blink." She wrung her hands. "Where," she demanded in tones full of sympathy—"Where, Mees Hendershot, my friend, where did you buy such stuff and nonsense as all these?"

Henrietta closed her eyes. "Don't ask me," she returned; "just fix me up good and proper, will you—please? I got to get it right." She waved her hand. "What is that there transformation worth—that one in the case?"

Madame Pantaneous jerked her head. "It is you who have the taste," she answered, producing the desired article for inspection. "That there is the Fritzi Scheff—a six-dollar transformation, that. Broadway goes crazy over it. And you can have it for just two dollars and ninety-eight cents. But—ah," she hurried on, "that is not enough, that transformation, that is only the beginning for a swell like you—ah, you are swell, don't you forget—I have heard ——" She wrinkled up her nose. "The women hate you, Mees, but the men—ah ——"

Miss Henrietta's eyes gleamed. "You quit your kiddin', Mrs. Pants," she exclaimed delightedly, "and, anyways, if the men do know what's what, it ain't anything that I can help."

"That there two-dollar-and-ninety-eight-cent Fritzi Scheff—he is all right in his way, but he don't weigh enough," facetiously remarked the dealer in artificial hirsute adornment; "you should need six Marlowe puffs, all in a set, and only sixty-nine cents, my swell young miss. No," she protested, "and yet, not yet enough. You also should add to these this Tetrazzini pompadour—ah, the students in this here Latin Quarter in this here Paris—they go down on their knees over this here Tetrazzini pompadour—and at such a price—one dollar and thirty-five cents! Wait, we must be neat, not gaudy—five Mary Garden coronets—or eight—eight, to be sure; think—even on Third Avenue these sell for three dollars and a half—here, at your feet for one dollar and ninety-eight cents. Only think!"



Danny Keogh, All Cuffs and Collar and Plastered Hair

Miss Hendershot closed her eyes in semi-conscious rapture, rose and wandered to the chair before the mirror. "Put 'em all on," she commanded. She kept her eyes closed until the process was complete. Then she opened her eyelids and gazed upon her counterfeit presentment in breathless rapture.

"My gracious, Pants!" she yelled in sheer delight, "I didn't suppose that I could ever look like that! Why—why," she gasped with joy, "I can have any feller that I want!"

"Any feller?" sneered Madame. "Any feller? Ah, you do not know. The President of the United States would go mad to look upon you. Ah, you are swell, indeed."

Henrietta chewed gum critically and held her gaze upon the mirror. "Ain't there something missin'—there?" she queried with the air of a connoisseur—"just there?"

"Right," assented Madame, "right. You have sharp eyes, Mees." She went back to the case, returned with stock in trade, and adjusted it deftly to the mass before her.

"Four of them for one-twenty-five," she whispered in the ear of Henrietta; "they do the business, Mees. Ah, they are wonderful, these here May Irwin wavy puffs." She stretched wide her arms and bowed. "Ah, you are a goddess; you are sublime."

Henrietta rose and cast a glance back over her shoulder. "Do you know, Pants," she acknowledged gratefully, "I begin to believe that your opinion is a little bit of all right. And say," she added, coming back to the counter and adjusting her hat upon the sacred pile, "I don't mind tellin' you, Pants, that I'm doing this just for a man—a man you know, at that."

Madame was eager, interested, her eyes flashed. "Hees name?" she queried.

Henrietta drew a long breath. "What do you say to Keogh—Danny Keogh," she burst forth.

Madame's brows contracted. "Danny Keogh?" she repeated in surprise.

Henrietta jerked her head. "If there's one thing that lad likes it's—hair," she confided. "And now," she added with complacency, "I'm just about in a position to deliver the goods."

Madame A. Pantaneous still mused, a bit uncertainly. "Danny Keogh," she repeated; "why, all the time I thought this here Lena Helmstaedter ——"

"You thought right," snapped Henrietta, "she did, but she don't no more. It was Lena Helmstaedter, but now it's me, or it's going to be when Dan Keogh sees this hair."

Madame's face broke into a conciliatory smile. "I should like him for myself," she admitted; "next to the President of the United States, next to him, this here Danny Keogh is the man."

Henrietta nodded. "Mrs. Pants," she queried, "how much is the bill?" Madame made out the bill with alacrity. Henrietta hesitated for an instant.

"I want to wear this hair now," she pleaded, "but, as for the pay—is next Saturday O. K.?"

Madame pondered heavily for an instant, and then nodded. "Pay-day is all right, Mees," she answered; "I trust you. Not some, but you. And"—whisper in the ear, "you will tell your lady friends where you get it. You will send them here—eh? That Fritzi Scheff ring transformation—he is such a bargain. You will advertise—for me?"

Henrietta assented vigorously. "The only person who won't know about it is a feller—that feller's name is Keogh." With the aid of her hips and her high-heeled shoes Miss Henrietta Hendershot trod her way on air out of the shop.

That evening Daniel Keogh, sitting with her in the third row at the Frivolity, devoured her with his eyes. She chewed with vigor on her gum, she extended one hand toward the stage.

"Ain't that kid killin'?" she demanded.

Keogh never blinked. "I dunno," he answered; "I ain't lookin' at the stage."

"Why not?" she coyly queried.

"Because," he whispered, "I can't keep my eyes off you."

"You know, Dan," she told him as they walked home that night, her grip tightening on his arm, "you know—did you see them fellers in the box? Didn't they look swell?"

Danny winced. "So you was lookin' at them?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I was looking at their clothes," she answered, "them full-dress suits. I was thinkin' of you, what a fine proposition you would look in clothes like them."

Danny's face flushed. "So," he complained, "I ain't good enough ——"

"You're too good," she returned warmly, "not to dress tiptop like them. A feller with your shoulders and"—she looked the other way—"your —shape! You'd be a king in them."

"Me—in a full-dress suit?" faltered Danny.

"Yes," she answered squarely, "you in a full-dress suit, and—look a-here," she went on, "I want to see you get your dues, Dan. You got brains. You're clever."

"Not," returned Keogh with conviction.

She squeezed his arm again. "You are," she returned, "or I wouldn't like you as I do. I want you to do somethin' big. What are you now? Only a factory hand."

Dan jerked his arm away. "Well, say," he blurted out, "say, there ain't a man in the hull plant makes more at piecework than I do."

"I know," she cooed, "but you don't understand. Now, did you notice them fellers in the box? They wasn't factory hands. They was bank clerks or insurance men—grand fellers. Did you see how easy they took things? I want you to be like that. I want you to be great—great ——"

"What for?" he queried.

Her eyes sought his and held them. "For—me," she daringly replied.

Danny Keogh drew a long, deep breath and gazed with rapture, not upon her face but upon her mass of glittering blond hair.

"That's—different," he acknowledged, "if it's for—you."

Keogh didn't know that at that very instant a little, black-haired, blue-eyed girl was lying, face down upon her bed, weeping as though her heart would break. It was Lena Helmstaedter, this little, black-haired girl, and she wept softly, gently, so that she might not wake her father in the next room. Keogh didn't know that Lena Helmstaedter rose from her bed and set her lamp upon her little bureau and gazed into her tear-stained face and wondered—why. He didn't know that Lena was twisting away from her face her long, dark, lustrous mass of hair—hair that embraced her girlish shoulders and swathed her bosom and curled itself about her waist.

"He didn't come tonight," Lena was reminding herself, "he didn't walk with me this morning. We didn't come back from the works together. And he told me—told me—once. And he don't come no more—no more." Keogh couldn't know that Lena had risen in her agony and was shaking her clenched hand into the mirror and crying out against the inevitable. "And what can he see in her—this Hendershot—the made-up hussy? Just because she's in a store and I'm in a shop? Who is she, anyhow? Look at my father—a learned Justice of the Peace, even if he is a shoemaker. An elected man, with all the laws in his head. And who was this here father and mother of this here Hendershot? Oh, Danny, Danny boy, why don't you leave her—why don't you come back to me?"

Whether she uttered them aloud or not, these were the things that Lena felt, and she knew somehow that there was no hope, that there was no future for her with six-foot Dan Keogh at her side or sitting across the table. She could feel, somehow she knew, that even at that moment Dan Keogh was standing at the entrance to a flat and was gazing down upon a thin, cheap beauty with a mammoth head of hair. Somehow she guessed, did Lena Helmstaedter, that Dan Keogh, her Dan, was saying to this paragon, Henrietta Hendershot, words like unto these:

"Gee, but you are swell tonight. Say, some day I'd certainly like to know just how you fix your hair."

"My hair?" Henrietta was saying in wide-eyed surprise, "why, does it look different than it did? I didn't know."

Keogh was holding his hungry glance upon it. "You're the swellest girl in town," he said.

She cast a mocking glance into his soul. "Sweller than Lena Helmstaedter?" she inquired. His face paled for an instant. A sudden pang had clutched his heart.

"You are the swellest girl in town," he kept on.

And again Henrietta clutched him by the arm. "And I want you to be the swellest man in town, Dan," she returned; "you can be if you will."

A month later Gustave Helmstaedter, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and mender of shoes to the general public, touched his daughter Lena on the shoulder.

"Little one," he said, "you have had no fun for so long a time. How should you like to go with this here Justice of the Peace Helmstaedter, the well-known citizen of this here town, and see this here show tonight? Eh, Lena?"

Lena laughed aloud, hurriedly took out her hairpins, and her mass of dark hair fell to her waist—not to the floor like the hair of other ladies (not mentioning names, however). With alacrity she rearranged it in close, soft coils about her head and donned her hat.

"Ready, Justice of the Peace," she said.

"I like these shows," admitted the Justice as they wended their way toward the Frivolity; "I like a good laugh. I like to hear you laugh, little one."

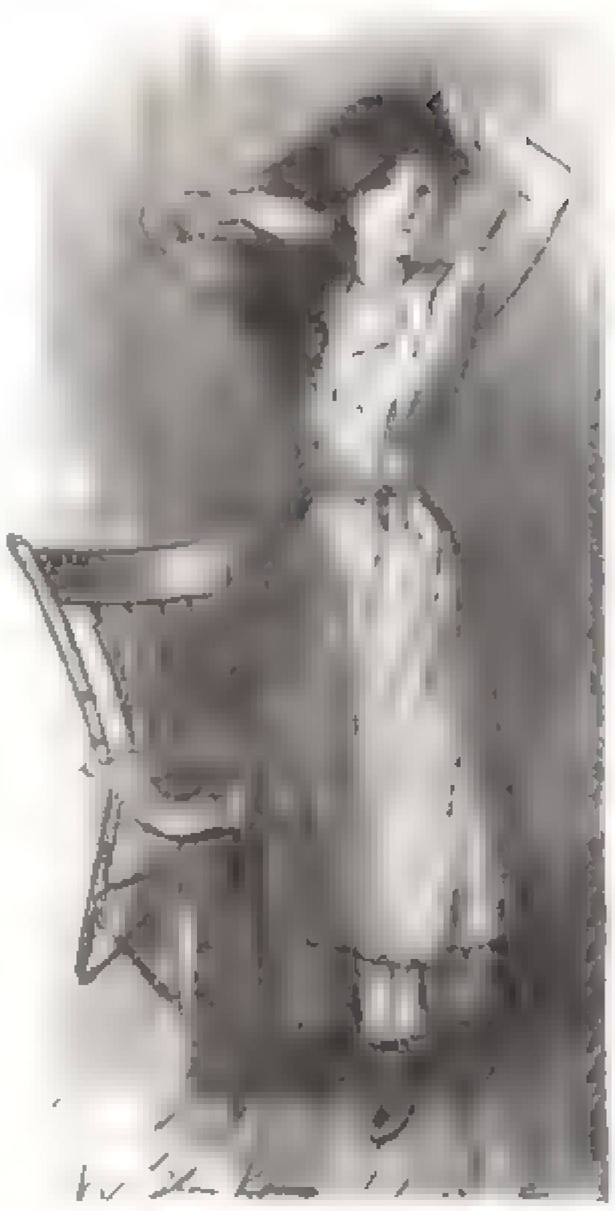
"I like a good laugh, too," she faltered.

"Well," said the learned jurist and bootmaker, "then why do you not laugh? It is a long while since I hear you, a long while."

"You'll hear me tonight, Justice of the Peace," she assured him; "wait and see."

"It is good that we go to the show tonight," he continued; "I have had a good day—two cases I have had, and such easy ones. I could keep on mending shoes the while I hear these cases. Good fees in these cases. And many came in and paid up bills also. But—what do you think, little one?" he went on. "Here it is two weeks now—two weeks, and this here Dan Keogh he owes me this two weeks for soles and heels. And he is always just so prompt. Always he pays cash. But now, this here Keogh, he hangs me up two weeks. How it is? Don't he do good work at the factory no more? Is he so hard up, or does he forget that he owes this here, or what? Does he never say to you, 'I owe this here Justice this here dollar bill or so'? Eh, little one?"

Lena shivered. "We should forget business and shoes and Dan Keogh and such," she answered; "it is to laugh tonight."


Lena Helmstaedter was Prinking Just a Bit After Her Chores Were Done

"Well," persisted the jurist, "but what does he say about this here—when you see him?"

Lena drew a long breath. "I never see Dan Keogh any more," she answered. She laughed. "Oh, I shall enjoy this show."

"You never see him?" queried Helmstaedter, "and I thought ——" He stopped. "But," he went on, "you must see him at the works."

"Dan is not at the works no more," she told him. "He is a big real-estate man downtown. He is with Blumenthal & Meyer. He sells lots on these here big tracts. He is not in factory."

The shoemaker shrugged his shoulders. "Ah," he said, relieved, "then I guess he just forgets about this here little bill, eh?"

Lena shuddered once more. "Yes," she answered softly, "he—just—forgets ——"

As they sat in the balcony that night at the theater Justice of the Peace Helmstaedter nudged his daughter Lena. "Do you see them swell peoples in this here box?" he queried. "This is a swell place; swell people and good laughs. And such a swell—that big fellow in the claw-hammer clothes."

Lena sniffed. "That's Danny Keogh," she returned. She was quite right. Danny Keogh, all cuffs and collar and plastered hair. Danny Keogh, who, in the works, with a blue flannel shirt open at the neck and tousled hair and a belt about his body, looked like a god—and now, trussed up with apparel, in spots too small, in spots too big, a stranger in a strange land, Dan Keogh looked like nothing. Lena realized it, though she couldn't have reasoned it all out. But she felt instinctively that Dan Keogh had developed into a cipher.

"And this here lady with him—also a swell?" commented the Justice. He looked closer. "Anyways," he conceded, "she has this here swelled head, little one. He travels fast, this Keogh. He makes money, eh?"

"He spends it," snapped Lena, "but he can't make it, not just starting out, not with Blumenthal & Meyer, this here real-estate business. He spends it, but he spends what he saved up in the works—what he told me he was saving up for ——"

She stopped and broke off into an uproarious laugh. "Look at that funny nigger man!" she cried. "Look, the curtain has gone up. Laugh, Justice of the Peace, laugh! What a monkey that nigger man—he makes with himself. It is—it is to laugh."

Two hours later two swells, male and female, made their way through the jostling crowd, toward the exit of the theater. As they reached the corridor a woman darted from the crowd and grasped the arm of Miss Henrietta Hendershot and held her arm fast.

"Mees Hendershot," she exclaimed, "may I haf one word with you?"

Miss Hendershot turned to her companion. "Dan," she whispered, "excuse me just a minute. An old, dear fren' o' mine. I've simply gotto see her." With this "old, dear fren'" she stepped into a quiet corner.

"What do you mean, you hussy?" exclaimed Miss Hendershot angrily to her "old, dear fren'," "by holding me up like this when I'm with my gentleman fren'? I'd like to know."

The eyes of the other woman flashed fire. "You would like to know, would you? Then I tell you. I want money, money, money. Weeks now you wear my hair, and you do not pay for it. You promise to pay. You do not pay. You hang me up. You do not come past my store. You move away from your boarding-house. At last I find you. You must pay."

Miss Henrietta surveyed her hair purveyor, Madame A. Pantaneous, with a cold and fishy eye.

"I'll pay you when I get good and ready," she returned.

"You pay me now," demanded Madame.

Henrietta snorted. "Not until I'm ready," she returned.

Madame nodded her head darkly to the place where Dan Keogh was standing waiting. "I tell him about this hair," she threatened; "maybe he pay me—maybe," she insinuated, "his eyes get open, eh?"

Henrietta laughed. "You can't scare me," she said; "it's as much as your business is worth to tell tales out of school, Madame Pantaneous. I know enough about your business to know that. Who would buy after you'd told tales? Huh?"

Madame flushed, for this was quite true. A deliberate *exposé* of a customer, made for the purpose of exposure, would ruin trade. Her business was a confidential one.

"I'll sue you, then," she snapped; "I have the right."

Henrietta turned up her nose and left her. "You can sue and be hanged," she returned.

Meanwhile Justice of the Peace Helmstaedter, still quivering with good laughs, the result of the good show, wended his way home with Lena.

"I never hear you laugh so loud, Lena," he exclaimed; "it was good to spend the money just to hear you laugh. I love to see you laugh so much tonight I hardly see the show."

Lena laughed again. But once they reached their little cot, once the old man had closed the outer door upon the world, Lena flung herself into a chair and cried as though her heart would break.

"I can't help it—I can't help it," she wailed, "and I don't care who knows. It's Dan—Dan—mine! She had no right to take him—he belonged to me—he was saving up for me. . . . We were. He was mine, mine, mine—ach, Gott! Not hers, but mine!"

. . . . .

Miss Henrietta Hendershot swaggered into the office of the Justice of the Peace. That learned jurist was engaged in remaking a multitude of holes into a pair of shoes again. Henrietta produced a printed piece of paper.

"I got this here," she said, "from that Pantaneous."

The Justice nodded. "You got it from me," he said gravely; "it is a summons."

"Well," snapped Miss Hendershot, "I won't pay that bill. I thought I'd tell you so. I thought you'd like to know it."

The Justice nodded gently. "And—for why?" he queried.

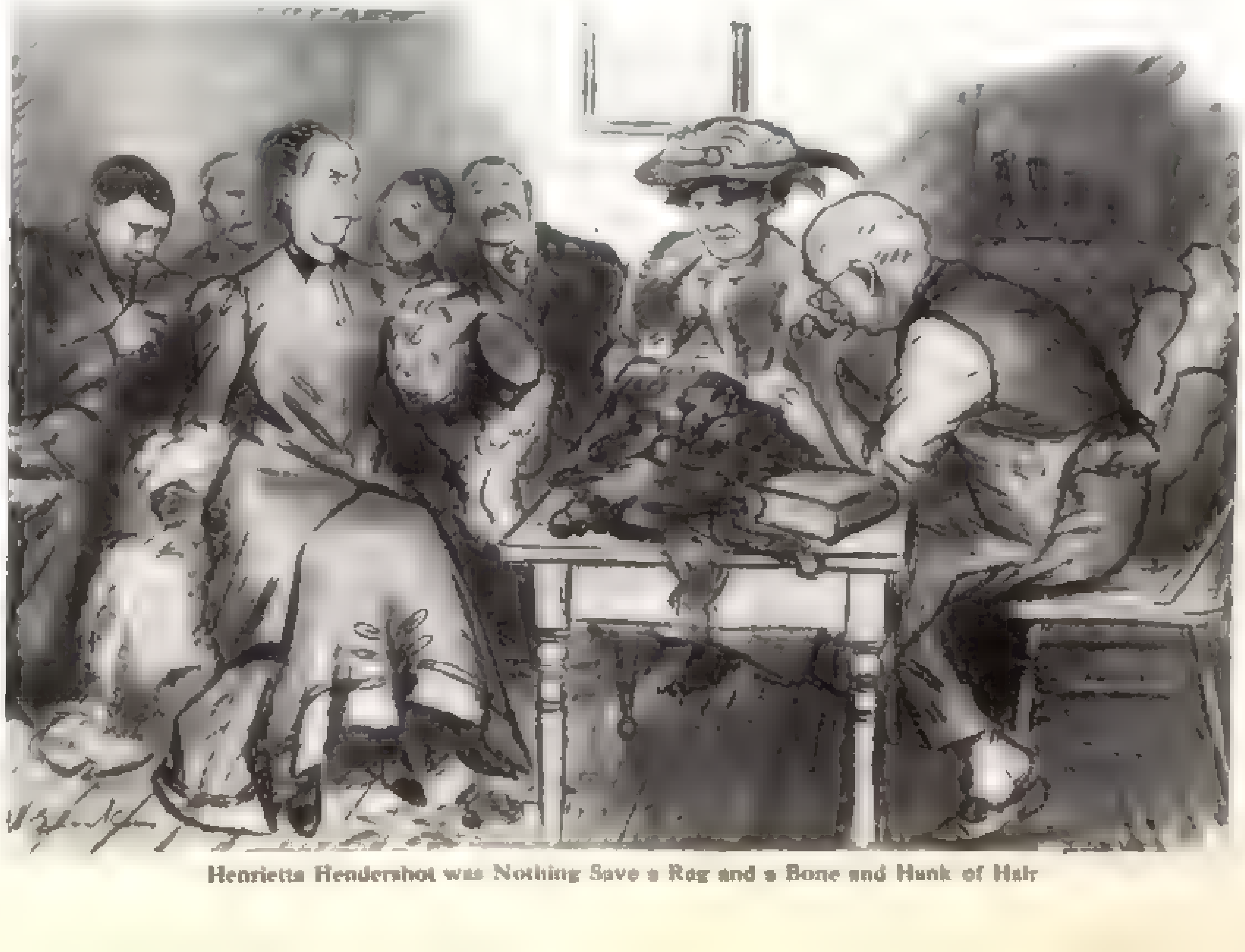
"They're turning green!" cried Henrietta.

"What," he demanded, reaching for his docket—"What is this here that is turning green?"

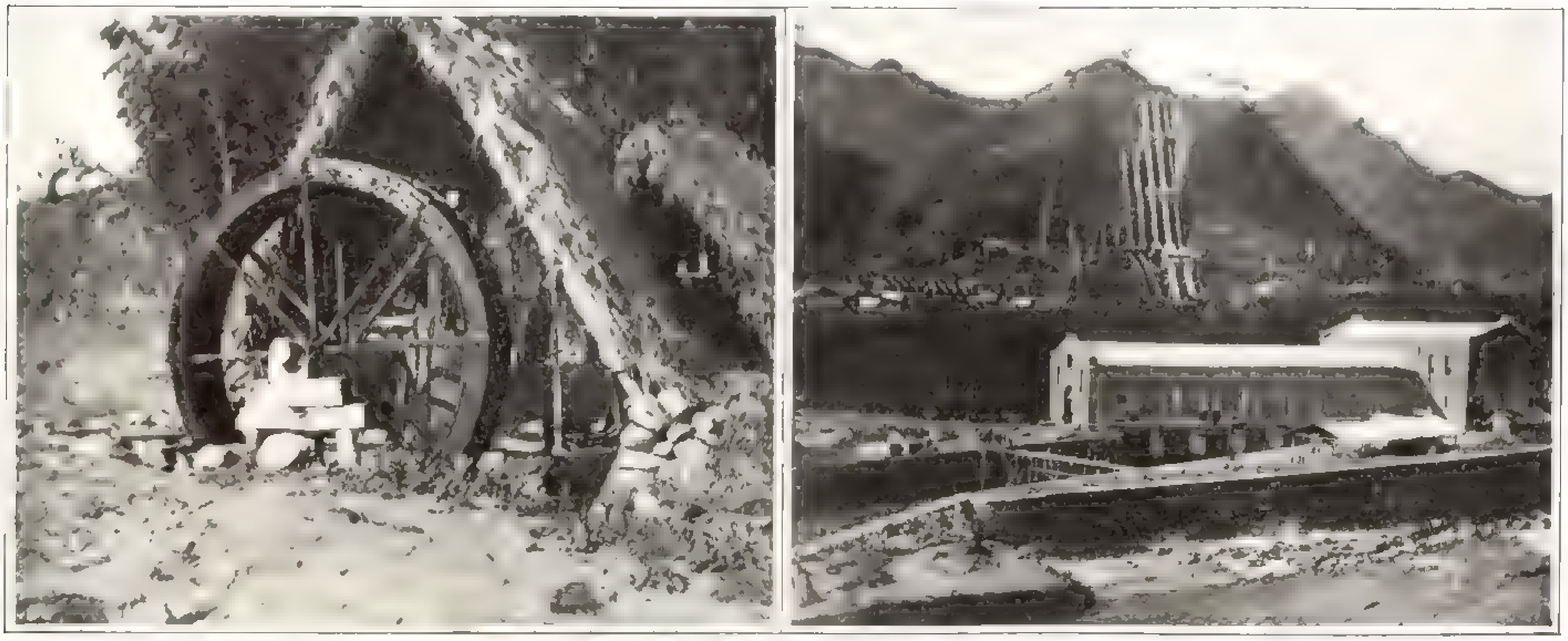
She lifted up her hat. "What she's suing for," she answered; "see for yourself."

The Justice adjusted his glasses and looked. "For sure,"

(Continued on Page 37)


Henrietta Hendershot was Nothing Save a Rag and a Bone and Hank of Hair

The Economy of Water-Power



ANCIENT AND MODERN WATER-POWER IN JAPAN

Primitive Water-Wheel Used for Grinding Rice—Native Water-Power Development on a River Twenty-Five Miles From Tokyo

Same Water-Power Development by American Engineers; on This Same River

By Donald Cameron Shafer

"AMERICA is a land of extravagance and electricity," said the foreign visitor after a hasty trip across the States.

"It is a land of mechanical energy and economy," corrected the gruff old gentleman who looked like a retired ranchman, but, in reality, was the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the world. "Out of the tailings of mines fortunes have been made by men who recognized the efficiency of modern machinery and with pencil and paper figured out the profits thrown away by the old methods of extracting the metals. Out of the odds and ends formerly wasted in manufacturing, the dividends of many an industry are now being paid. The first law of modern business methods makes waste a criminal offense punishable with loss of profits. The old days of extravagance are gone forever.

"The world is clamoring for more mechanical energy. The old reciprocating steam engine is already out of date and the steam turbine is destined to take its place because it is more economical in floor space and coal and has a hundred other advantages. The water which for ages tumbled over the rocky cliffs is being harnessed and the energy turned into electrical horse-power. Power, cheap power, is what the people want today."

Even as he said, power is the watchword of this country. Only a few short years ago the rivers and streams remote from industrial and shipping centers wasted hundreds of thousands of horse-power upon the rocks and stones, while in the manufacturing cities there was a rapidly growing demand for more and cheaper power. But there was absolutely no way to stop this waste of the cheapest power in the world, for, if the industries moved to the water-power, they had to leave behind the good shipping points, and the saving in power cost was immediately absorbed in increased shipping cost.

The Problem of Transmitting Power

NOW all this is changed. Man has found a way to bring the mountain to Mohammed, and this water-power, wasted for so many centuries, is now harnessed and, obedient to the will of man, runs the street cars, the railroad trains; turns the wheels of countless industries; lights whole cities; heats buildings; cooks the food; and does a thousand and one other tasks, from driving the dentist's tiny drills to turning the six-thousand-horse-power machines in a steel mill. So valuable has natural water-power become in these declining days of our coal supply that moneyed individuals and corporations are already hurrying to secure every valuable water site. The stampede for water rights is second only to the historic rushes to California and Alaska after the yellow gold. President Roosevelt has recognized the age of water-power development by working with Congress to protect and preserve the water rights and privileges of this country.

Water was utilized in a small way to drive electrical generating machinery twenty-five years ago, but it is within very recent years that the current generated could be transmitted any great distance without a serious loss. In those early days in electrical development in order to carry the current for even a mile, at the low voltage in which it was generated, a thick copper cable was required which cost a large sum, and even then more than twenty per cent of the precious current was lost in transmission. Today, fifty thousand horse-power can be sent under the enormous pressure of one hundred thousand volts for two hundred or more miles on a copper or aluminum wire the size of a lead-pencil.

In the great West, where immense irrigation schemes are fostered by the Government, huge storage reservoirs are being constructed. The water from these dams is first utilized to generate electricity and later to irrigate the arid plains. The current generated in this way is used to operate the centrifugal pumps that raise a part of the water to higher levels, or it is sold to near-by villages for light or to the farmers for power. The revenue goes to maintain the plant. The Roosevelt irrigation dam near Phœnix, Arizona, is the largest artificial reservoir in the world. The face of the dam is two hundred and seventy-six feet high and will impound 1,284,000 acre-feet of water, creating a reservoir of 16,300 acres or 25.5 square miles. Several thousand electrical horse-power will be developed. At the lowest waterfall on record the flood contained in this reservoir will be sufficient to water the crops over an area of three hundred and twelve square miles for two and one-half years.

It is estimated by the best engineers that eight hundred and fifty thousand horse-power is going to waste in the Adirondack Mountains every year. This is almost as much as is already developed in New York State. If this horse-power were developed and applied to manufacturing it would mean a saving of five million tons of coal annually and would add a billion dollars to the capital already invested in manufacturing within the State. The water-power developed at Spiers Falls, second only to Niagara in the State, supplies with cheap electricity the cities of Albany, Troy, Amsterdam, Schenectady, Ballston, Glens Falls and numerous other small towns. Niagara effectively supplies the western part of New York State as far as Syracuse and Rochester, and part of Canada, including Toronto, with over one hundred thousand electrical horse-power. It is estimated that there is enough water-power flowing over Niagara alone to turn every industrial wheel in the United States. Several immense storage reservoirs for power purposes are already in course of construction in the Adirondacks.

Nearly a hundred cities in the United States alone are now using electricity supplied by transmitted water-power. This transmission of cheap power has increased manufacturing to a marked degree. The population of these cities has grown as manufacturing flocked around the economical power. Millions of tons of coal have been saved for future use, and the electrical industry has been stimulated to new and greater possibilities.

The importance of the undeveloped water-power is shown in the figures given by Marius R. Campbell, of the United States Geological Survey, stating that in less than fivescore years the coal fields of the United States will be practically exhausted. When there is no more food for the hungry boilers the world will have to look to electricity, generated from water-power, for heat and light and power.

Manufacturing in this country in the year 1905 required 14,464,940 horse-power. Of this total amount, 10,664,560 horse-power was developed by steam-power, consuming billions of tons of coal annually, and only 1,647,699 horse-power by water. Electric power amounted to 1,138,208 horse-power and gas to 289,513 horse-power. It is very easy to see the importance of steam-power in the industrial world of today and to realize what it would mean if the supply of fuel should come to a sudden end. In the mean time the demand for power is increasing daily and the consumption of coal grows by leaps and bounds; new industries are being launched and old ones enlarged—to supply this power it is necessary to harness the rivers and streams. Wonderful advancement in the development of water-power has already been made and millions have been invested in water rights in California, Washington, Oregon, Georgia, Colorado, Utah, Maine, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Minnesota, New York and Michigan.

Useless Waste in Watersheds

ENGINEERS who have given the subject much study and investigation declare that millions of horse-power are going to waste in the undeveloped watersheds of this country annually—enough to turn every industrial wheel and light every city and village in North America.

In nearly every State the water-power could be doubled and tripled if attention were paid to the preservation of the water sources and to the erection of storage reservoirs to control the flow. It is true that the destruction of the forests has not only hurt the water-power but turned loose serious floods every spring which are destroying acres of valuable land. Storage reservoirs would, in a measure, remedy this trouble. At least, it would be easier and cheaper to build large dams than to replace the forests.

The development of thousands of electrical horse-power from rivers and large streams and the perfection of high-tension transmission lines have done more for the textile industry than anything else in its history since the invention of the cotton gin. In 1894, the cotton mills of Columbus, South Carolina, first began the use of electricity. Today, a total of over one million electrical horse-power is used in cotton mills in the South. This is more than a third of the total horse-power required. A few years ago the North thought it a good joke that the South should aspire to become the textile center of the world.

In the Appalachian region of the South it is estimated that over two million horse-power from water rights await development. About fifty million dollars is now being spent in developing water-power in that section

From the snow igloos of the Labrador coast to the skin huts of the Terra del Fuegians, from the Arab mosques of the Saharas to the bamboo homes of the Filipinos, the water-powers are being developed and the products of American manufacturing plants are in daily use The effete East is fast adopting the modern ways of the progressive West. Electric motors have supplanted the work of slaves, camels and bullocks to grind the grain and pump the water for irrigation; the electric light has banished the oil lamps of hammered brass, and in place of the charcoal fire in stone receptacles electric heat is cooking the foodstuffs. No longer are the majestic waterfalls of the Andes, the Himalayas or the Alps wasted.

The electrical industry came into prominence with a bound less than a score of years ago. In a few short years it leaped into first place in the industrial world, and then, figuratively speaking, pulled on its seven-league boots to seek new business in new countries. It was no easy task for a "foreign devil" to interest the superstitious nations of the Orient in the "magical" powers of electricity. Yet it was done, and to American engineers belongs the credit that the Maharajah of Mysore, India, reads his Koran by electric light; that the quaint merchants of Damascus ride up and down the narrow streets of the oldest city in electric cars, and that the gold fields and shawl-making looms of the distant valley of Kashmir are worked with electric power. The tall-hatted Koreans, the Japanese planters of Formosa, the exotic Spaniard in South America, the Turk, the Chinaman and the Arab are today well acquainted with electricity and its powers to further the comfort and prosperity of mankind. They, too, have awakened to the importance of developed water-power.

In this country, and most European countries, where excellent railroad facilities exist, machinery can be shipped almost entire, but where railroads are few and far between, other obstacles to transportation have to be met and overcome. Not so very long ago the electrical equipment for a large power development, to be located in the interior of Nicaragua, had to be constructed entirely in small sections so as to be carried to its destination on the backs of mules. In the Andes, where extensive water-power is being developed, the machinery has to be packed over steep mountain trails on the backs of burros and is made accordingly. In one place near Lake Titicaca, the San Dominion gold mine was equipped in this way, and even two small steamboats were packed in sections over the highest peaks of the Andes and put together for use on the lake The machinery for the Cauvery, India, electrical plant was carried and hauled to its destination by the Maharajah's royal elephants and installed by an American engineer. In Africa, bullock trains and even camels have been used to hurry the machinery for electrical power to the mines in advance of the railroads. In Ecuador, Bolivia and Chile, the patient burro and the native llama have known the weight of American-made machinery.

In designing and constructing the electrical machinery for these picturesque countries, which are so backward in matters of transportation, the different machines have to be made in small sections which can be bolted together after being taken from the backs of the different beasts of burden on arrival at their destination. The small llama of Peru will carry with ease one hundred and ten pounds on its back, the burro of the Southwest will carry an average of two hundred pounds, and the mule two hundred and fifty pounds. The horse does not make a satisfactory pack animal, but will carry a weight of about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. The camel can walk off with a motor weighing five hundred and fifty pounds and carry it all day, and the dromedary will carry a load of seven hundred and seventy pounds across the desert. Elephants frequently carried weights of over a ton in building and equipping the power-house at Mysore.

Nor is it always the beasts of burden that have to be considered when machinery is being installed in foreign countries. Machinery is now being built for the Nagoya, Japan, water-power development, which will have to be hauled fifteen miles from the nearest railroad over country roads on specially-constructed wagons.

Numerous other difficulties have to be overcome in developing water-power in foreign countries. In building the ninety-two miles of transmission line for the Cauvery River plant in India, the poles had to be set in iron sockets seven feet from the ground to prevent them from being eaten by the destructive white ants. Even the trunk-reaching abilities of the wild elephants of that country had to be considered, and the wires placed so high that the largest pachyderm could not ground the current.

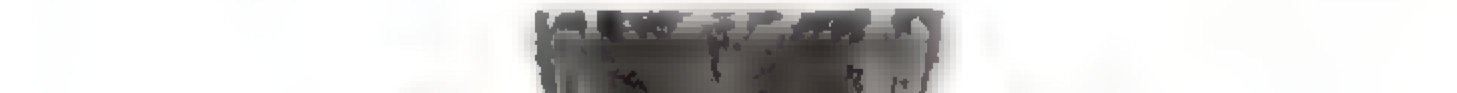
The activity of American industries in foreign fields is again evidenced by the completion of the first sixty-thousand-volt electric plant in Japan. This plant, which

(Concluded on Page 28)

PUTTING ON THE SCREWS

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



The Right Side of Dolly's Hair was Rumpled

VI

FERDINAND had gone day-day Mr. and Mrs. Coles, Sam, Alice, Bobby, Richard, Peter, Ellery and Mary had gone to church, the males with good-natured unwillingness, Mrs Coles righteously, Alice with a view to dramatizing the Bishop of Nova Scotia who was to preach, and Mary, aged four, with the religious fervor of an early Christian

Miss Peale from her window watched the progress of the procession

She looked gravely at Coles' broad shoulders, bowed a little by desk work; her eye of an artist commended Mrs. Coles' made-over hat and her strong, ushering way of walking. Then she smiled with a kind of elation, for there seemed to her a soulful comicalness about the twinkling of so many sturdy legs in brown stockings.

"Ah," she thought, "that happy pair don't have to erase and correct they have nothing but clean sheets to write on. But a professor might study me through a reading-glass and he wouldn't discover more than a word or two of the original text."

She turned from the window and caught sight of herself in the mirror "Oh!" she exclaimed. "You clever, slipshod, ambitious, scheming, selfish, thoughtless, affectionate, lying, truth-seeking, horrible, deaf old woman, why don't you drop dead and have done with it?" She was partly amused with her own accusations of herself, partly in earnest about them

Then she picked up her slate and went out of the room, noiselessly as always, and down the stairs, and pushed open the door of the big room.

The sofa in the middle of the room showed her two depressions that were still rising into place. And the right side of Dolly's hair was rumpled, and the left side of Jim's. So Dolly's right cheek was redder than her left, and Jim's left was redder than his right. Miss Peale burst out laughing

"I can't help it," she said

Jim, both cheeks red now and grinning broadly, came to her and stretched out his hands for her slate. He wrote a sentence on it, and held it up for her to read. She laughed again. Jim had written:

"*We couldn't help it, either.*"

Then Miss Peale said:

"I came on purpose, hoping to find you May I stay just a little while? It's about Jim I came"

She drew a chair near the fire, and resting her elbows on her knees leaned forward and spread her long, thin, nervous hands to the blaze. Then she turned her head and spoke to them over her shoulder.

"Whenever I have the chance, Dolly," she said, "I study Jim's face. I'm rather good at faces. You see, I've had so much practice in making my own look different things. Jim," she said, "will you get me a glass of water?"

Jim was very glad to leave the room at such an acute personal juncture. When he had gone Miss Peale spoke swiftly to Dolly.

"That boy is all the good things, Dolly—faithful, clean, affectionate, honorable, and not stupid—why doesn't he get on?"

Dolly snatched the slate and wrote on it:

"*Because he can do too many things well, and likes them all.*"

"It was very impertinent of me to ask," said Miss Peale; "but, being deaf, I am eaten up almost with curiosity about some things. Is there any one line that he likes best?"

Dolly wrote.

"*Outdoor things.*"

"Good!" said Miss Peale, and she passed the little sponge across and across Dolly's answers. "I know somebody," she said, "who could use Jim. And I think I can do something about it. I'm not sure, dear; it's nothing to be very elated about, but it's my reason for asking questions."

Dolly leaned swiftly forward and kissed Miss Peale, and immediately, as if with the premonition that a kiss had been lost that he could never recover, Jim entered, balancing a glass of water upon a tray

Miss Peale glanced from the water to Jim and they both laughed.

"But it wasn't altogether an excuse," said Miss Peale. "I'm really very thirsty." And she drank the whole glassful to prove it.

Then she rose to her full height, and looked for a moment exactly like the Duchess of Towers in Peter Ibbetson. And she spread out her hands toward Jim and Dolly, just as, previously, she had spread them toward the fire. And she smiled rather wonderfully and said, "Bless you, my children." Then she started for the door—stopped suddenly—swayed ever so little—clinched her hands—then relaxed them—and went on and out.

"She's not well," said Jim. "Better see if she wants anything, Dolly."

. . . .

Coles, whether the sermon had been good or because church was over, felt at peace with the world.

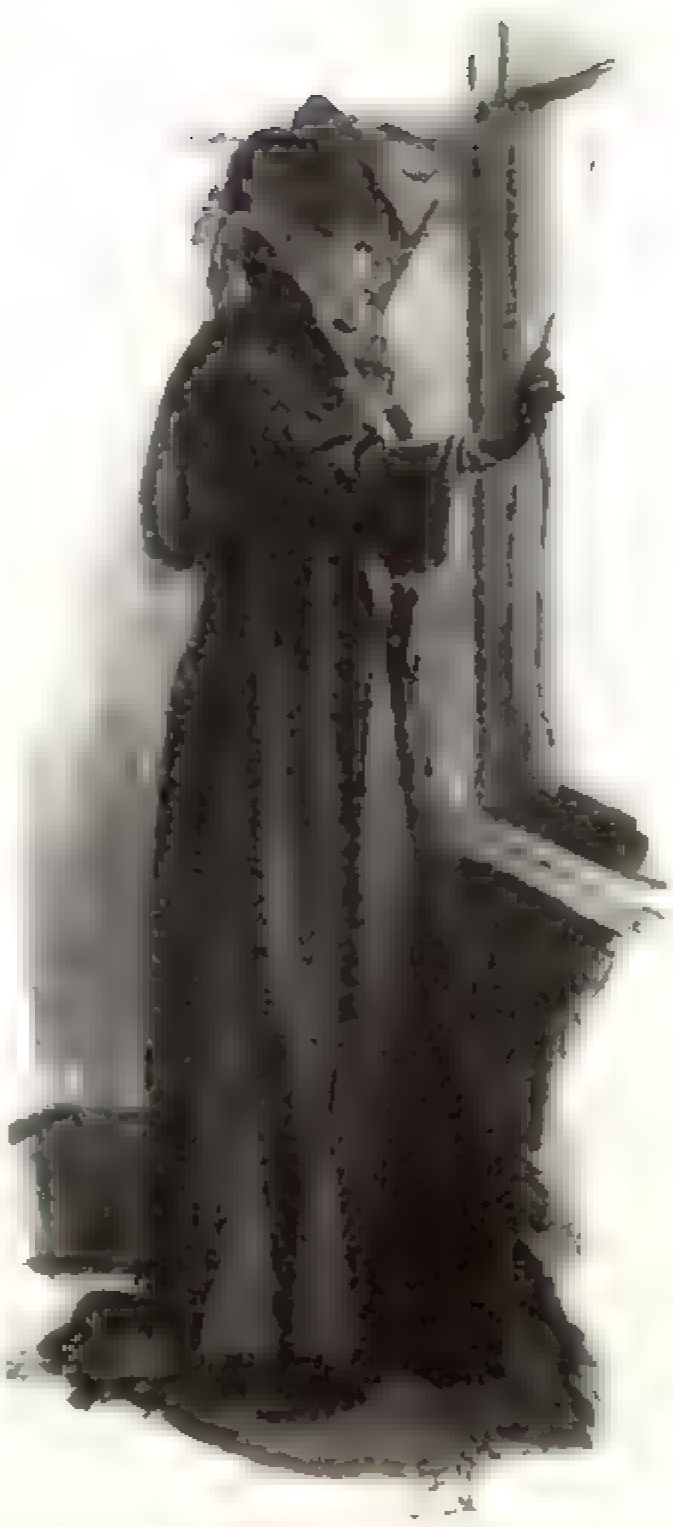
"I think," he said, so that only his wife could hear, "that for the present we won't say anything to Aunt Margaret. We must give her a little longer to get used to poverty and the ways of our house. Don't you think so?"

That she may have been the cynosure for all the eyes in New Rochelle did not concern Mrs. Coles one bit. She reached for her husband's hand and squeezed it hard.

"Of course," he said, but rather huskily, "I'm not the kind of man to be imposed on. And if she doesn't mend some of her ways after a fair trial—I'll put the screws on."

At which point he darted forward like one demented and snatched Mary back from a passing vehicle, into which, still wrapped in religious ecstasy, she had been about to walk. Then he fell back beside Mrs. Coles.

"I'd rather," he said excitedly, "see that child an atheist than see her run over."



Then She Walked to the Window and Looked Out

"My dear," said Mrs. Coles, "so would I. And I'm sure the good Lord would, too!"

Sam had overheard

"If we were all atheists except Mary," he said, "our average as a religious family would still be very high."

When they reached home Dolly was waiting for them in the hall. She was quite excited.

"Aunt Margaret isn't at all well, Papa," she said; "Jim's gone after the doctor. Is that right?"

"Of course," said Coles. "What seems to be the matter?"

"She seems to be hot and cold by turns," said Dolly; "and I think something hurts her somewhere, but she won't say it does."

Mrs. Coles had already reached the top of the stairs, in a flutter of anxiety, sympathy and efficiency.

VII

FOR half an hour Doctor Barbour remained in Miss Peale's room. When he came out his face wore a perplexed expression, neither cheerful nor grave. And he came down the stairs to where Mr. and Mrs. Coles were waiting for him, slowly and thoughtfully, as if pondering what he should say to them.

"Come in here, Doctor," said Coles, and he pushed open the door of the big room, from which the children had already been shooed like so many chickens. When he had closed the door behind him Coles said: "Well, Doctor, how is everything?"

"Miss Peale," said Doctor Barbour, "may have a touch of malaria. But I think not. It is my opinion that her attack has more in it of the mental than the physical."

"What must we do for her?" said Mrs. Coles, nearly always practical.

"If I did not know you so well, Mrs. Coles," said the doctor, "I'd say: be very kind to her; be very gentle with her. Don't worry her about anything. Spoil her a little. Try to tempt her appetite."

"I'm mighty relieved that it's nothing organic," said Coles.

"Sickness of the nerves," said the doctor, "is often more puzzling. By the way, she should have something stimulating to drink—say a sherry glass of port wine three or four times a day."

But it was not until his next question had been answered that Coles suddenly found himself beginning to count the cost.

"How long is she likely to be ill?" he asked.

"Oh," said the doctor, "her condition was arrived at slowly. She is not young. She will come around slowly. Often a change of season or of climate is the turning point."

"Do you mean," Coles asked, with an attempt to look natural and cheerful, "that she may not recover until spring?"

"If you could take her South," the doctor suggested, "I think it might be very beneficial to her."

"I'm afraid that's out of the question," said Coles ruefully. "I'm not a millionaire."

"Well," said the doctor, "there is no cause for alarm, at any rate. I will run in again in a day or two."

He shook hands with them both and hurried away. He slipped on the front steps, recovered himself nimbly, and chuckled aloud, whether at the slip or at some sudden thought which amused him is unknown.

Mrs. Coles slipped her arm around her husband's waist.

"It's hard, Ellery," he said, and his voice trembled slightly. "I want to think only about Aunt Margaret and what to do for her. And all that I seem able to think about is the cost: tempting her appetite—port wine—all her meals and between meals—sent up—everybody waiting on her from morning till night—the doctor running in every day or two. Ellery," he said, "I sound so mean. Tell me, dear, that you know I don't begrudge the money—and that I'm only upset—because I haven't got it."

"I *do* know it," she said, and after a moment's silent sympathy: "will it cost several hundred dollars?" she asked

"If she is ill till spring," he said, "it will cost all of several hundred dollars that will have to—be—borrowed."

They were silent again, and for a longer time.

"Well," said Ellery, "I hate debt, and I fear it, but I see clearly, if I never saw it before, that there must be credit to make the world go round. You and I," she said courageously, "will borrow what is necessary, *and pay it back.*"

He folded her in his arms and she clung to him, and they rocked to and fro, a regular old Darby and Joan couple, and were comforted.

"Now," said he, after a time, "let us have a look at Aunt Margaret and cheer her up. We must make her understand that as long as she has got to be sick we wouldn't have her elsewhere for thousands. Do you think," he said, "that, by some feminine intuition, she could possibly know that we have been discussing her expenditures behind her back, and making her out rather a burden? Maybe she guesses. She's very clever. And maybe worrying over it had something to do with making her ill? We've got to reform, that's all there is about it. Now look here, Ellery. Certain things have got to be done, haven't they? We both admit that. Well, then, I swear to you that I won't begin to count the cost until I have to. And you must make me the same promise."

No two happier people ever shook hands upon an agreement, and they went up to see Miss Peale with hearts as light as thistle-down.

She had been crying. And her long, white hands were trembling.

"Oh, my dears," she said, "when I came I promised myself to be ever so negligible and considerate, and, behold, I have descended upon you like a ton of brick."

She shivered through her whole length and pulled the bedclothes close around her chin.

"I didn't mean," she went on tremulously, "to be an anxiety and an expense." And then she smiled at them, and there was a twinkle in her eye. "I wouldn't mind," she said, "if you weren't such dears, and had begrudged and looked things—even if you didn't say them. But," and the twinkle went out of her eye and she spoke with an earnestness that was almost solemn, "you are good people. Not as some are good, but as the best are good. And you bring home to me—I know you'd rather die than do it, but you *do* do it—all the sins and thoughtlessness and selfishness of my life. Oh!" she said, "that Hell in which they tried to make my generation believe—with its wide-open, hungry mouth, and the flames rushing out and curling around the lost souls and dragging them in—if there isn't such a place there ought to be, for people like me."

Mrs. Coles closed the poor, excited woman's mouth with a kiss, and Coles busied himself putting wood on the fire.

"I don't want to be a burden and an expense," wailed Miss Peale. "I don't want to be hated."

Coles couldn't stand that

He began to look about nervously until, presently, he had found Miss Peale's slate.

"I'm going to tell her," he said in the firm voice of one who will brook no contradiction, "that my salary was substantially raised on Saturday—and that if I have a care in the world it is *not* money. Her mind has got to be at rest about that, anyway."

Miss Peale after her wailing outburst had closed her eyes. Ellery leaned over her, smiling ecstatically, like a guardian angel. There was silence in the room, save for the crackling of the renewed fire, and the "skreaking" of the slate-pencil upon the slate.

The next piece of writing that Coles did that day was in the Fine-Book. He made an entry therein under the head of "Deliberate and Willful Lying."

VIII

MISS PEALE'S deafness did away with the nuisance of whispering and walking on tiptoe. The younger children raced about the house as usual, shouting and laughing. Every weekday morning the school-goers poured from the front door like a flood of sunshine, their stout boots ringing on the pavement or squeaking like mice in the snow. And when school was over they played their games under the sick lady's very window.

But upon Coles and his wife silence settled more and more. Steadfast in their resolve not to count the cost, their hearts and minds were yet full of it, and it was seldom now that badinage and pranks and laughter bore testimony to their perennial love for each other. I do not mean to imply that they became solemn and downhearted and pulled long faces (indeed, they bore their burden with a wonderful serenity and patience), but they fell into habits of silence, sat often for half an hour with their arms around each other but not a word exchanged.

To the unprofessional eye Miss Peale was no worse. She still managed to produce her daily quota of letters, to eat the delicacies prepared for her, and to take pleasure in being visited by the children. The Fine-Book furnished her with particular amusement; and it was now kept on the table in her room, and whenever an entry had to be made, the culprit after making it was obliged to show her what had been entered. Since the united fines for any year represented but a very small sum of money, it was a touching fact to note how seldom Dolly's name appeared. The picayune reward of virtue really represented a material advantage to her and Jim. As to Miss Peale's promise to interest herself in Jim's welfare, it had come to nothing. She had sent for Dolly one morning not long after the arrival of the mail and had taken her hand in both hers and caressed it for a while before speaking.

"Dolly," she said finally, "the person whom I thought might be able to use Jim—already had somebody. I'm sorry, terribly sorry. I really counted on doing some good to somebody."

Dolly had not really expected anything from her great-aunt's promise, yet she and Jim were human enough to fortify themselves, now and then, with remote possibilities, and the announcement that this one had gone agley was a real blow to her. Miss Peale saw the hastily-concealed look of disappointment and sighed a little bitterly. But she kept hold of Dolly's hand

"You and Jim are so young, Dolly, so very young—waiting is the one real sickness—but when you are very young you can recover from it and be as if it had never been. I know one thing," she said very emphatically, "I *know* it. I know that one of these days Jim will find himself. Lots of men have had to cast in every pool of the river before they landed a fish; and Jim has not finished fishing the shallows at the mouth."

Dolly wrote on the slate:

"*Papa is the best and noblest and cleverest man in the world, but he hasn't been very successful.*"

Miss Peale shook her head.

"If your father isn't successful, Dolly," she said, "I don't know success when I see it. But you mean that he isn't rich. Stevenson said, and he knew, 'To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less,' and to make a family on the whole happier for his presence in it—or words to that effect—was all the success that could be asked of the utmost fortitude and delicacy. Isn't your father all those things?"

Dolly had guessed some time since that her father was not spending "a little less" (quite a little more, in fact), but she nodded an emphatic affirmation to Miss Peale's question.

"His house is his, and in order," said Miss Peale. "His children are healthy and happy, at school or graduated. He is desperately in love with your mother and she with him. His oldest girl is engaged to his favorite young man. He carries a heavy life insurance. And you say that he isn't very successful."

Although Dolly suspected that her father was in trouble about his affairs, she felt that she had been very properly scolded, and after hesitation she took up the Fine-Book and made an entry under "Misleading Statements."

Toward the end of February a new type of visitor began to find the way to the Coles' doorbell—usually on Sunday or in the early evening. And sometimes, for your collector is not a tactful man and is armed as a rule with a penetrating voice, the younger children even received hints that their father was being asked for money which he was promising to pay.

Poor man and wife, to whose hospitable hearts the ringing of the doorbell brings a start of dread; who learn to hate the postman's cheerful whistle; who through no fault of their own are beginning to drift with the tide!

Finally, Coles borrowed money from the bank in which he was employed, lumped his debts and paid them: so that once more the doorbell sounded in the house with a merry jingle, and the postman's whistle piped cheerfully in the frosty air.

But have you ever as a child built a wall of sand to hold back the tide? So, for a while, Coles stemmed the inevitable—only to see his crumbling defenses swept away—and the waters rush over them with redoubled zest. He had tried to patch his wall at first with a shovelful of sand here and another there; and these, of course, had but added to the extent of the final demolishment.

Evil days came swiftly now. The doctor visited Miss Peale more frequently and stayed longer at her bedside. She was no better, and he qualified that and said it was tantamount to saying that she was worse. In addition to current expenses Coles had to meet the interest on his loans. Ill-omened visitors began once more to come on Sundays and in the early evening. And the man's heart, though he kept a cheerful and gentle expression upon his face, was lead. But it was not until April Fool Day that the real blow fell.

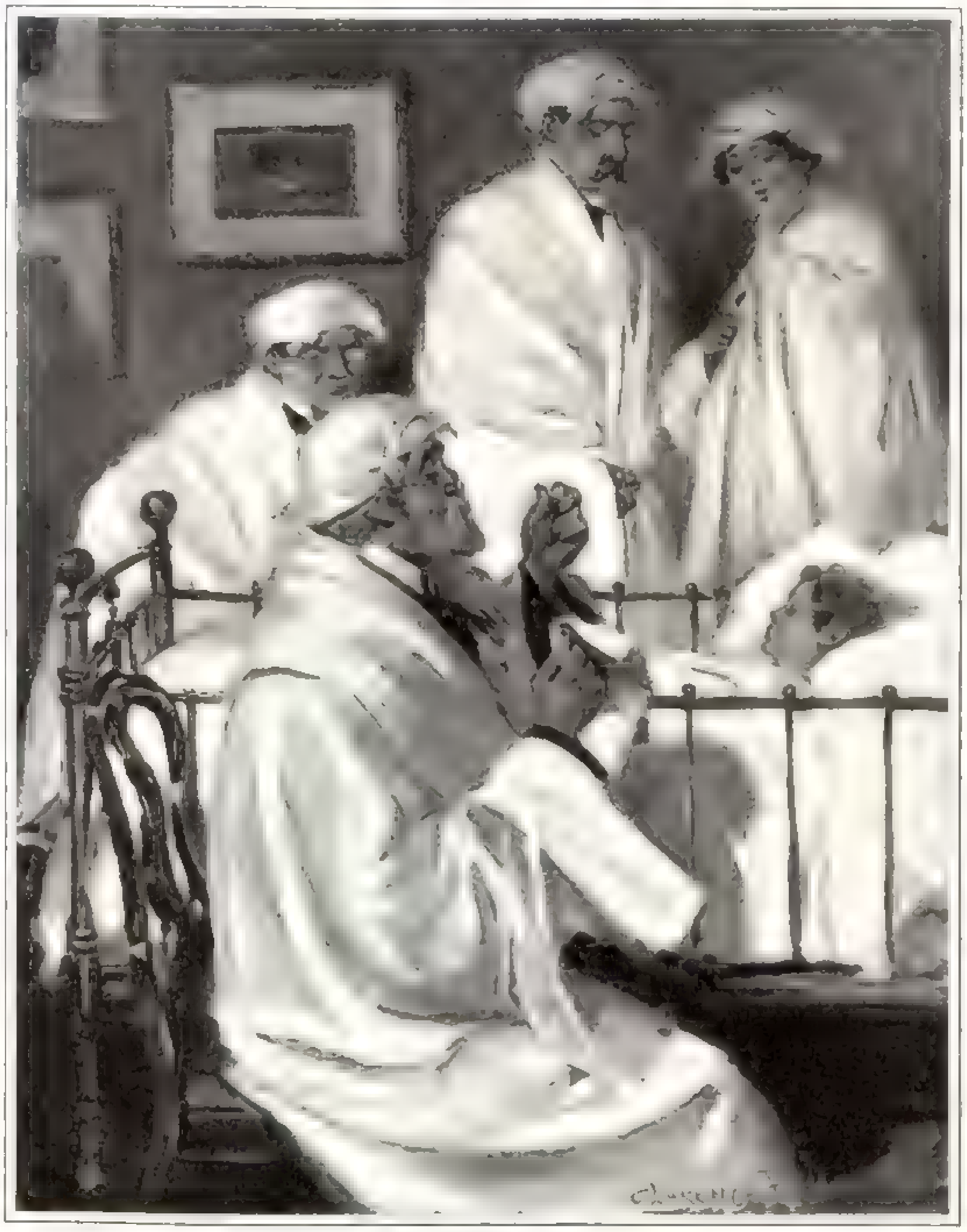
Ferdinand, the baby, in the midst of the highest pranks and spirits, became suddenly weary and held out his arms for his mother to take him in her lap. And when she wished to put him in his crib he cried, not with the lusty cry of temper, but with the piteous cry of the child that is sick very sick. And presently he became hot to touch, and began to droop and wilt for all the world like a flower This about noon

At two o'clock Mrs. Coles sent a hurry call for the doctor. And the doctor came and got a spoon from the dining-room and strapped a disk of burnished metal over his right eye, and looked in Ferdinand's throat. Then, and Mrs. Coles had never seen him hurry before, he rushed out of the house and came back anon, his pockets bulging with culture tubes and antitoxin. And Mrs. Coles held Ferdinand so that he could not struggle, and was helpful and practical and weeping bitterly at the same time, all the while the doctor squirted the antitoxin into the child's circulation.

Then the doctor established himself in the big room as in an office, and first he sent for Dolly and gave her a minimizing dose, and joked with her, and chucked her under the chin; and then he spied Sam "passing" a baseball in the street, and enticed him into the house with honeyed words: "Just a minute, Sam on a matter of importance nobody can help me but you." And he dosed him. And he had the cook up, and the two maids, and the cook, when the hypodermic needle pierced her side, began to say the Litany of her church and to whimper like a sick wolf. But the doctor whispered to her to forget her fears and to hide behind the sofa and look forth and see how the others took it. The first maid to be fortified against infection kept saying in gentle, melancholy tones, "Jessie—Jessie—Jessie," it is unknown why. But when she was sent to join the cook behind the sofa she protested that she had not been hurt, which was true; and that she had not been frightened—a statement which President Roosevelt could hardly have made good for her. And she and the cook nudged each other and giggled heartlessly while their fellow-servant, laughing and squealing hysterically, took her medicine

Then the doctor waylaid the children as they came in from school and dosed them. And, be it said, they were all stoical, though afraid; and he collected cultures from all the throats in the house and sent them off to the Board of Health, and then he went up to Miss Peale's room and behaved toward her as if hers was the only illness in the world, and his concern for her his only concern. But then he had grown to be firm friends with Miss Peale, and she spoke to him unreservedly of many things more important than symptoms.

The news that greeted Coles when he came home that night almost unmanned him. His heart began to beat very rapidly and he had hard work to control his nerves. But Mrs. Coles had put on her most cheerful face and her most loving look to strengthen him. And when, after a minute or two, he went with her to have a look at Ferdinand, he had already accustomed his broad shoulders to their new burden—to the thought that perhaps Death, too, was hastening, with the other creditors, to the door of his house.


"He is Holding His Own"

IX

PERHAPS the surest cure known to medicine is the cure of diphtheria by antitoxin. In nine cases out of ten if administered in good season it behaves more like a magic than a medicine. But Ferdinand's was a tenth case, and when twenty-four hours had passed his throat was neither better nor worse and his temperature had gone up a degree. Doctor Barbour, very cheerful and very confident, administered a second and larger dose of antitoxin. Coles, dressed temporarily like the doctor in a white sheet, his hair covered by a handkerchief knotted at the corners, watched the process gloomily and listened with anguish to the baby's heart-breaking breathing. He had abandoned hope. Which shows, perhaps, into what a state the whole gamut of his troubles had cast his usually buoyant nature. Then and there he said good-by to Ferdinand and occupied his mind with what he should do to comfort Ellery when all was over.

Coles and the doctor, having smiled reassuringly on Mrs. Coles, passed into the next room, with its bottles, basins, alcohol lamps and smell of carbolic, and having slipped out of the sheets which covered their clothes and the handkerchief caps, and having washed their hands in carbolic, went into the hall, far from all chance of being overheard by Mrs. Coles and looked at each other gravely

"Well?" said Coles

"Is there any one," said Doctor Barbour, "whom you would like to have me call in consultation?"

"If there is any man in the country better than you," said Coles, "I want him."

The doctor bowed gravely. "I would like to have Harrison see Ferdinand," he said. "But mind you," and he grasped Coles' arm, "I *think* the child will live."

"I think you are doing everything that can be done, Doctor," said Coles; "but if if he doesn't get well, it wouldn't be good to think—for any of us, but especially for my wife—that Harrison might have suggested something"

"If I can't get Harrison," said the doctor, "I will get Ripley."

Coles moved about the house for an hour, now tiptoeing to Ferdinand's door to listen, now opening a window wide and standing in the fresh rush of air, now picking up a book, opening it, preparing to read, and then putting it down, in four evenly-timed processes. At last Dolly brought him a message from Miss Peale—would he speak with her a moment?

Miss Peale was dressed ready to go out. She looked very pale and weak, but resolved.

"My dear boy," she said, "you've got altogether too many troubles. I'm going to relieve you of one."

His eyebrows rose in question.

"I've made arrangements," she said, "to go to a home for the aged and infirm. I know something about the cost of things," she went on hurriedly; "and I know that through me you have had to spend more money than you have got. I've done you a cruel wrong. And you've been very noble."

She held out both hands to him. He took them and pressed them. He felt very tenderly toward her. Then he wrote on her slate:

"*When you were in trouble we stood by you. Now that we're in trouble you must stand by us.*"

He smiled, tears in his eyes, and handed her the slate

"Just what does that mean?" she said tremulously. He took the slate once more, and wrote

"*It means go back to your own bed where you belong, and get well among your own people, and don't talk nonsense.*"

She looked at him until his tired, haggard face swam before her eyes. Then she walked to the window and looked out. Then, suddenly, she leaned her head upon her arms and began to sob.

Coles tiptoed out of the room and began once more to move about the house. But for some reason he was less despondent. It occurred to him that, perhaps, little Ferdinand might get well. For the first time in twenty-four hours the thought of money entered his head. He drummed with his fingers upon a window-pane and wondered how much Doctor Harrison's visit would cost. Then he heard a step in the upper hall and began to tremble. "They are coming to tell me that Ferdinand is dead," he thought. He dashed upstairs, slipped into his sheet and knotted handkerchief and tiptoed into the sick-room. He and Ellery exchanged wan smiles.

There was no change in Ferdinand's condition. But to ears attuned by anxiety and love it seemed that it was more of a struggle for him to get his breath.

Coles, bending forward from the waist, his head turned to one side the better to listen, did not move for twenty minutes. And there was no sound in the room but that of the child's snuffling, rasping efforts to breathe. You would not have believed that so little a child could make such powerful efforts.

"His poor little nose is all stopped up," Ellery whispered. "That's what makes it sound so terrible."

"Sounds a little easier to me," said Coles, that easy and polished liar.

At about ten o'clock Doctor Harrison arrived with Doctor Barbour. He remained about a quarter of an hour, made a careful examination of Ferdinand, and said that all that could be done had been done.

"He is holding his own," he said. "That is the most I can say to you. But any change in his condition will be significant. The first dose of antitoxin is spent. It is too soon to look for results from the second. On the one hand, the child is very sick; on the other, antitoxin, when administered in the early stages of diphtheria, is almost infallible." Then he shook hands with Ellery and Coles, said that it had been a pleasure to meet them, and went out with Doctor Barbour. Ellery, crying softly, but otherwise self-possessed and efficient, cleaned Ferdinand's nose with boric acid and turned him a little in his crib. Ferdinand spoke disjointed words, whined a little, and once more took up the matter of getting air into his lungs.

"The little man's game," said Coles. "He's game, darling. He'll win out."

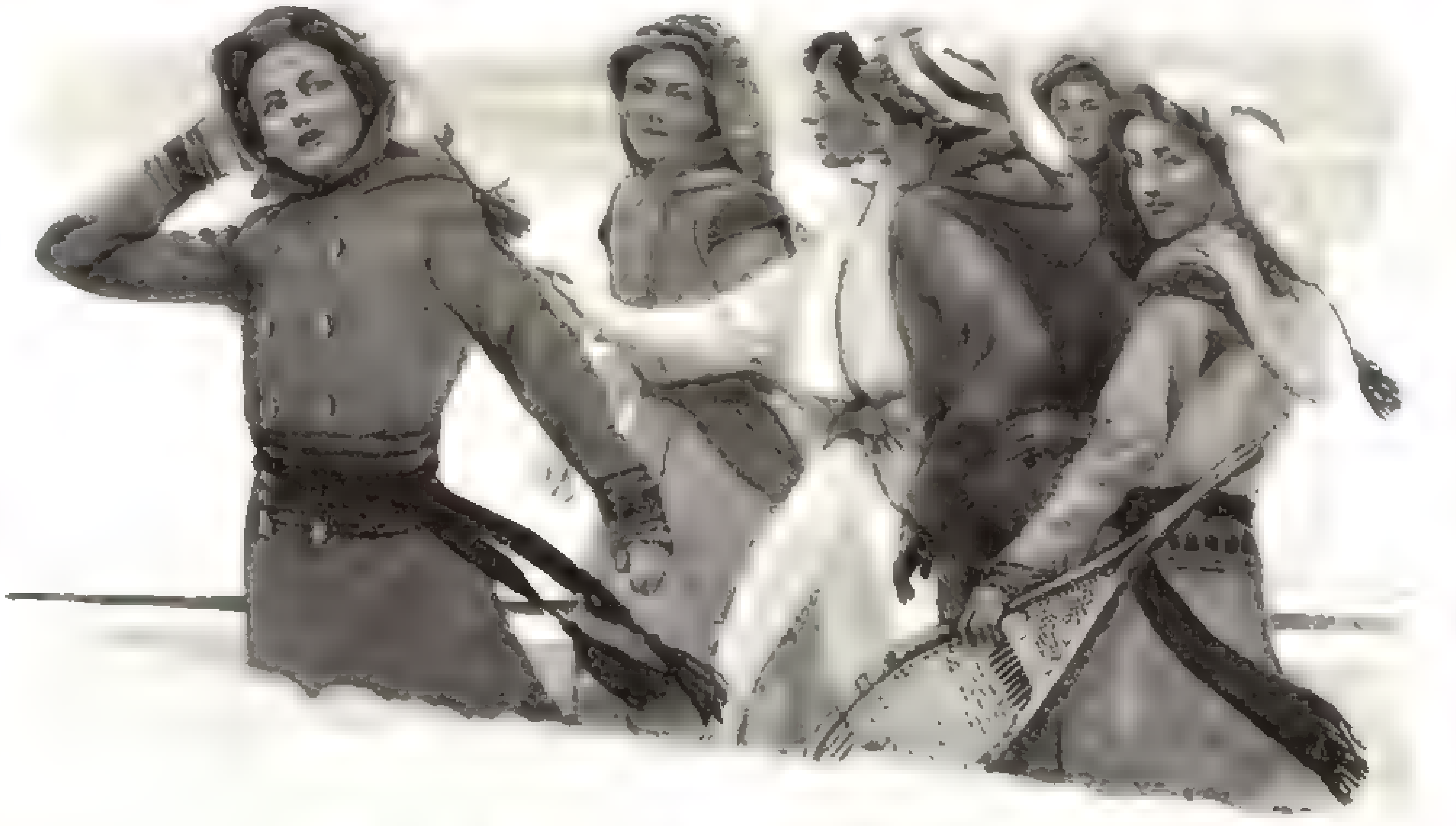
That night about three o'clock Coles fell asleep in a chair. It was the first rest he had had in two days and a night. And, at that, he only fell into a half-sleep. The least sound would have waked him—even in his sleep he told himself that. So that it must have been with complete silence that Miss Peale entered the room and stood looking at him. She could not for some moments make up

(Continued on Page 26)

THE NEW CANADA

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATION BY ETHEL P. BROWN



The English Brother

FOURTH OF JULY was coming. Thousands of Iowa farmers had gone over into Manitoba, taking up free wheat lands. Also the simple Canadian oath of allegiance.

When the Canadian becomes a Yankee he must absolutely renounce King Edward. When an Iowa farmer becomes a Canadian, however, he need not renounce Uncle Sam; he merely swears loyalty to King Edward, promises to defend him against traitorous conspiracies, and likewise to reveal any conspiracy he runs across. That makes him a Canadian. It is just like being a Yankee. Half his neighbors are from Iowa or Dakota, and the other half Canadians, who are kind, busy, democratic, and speak the Yankee language. Life runs along as usual.

Four of those new wheat towns have mayors born in the United States. The Canadian mayor is a shining figure. If royalty came to town he would receive it. Another of his high functions is to issue proclamations as needed by the community. At home these Iowa-Canadians had always celebrated the Glorious Fourth. So four mayors issued proclamations that seemed to cover the case: Whereas, Next Tuesday being July Fourth, we do, by virtue of the authority intrusted to us—and so on.

There is always festivity in Canada on Uncle Sam's birthday. The lion roars because the eagle screams. Whack! goes the tail of Canada's national bird, the beaver. Everybody has a good time. Nobody attaches political significance to the fun.

Nobody thought it any harm until the horrible tidings reached London. There, however, those naïve proclamations were taken as state papers. The Yankee settlers had gone into Manitoba, not to make money raising wheat, but to alienate Canada! Every editor in Fleet Street insisted on knowing whither the British Empire was drifting

This episode had hardly passed out of mind when Fleet Street began worrying about another phase of Canadian affairs that is giving a good deal of concern in England.

Why John Bull Does Not Always Fit In

OUT in the Canadian Northwest it has become almost an every-day matter to advertise for "Help wanted—no English need apply." In Ontario's factory towns the English laborer and mechanic are frequently refused employment on mere mention of nationality. From Vancouver, some months ago, a London correspondent cabled that story about Englishmen being invariably blackballed in the city's chief club. When Fleet Street heard this, it fell down in a fit—and then the story was refuted.

Just the other day an Englishman, who had tried life in Canada and had come back to London on money sent him by his wife, walked down into Charing Cross and hurled a stone through the window of the Canadian emigration office. For more than a year now London papers have been full of letters about Canada. Some declare that Englishmen fail there because emigrants are ne'er-do-wells who have failed at home. Others hold that Canada's advertising to attract immigrants is merely a ruse to fill the country with cheap labor. Our Iowa farmer goes over the line, breaks land, and has no difficulty except with an occasional proclamation—the country and the people suit him exactly. The Scotchman has no difficulty in Canada. The Irishman, Welshman, German and Jew get along famously. But with the English there is a knotty "Canadian question."

It seems to be the Englishman's fault, due to his time-honored inflexibility.

John Bull is evidently not aware that Canada is now a nation, and from this misunderstanding arise most of his worries about her. We are right next door, yet appreciate it no more fully. Only last winter James J. Hill, himself Canadian-born, declared at a dinner that the time is now here for unrestricted trade with our neighbor over the border. He spoke feelingly of the benefits we might heap upon the Canadian farmer. An Ottawa official rose right after him, however, and very clearly demonstrated that this happy time is not here—it has passed, and Canada is in for a long period of high protection.

Canada is today a nation, and an exceedingly sturdy one, with her national blanket-costume, and her national vigor typified in the rough, fast, characteristic games of lacrosse and hockey, and her national trade-mark on everything shipped. She wants to feed the world and haul all her own crops, and to become a manufacturing country in the bargain.

Her loyalty to the British Empire is beyond doubt. Fifteen years ago, in the desperate times after our tariff cut her off, there was lukewarm talk about annexation to the United States as the only way out of her difficulties. But direct trade with England has since made ties very close. The Boer War did much to strengthen them and to rouse Canada's national spirit, for she got by far the most prestige out of that thankless conflict. The only annexationist now to be seen in captivity is Professor Goldwin Smith, who is, perhaps, Canada's last pessimist, too. Toronto folk profess to sleep easier nights because there is a strong fence round the veteran scholar's home in that city.

Canada's heart warms at thoughts of the Motherland. At the same time there seems to be nothing for which she has so little practical use as the average Englishman who "comes out to the colony."

If a well-bred Englishman is intended for the Indian service his people catch him young and have him trained. If he is sent to Canada, though, it is too often with a remittance. His family understands that it is getting rid of him. He understands that he is coming out to benefit the "colony." His difficulties begin with the language. Canada's accent pains him. He corrects it. Canada's language is our own. The London journalist, in his book about the Dominion, notes numerous characteristic expressions. "A hard proposition," as the Canadians say. "Where we say 'reins' they speak of 'lines'." And so forth. All these Canadianisms are our very own. When the Briton visits us he submits to them, but in Canada the people must be put right. Landing at Montreal with the belief that a chap of his gifts will be a godsend to the country, he visits the newspapers and offers to improve them. In the Northwest his idea is to make a fortune as quickly as possible, but he is not beneath smoothing a few rough corners off the "colonials." These crude, democratic persons jibe at him, however.

"Colonials, hey!" is their comment. "Well, then, what on earth are you but an immigrant?" And the fat is in the fire.

The English middle-class sends its contributions, too. A fine specimen was the solemn, tiresome parson whose church at home got him a charge in Canada, raised funds for his passage, and shipped him off. After his third sermon the Canadian congregation was complaining to the bishop. The latter went to hear him preach. One of his prosy, long-winded sermons was sufficient.

"You'll hardly do well here," said the bishop kindly. "You see, brother, our people want a great deal—a very great deal. And they won't pay much for it, either."

On the prospect of getting rid of him the Canadian congregation cheerfully passed the hat to ship him back to England. Passage was secured, and he departed.

Some months later the bishop's door opened, and there stood the parson who had been weighed and found too heavy. On arriving in England his old congregation had subscribed and shipped him back to Canada again. This time he came as a layman. The bishop got him a job in a grocery.

Canadians will assure you that English courts give petty criminals a choice between jail or the Dominion. In truth, though, Canada herself is responsible for some of this misfit immigration. Her advertising in Great Britain has been rather rosy. She is so proud of the bigness of her proposition that to speak of the harder side is treason—not long ago a settler in Alberta was fined two hundred dollars for writing letters to American newspapers on certain drawbacks of that territory. By putting the very best foot foremost in English cities, the Dominion has fairly turned the brain of the typical British 'Arry. Solid agricultural laborers and Yorkshire mechanics, who would be welcome in Canada, are busy at home. 'Arry comes instead, helped by some charity organization, his head full of ideas about a sudden fortune. When they show him a shovel and tell him that is the place to begin, he is disgusted, and holds a meeting. It is a prime characteristic of many lower-class Englishmen in Canada that they would far rather hold a meeting and pass resolutions than take a job. Canada is almost free of the political "ism" as yet, and doesn't comprehend its peculiar product. She is also markedly temperate, and objects to the English workman's bit o' bitters. 'Arry puzzles Canada. Canada breaks 'Arry's 'eart. If ever he gets back alive to old Lunnon his first act is to set out for Charing Cross with a cobblestone under his jacket.

The Failures of the Fitch Tribe

LOVE of Motherland is a fine abstract sentiment. The English immigrant in Canada, however, is another matter—he may easily be a cause of expense and a damper on friendship. It is worth noting that the man most severe with him is the Englishman established in Canada.

One day last summer there walked into the office of a Toronto attorney a new arrival from England, named Fitch. The attorney is an Englishman of long experience in the Dominion. Fitch's mother had been the old housekeeper at home. Fitch himself, a well-trained British servant, had come out to make his fortune, bringing Mrs. Fitch along.

"I'm assured, sir," said he, "that it's nothing out of the w'y for a willing chap like meself to have sixteen shillings a day here in the colony, and found."

The attorney was apprehensive. But he sent Fitch to one of his clients with a recommendation, and the new arrival was taken on as a servant. He stayed hardly a week. The way Canadians lived shocked Fitch. Steeped in the sacred British conventions, he found himself among people who made few distinctions. Fitch took a stand for things as they are at 'ome, and they fired him. The attorney got him another place. Same outcome. Fitch began to grow a bit hysterical then. He had never been out of England before, and didn't see that life on this continent is played catch-as-catch-can. Rumor whispered that a likely chap like him might have five dollars a day in Chicago, and found. Off went the Fitches, to be held up at the border because they had no money. The attorney was appealed to, and wired twenty dollars. Since then he has heard neither from Fitch nor his money, and two clients regard him with suspicion.

"Cartright, what the deuce did you mean by sending us that green Englishman? Why, he had the house in an uproar for a week."

There are, on the contrary, plenty of Englishmen of all classes who thrive in Canada, because they are willing to work, and like democratic ways, and adapt themselves gladly. Unfortunately, this sort is absorbed quietly, while 'Arry makes the noise. The latter's unlovely reputation is a handicap to the desirable Britisher. Every new Englishman in Canada is under suspicion until he can demonstrate that he is not a duffer.

In strict truth, the English have not been leaders in Canada's development. Their present interest is recent, and might well be stronger—even today the one Englishman at home who really knows Canada is the investor.

Take down a school history of the United States and read its brief account of the Tories in our Revolution. They were ridden on rails, tarred and feathered, deprived of property and run out of the country. To be at all easy in mind about the Tory we must agree with the book, which makes him the detested villain of our Revolutionary drama, forever plotting with foppish British officers for our downfall. When this Tory villain is thrown through a paper window in the last act, to the sound of the glass crash, we assume that he was a bad lot, anyway, and our history forgets him. In this country we make fresh history from day to day, as required, so nobody goes back to ask the Tory if he was hurt.

Now, Canada's national spirit began to grow out of those very Tories. Disappearing from our history as villains, they reappear in Canadian history as martyrs and the Pilgrim Fathers of the country. Known as the United Empire Loyalists, they settled in the Ontario wilderness, pledged to maintain the British Empire in Canada. Their property, seized in this country, was never returned nor made good, though the treaty of Versailles promised recompense. The educated, wealthy and ruling class in our own colonies, their sympathies lay with the Motherland. Set down destitute in Canadian wilds, under the old flag, they cherished a pardonable hostility toward the United States. To this day descendants of the original Loyalists write monographs to prove that our Revolution was fomented by the lawless classes, and that most of our patriots went into it to escape paying their debts. Whatever remains of the old spirit, though, is largely academic, and, to Canada's credit, none of this bias is found in her school histories, whatever there may be in our own.

Even in Canada, and backed by good Loyalist lineage, it is difficult today to be a strict Tory. One of the best-known Loyalist descendants in the Dominion, an able writer and valuable public servant, is pointed out as being almost the real old-fashioned Yankee-hater. Years ago Theodore Roosevelt read one of his books and wrote him a note of commendation. One day this fine old Yankee-hater found himself in Washington, and sent his card in to President Roosevelt to see what would happen. The President might remember him. If he didn't the Tory's dignity would not be hurt in the least. What happened, of course, may be left to the American imagination. Remember him! A strong hand came out of the White House, pulled the Yankee-hater in, and made him stay to lunch. Where had he been keeping himself? They went over his book together, got thoroughly acquainted, and the Loyalist went back home with a story to tell.

That Loyalist spirit seems to be the chief English contribution to Canada's making. After this, when anything is being done at all in her rather peaceful later history, a Scotchman or a Frenchman is usually found at the bottom of it. The Scotch have been strong in Canada ever since the day when Highland landlords at home found it more profitable to raise sheep than to raise Scotchmen, and the latter began emigrating. Canada's complexion is accurately reflected in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose governing was done from London, and whose dividends were paid there, though its work in the Canadian wilderness was carried on by Scotch and French.

The Loyalists prospered in Ontario, and eventually set up a neat little English aristocracy known as the "family compact," under which, Government and all the good jobs went to the old Tory families. That got on the nerves of a Scotchman named Mackenzie, and in 1837 he led a rising against it. The rebellion was not important in itself. But it put an end to the Tory trust—scotched it, if one may use the term. At the same time Papineau led out the French in Quebec against a Government that was too overbearingly English. Together they got representative government. True, an Englishman brought it about—Lord Durham, who investigated and wrote his famous report on Canada. But the Canadians never did learn to love Lord Durham—personally, he was a good deal like the overbearing Government his report did away with.

Then came another Scotchman—Macdonald, Canada's greatest man, who worked out confederation, taught the provinces to walk together, and carried the Dominion through a couple of attacks of annexationitis. Sir John Macdonald opposed even reciprocity with the United States. He wanted to make Canada strong and independent, and he was undoubtedly right.

Five years after his death another Frenchman went into power—Sir Wilfred Laurier, the present premier. His task has been to work out transportation. And transportation comes pretty near being the whole problem in Canada.

Economists have many theories about the Frenchman's amazing wealth. It is known that he works like blazes and saves his money. But there are other reasons, one being that he spends only about a hundred and fifty million dollars yearly to haul freight and passengers on his railroads, owing to his more compact country. We spend ten times as much. A great deal of our energy, coal and iron is absorbed in the endless work of carrying ourselves and our goods about. Now, Canada has a geographical area as large as ours, with only six million population, and already pays a hundred million dollars yearly operating expenses. That's the thing in a nutshell.

Laurier's Government is putting tens of millions into the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is to be a second line from ocean to ocean. In many ways the project dwarfs our Panama Canal, considering the size of the nation that is carrying it out.

Meanwhile, two Canadians of Scotch complexion—Mackenzie and Mann—are building a third transcontinental railroad all by themselves without Government aid

(Concluded on Page 40)

The White Mice

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

[illegible]

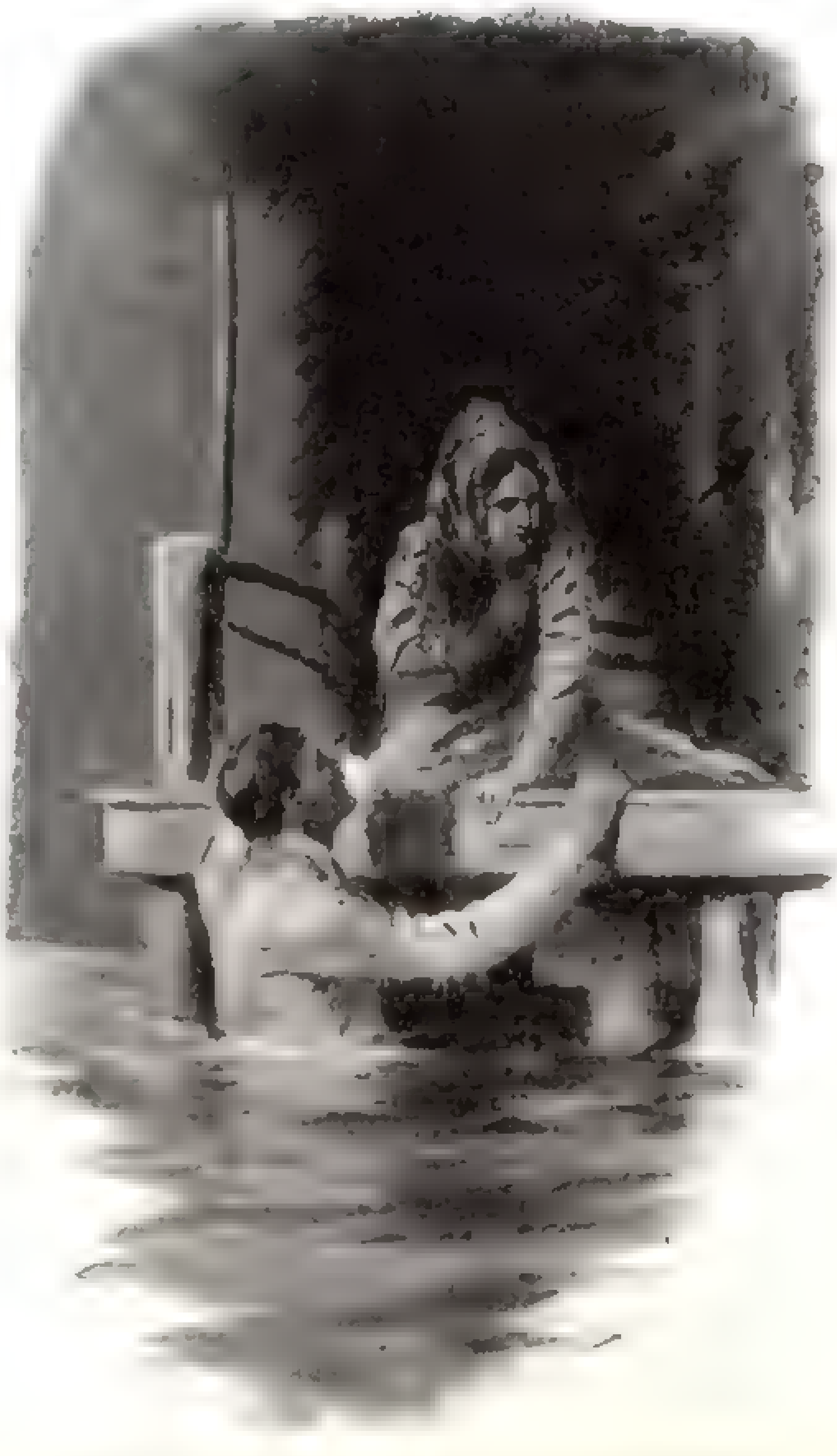
AT THE last moment Roddy had decided against taking the water route, and, leaving his rowboat at his own wharf, had, on foot, skirted the edge of the harbor. It was high tide, and the narrow strip of shore front on which he now stood, and which ran between the garden and the Rojas' private wharf, was only a few feet in width. Overhead the moon was shining brilliantly, but a procession of black clouds caused the stone steps and the tiny summer-house at the end of the wharf to appear and disappear like slides in a magic lantern.

In one of the moments of light the figures of a man and a woman loomed suddenly in the gateway of the garden. Pedro came anxiously forward, and Roddy leaped past him up the steps. He recognized Inez with difficulty. In the fashion of the peasant women she had drawn around her head and face a fringed, silk shawl, which left only her eyes visible, and which hung from her shoulders in lines that hid her figure. Roddy eagerly stretched out his hand, but the girl raised her own in warning and, motioning him to follow, passed quickly from the steps to the wharf. At its farther end was a shelter of thatched palmleaves. The sides were open, and half of the wharf was filled with moonlight, but over the other half the roof cast a black shadow, and into this Inez passed quickly. Roddy as quickly followed. His heart was leaping in a delightful tumult. His love of adventure, of the picturesque, was deeply gratified. As he saw it, the scene was set for romance; he was once more in the presence of the girl who, though he had but twice met her, and, in spite of the fact that she had promised herself to another man, attracted him more strongly than had any woman he had ever known. And the tiny wharf, the lapping of the waves against the stone sides, the moonlight, the purpose of their meeting, all seemed combined for sentiment, for a display of the more tender emotions.

But he was quickly disillusionized. The voice that issued from the shadows was brisk and incisive.

"You know," Inez began abruptly, in sharp disapprobation, "this won't do at all!"

Had she pushed him into the cold waters of the harbor and left him to the colder charity of the harbor sharks, Roddy could not have been more completely surprised. He stared at the cloaked figure blankly.



"On Such a Night," He Whispered, "Leander Swam the Hellespont"

"I beg your pardon!" he stammered.

"You must not expect me to meet you like this," protested the girl; "it is impossible. You risk everything."

Bewildered by the nature and the unexpectedness of the attack, Roddy murmured incoherently:

"I'm so sorry," he stammered. "I thought you would wish to know."

"What else is there I could so much wish!" protested the girl with spirit. "But not in this way."

Roddy hung his head humbly.

"I see," he murmured. "I forgot etiquette. I should have considered you."

"I was not thinking of myself!" exclaimed the girl. "A week ago I was frightened. Tradition, training, was strong with me, and I did think too much of how my meeting you would appear to others. But now I see it as you see it. I'll risk their displeasure, gossip, scandal, all of that, if I can only help my father. But this will not help him. This will lead to discovery. You must not come near me, nor visit this house. My mother"—the girl hesitated—"it is hard to say," she went on quickly, "but my mother more than dislikes you—she believes you are our evil genius. She thinks you are doing all in your power to spoil the plans of your own father and of Vega. She—we have all heard of your striking him in defense of Alvarez. Vega is the one man she thinks can save my father. She believes you are his enemy. Therefore, you are her enemy. And she has been told, also, of the words you used to my father when your friend was permitted to visit him." With an effort the girl tried to eliminate from her voice the note of obvious impatience. "Of course," she added quickly, "the story came to us distorted. I could not see your object, but I was sure you had a motive. I was sure it was well meant!"

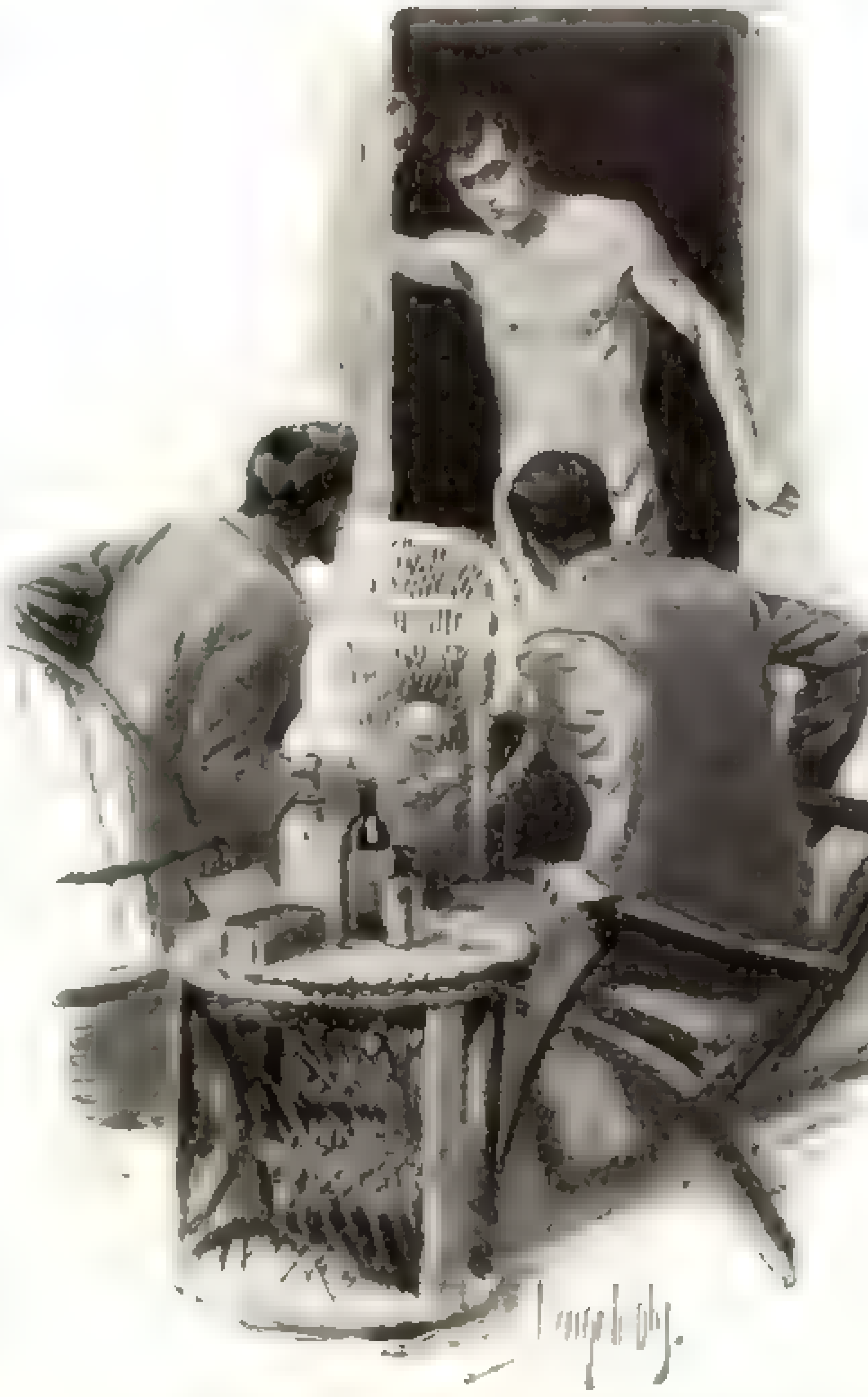
"Well meant!" exclaimed Roddy, but interrupted himself quickly. "All right," he said; "go on."

The girl recognized the restraint in his tone.

"You think I am unjust, ungrateful," she protested earnestly; "but, believe me, I am not. I want only to impress upon you to be careful and to show you where you stand."

"With whom?" asked Roddy.

"With my mother and Vega and with their party."



Roddy, Dripping With Water, Stood Swaying in the Doorway

"I am more interested," said Roddy, "in knowing how I stand with you."

The girl answered quietly: "Oh, we are friends. And you know that I am deeply grateful to you because I know what you are trying to do; the others do not."

"Suppose we tell them?" said Roddy.

The girl gave a quick exclamation of protest, and Roddy could hear, rather than see, her move from him. They were now quite alone. Lest any one coming from the house should discover Roddy, Pedro had been on guard at the gate. But he had seen, both above and below the wharf, mysterious, moonlit figures loitering at the edge of the water, and in order to investigate them he left his post. There was a moment of silence. On three sides the moonlight turned the tiny waves into thousands of silver mirrors, and from farther up the curving coast-line the fires in the wickerwork huts of the fishermen burned red. At their feet the water was thick with the phosphorescence, shining more brilliantly than the moonlight. And, as schools of minnows fled, darting and doubling on their course before some larger fish that leaped and splashed in pursuit, the black depths of the harbor were lit with vivid streaks, and the drops of water cast into the air flashed like sparks from an anvil.

A harbor shark, nosing up stealthily to the wharf, thought himself invisible, but the phosphorescence showed his great length and cruel head as clearly as though he wore a suit of flame.

"Suppose you tell them?" repeated Roddy.

The girl spoke with evident reluctance.

"I cannot," she said, "and the reason why I cannot is quite foolish, absurd. But their minds are full of it. In some way Vega learned of our meeting. He believes it was by accident, but, nevertheless, he also believes—why, I can't imagine—that you are interested in me."

As though fearful Roddy would speak, she continued quickly. She spoke in impersonal, matter-of-fact tones that suggested that in the subject at hand she herself was in no way involved.

"My mother was already prejudiced against you because she thought that, for the sake of adventure, you were risking the life of my father. And this last suggestion of Vega's has added to her prejudice."

As though waiting for Roddy to make some comment or ask some question, the girl hesitated.

"I see," said Roddy.

"No, I am afraid you cannot see," said Inez, "unless you know the facts. I am sorry to weary you with family secrets, but, if you know them, my mother's prejudice is more easy to understand. Colonel Vega wishes to marry me. My mother also desires it. That is why they are hostile to you."

The young girl gave an exclamation of impatience.

"It is ridiculous," she protested, "that such an absurd complication should be brought into a matter of life and death. But there it is. And for that reason it would be folly to tell them of your purpose. They would accept nothing from your hands. You must continue to work alone, and you must not come near me nor try to speak to me. If it is absolutely necessary to communicate with me, write what you have to tell me; or, better still, give a verbal message to Pedro." She made an abrupt movement. "I must go!" she exclaimed. "I told them I would walk in the garden, and they may follow."

At the thought she gave a little gasp of alarm.

"Surely it is not so serious as that?" Roddy objected.

"Quite," returned the girl. "To them, what I am doing now is unpardonable. But I was afraid to write you. A letter may sound so harsh, it can be so easily misread. I did not wish to offend you, so I risked seeing you this way—for the last time."

"For the last time," repeated Roddy.

Inez made a movement to go.

"Wait!" he commanded. "Do you come often to this place?"

"Yes," said the girl, and then, answering the possible thought back of the question, she added: "My mother and sister come here with me every evening—for the sake of the harbor breeze—at least we used to do so. Why?" she demanded.

In her voice was a note of warning.

"I was thinking," said Roddy, "I could row past here in my boat, far out, where no one could see me. But I could see you."

Inez gave a quick sigh of exasperation.

"You will not understand!" she exclaimed. "Why," she demanded, "after all I have told you, after my taking this risk to make it plain to you that you must not see me, do you still persist?"

"As you wish," answered Roddy quietly, but his tone showed that his purpose to see her was unchanged. Inez heard him laugh happily. He moved suddenly toward her. "Why do I persist?" he asked. His voice, sunken to a whisper, was eager, appealing. In it she discerned a new note that vibrated with feeling. "Why do I persist?" he whispered. "Because you are the most wonderful person I have ever met. Because if I did not persist I'd despise myself. Since I last saw you I have thought of nothing but you, I have been miserable for the sight of you. You can forbid me seeing you, but you can't take away from me what you have given me—the things you never knew you gave me."

The girl interrupted him sharply.

"Mr. Forrester!" she cried

Roddy went on, as though she had not spoken.

"I had to tell you," he exclaimed. "Until I told you I couldn't sleep. It has been in my head, in my heart, every moment since I saw you. You had to know. And this night!" he exclaimed. As though calling upon them to justify him he flung out his arms toward the magic moonlight, the flashing waves, the great fronds of the palms rising above the wall of the garden. "You have given me," he cried, "the most beautiful thing that has come into my life, and on a night like this I had to speak. I had to thank you. On such a night as this," Roddy cried breathlessly, "Jessica stole from Shylock's house to meet her lover. On such a night as this Leander swam the Hellespont. And on this night I had to tell you that to me you are the most wonderful and beautiful woman in the world."

How Inez Rojas, bewildered, indignant, silent only through astonishment, would have met this attack, Roddy never knew, for Pedro, leaping suddenly from the shore, gave her no time to answer. Trembling with excitement the Venezuelan spoke rapidly.

"You must go!" he commanded. He seized Roddy by the arm and tried to drag him toward the garden. "The police! They surround the house."

With his free hand he pointed swiftly at two figures, each carrying a lantern, who approached rapidly along the shore from either direction.

"They are spying upon all who enter. If they find you!" In an agony of alarm the old man tossed up his hands.

Under his breath Roddy cursed himself impotently for a fool. He saw that again he would compromise the girl he had just told he held in high regard, that he would put in jeopardy the cause for which he had boasted to her he would give his life. Furious, and considering only in what way he could protect Inez, he stood for a moment at a loss. From either side the swinging lanterns drew nearer. In his rear his retreat was cut off by the harbor. Only the dark shadows of Miramar offered a refuge.

"Quick!" commanded Inez. "You must hide in the garden." Her voice was cold with dislike and displeasure. "When they have gone Pedro will tell you and you will leave. And," she added bitterly, "you will see that you do not return."

The words sobered Roddy. They left him smarting, and they left him quite cool. After her speech he could not accept the hospitality of the garden. And his hiding there might even further compromise her. He saw only one way out: to rush the nearest policeman and in the uncertain light, to hope, unrecognized, to escape. But even that chance left the police free to explain, in their own way, why the Señorita Rojas was in the company of a man who fled before them.

"Do you hear?" whispered Inez. "Hide yourself!"

With a cry of dismay Pedro forced Roddy into the shadow.

"It is too late!" he exclaimed.

Standing in the gateway of the garden, clearly illuminated by the moonlight, stood Señora Rojas, with her arm in that of Pino Vega.

In spite of himself, Roddy emitted an excited chuckle. In the presence of such odds his self-reproaches fell from him. He felt only a pleasing thrill of danger. This was no time for regrets or upbraidings. The situation demanded of him only quick action and that he should keep his head. As Roddy now saw it, he was again the base-runner, beset in front and rear. He missed only the shouts and cheers of thousands of partisans. The players of the other side were closing in and shortening the distance in which he could turn and run. They had him in a trap, and, in another instant, the ball would touch him. It was quite time, Roddy decided, to "slide!" Still hidden by the shadow of the thatched roof he dropped at the feet of Inez, and, before she could understand his purpose, had turned quickly on his face and lowered himself into the harbor. There was a faint splash and a shower of phosphorescence. Roddy's fingers still clung to the edge of the wharf, and Inez, sinking to her knees, brought her face close to his.

"Come back!" she commanded. "Come back! You will drown!" She gave a sudden gasp of horror. "The sharks!" she whispered. "You could not live a moment." With both hands she dragged at his sleeve.

Roddy cast a quick glance at the moon. A friendly cloud was hastening to his aid. He saw that if, for a moment longer, he could remain concealed, he would, under cover of the brief eclipse, be able to swim to safety. He drew free of Inez, and, treading water, fearful even to breathe, watched the lanterns of the police halt at the wharf.

The voice of Señora Rojas rose in anxious inquiry.

"Is that you, Inez?" she called.

There was no reply. Concerned as to what struggle of conscience might not be going on in the mind of the girl, Roddy threw his arm across the edge of the wharf and drew his shoulders clear of the water. In the shadow Inez was still kneeling, her face was still close to his.

"Answer her!" commanded Roddy. "I'm all right." He laughed softly, mockingly. He raised his head nearer. "'On such a night,'" he whispered, "'Leander swam the Hellespont.' Why? Because he loved her!"

With an exclamation, partly of exasperation, partly of relief at finding the man did not consider himself in danger, Inez rose to her feet and stepped into the moonlight.

"Yes, I am here," she called. "I am with Pedro."

At the same moment the black cloud swept across the moon, and, with the stealth and silence of a water rat, Roddy slipped from the wharf and struck out toward the open harbor.

At the gate the two policemen raised their lanterns and swung them in the face of Señora Rojas.

Vega turned upon them fiercely.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Do you wish to know who I am? Well, I am Colonel Vega. Report that to your chief. Go!"

With a gesture he waved the men to one side, and, saluting sulkily, they moved away.

When they had gone Señora Rojas sighed with relief, but the hand that rested upon the arm of Vega trembled.

"My dear lady!" he protested. "When I am here no harm can come."

Vega hoped that Inez had heard him. He trusted, also, that she had observed the manner in which he had addressed the police, and how, awed by his authority, they had slunk away. But Inez had not observed him.

With her hands pressed against her breast, her eyes filled with fear, she was watching in fascinated horror a thin ripple of phosphorescence that moved leisurely and steadily out to sea.

. . . .

In the *patio* of Roddy's house Peter was reclining in a steamer-chair. At his elbow was a long drink, and between his fingers a long cigar. Opposite him, in another chair, was stretched young Vicenti. At midnight, on his way home from visiting a patient, the doctor, seeing a light in the courtyard of Roddy's house, had clamored for admittance. To Peter the visit was most ill-timed. Roddy had now been absent for four hours, and the imagination of his friend was greatly disturbed. He knew for what purpose Roddy had set forth, and he pictured him pierced with a bullet as he climbed the garden wall, or a prisoner behind the bars of the *cartel*. He was in no mood to entertain visitors, but the servants were in bed, and when Vicenti knocked, Peter himself had opened the door. On any other night the doctor would have been most welcome. He was an observing young man, and his residence in the States enabled him to take the point of view of Peter and Roddy, and his comments upon their country and his own were amusing. For his attack upon General Rojas he had been greatly offended with Roddy, but the American had written him an apology, and by this late and informal visit Vicenti intended to show that they were again friends.

But, for Peter, it was a severe test of self-control. Each moment his fears for Roddy's safety increased, and of his uneasiness, in the presence of the visitor, he dared give no sign. It was with a feeling of genuine delight that he heard from the garden a mysterious whistle.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"Is anybody with you?" The voice was strangely feeble, but it was the voice of Roddy.

"Our friend Vicenti," Peter cried, warningly.

At the same moment, Roddy, clad simply in his stockings, and dripping with water, stood swaying in the doorway.

"For Heaven's sake!" protested Peter.

Roddy grinned foolishly, and unclasping his hands from the sides of the door, made an unsteady start toward the table on which stood the bottles and glasses.

"I want a drink," he murmured.

"You want quinine!" cried Vicenti indignantly. "How dared you go swimming at night! It was madness! If the fever ——"

He flew into the hall where he had left his medicine-case, and Peter ran for a bathrobe. As they returned with them there was a crash of broken glass, and when they reached the *patio* they found Roddy stretched at length upon the stones.

At the same moment a little, old man sprang from the garden and knelt beside him. It was Pedro.

"He is dead!" he cried, "he is dead!"

His grief was so real that neither Peter nor Vicenti could suppose he was other than a friend, and without concerning himself as to how he had been so suddenly precipitated into the scene, Vicenti, as he poured brandy between Roddy's teeth, commanded Pedro to rub and beat his body. Coughing and choking, Roddy signalized his return to consciousness by kicking the little man in the stomach.

"Ah, he lives!" cried Pedro. He again dropped upon his knees and, crossing himself, prayed his thanks.

Roddy fell into the bathrobe and into the steamer chair. Sighing luxuriously, he closed his eyes.

"Such a fool, to faint," he murmured. "So ashamed. Made a bet—with harbor sharks. Bet them, could not get me. I win." He opened his eyes and stared dully at Pedro. "Hello!" he said, "there's good, old Pedro. What you doing here, Pedro?"

The old man, now recovered from his fear on Roddy's account, was in fresh alarm as to his own, and, glancing at Vicenti, made a movement to escape into the garden.

Roddy waved Vicenti and Peter into the hall.

"Go away," he commanded. "He wants to talk to me."

"But I must not leave you," protested the doctor. "Now I am here as your physician, not as your guest."

"A moment," begged Roddy, "a moment." His eyes closed and his head fell back. Pedro bent over him.

"She sent me," he whispered eagerly. "She could not sleep. She must know tonight if you live. I hid myself in your garden, and I wait and I wait. But you do not come, and I despair. And then," cried the old man joyfully, "the miracle! Now my mistress can sleep in peace."

Roddy lay so still that had it not been for his sharp breathing Pedro would have thought he had again fainted. With a sudden, sharp cry Roddy opened his eyes. His clenched fists beat feebly on the arms of the chair.

"It's a lie!" he shouted fiercely, "it's a lie!" His eyes were wide and staring. Vicenti, running to him, looked into them and, with an exclamation, drew back.

"It is the fever!" he said.

Roddy was shouting wildly.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "She did *not* send you. She does not care whether I drown or live. She loves Pino Vega. She will marry ——"

Peter, with his arm around Roddy's neck, choked him, and held his hand over his mouth.

"Be still!" he entreated. He looked fearfully at Vicenti, but the young doctor, though his eyes were wide with astonishment, made an impatient gesture.

"Help me get him to bed," Vicenti commanded briskly. "Take his other arm."

With the strength the fever lent him, Roddy hurled the two men from him.

"She and Vega— they stood on the wharf," he shouted, "you understand? They laughed at me. And then the sharks smelt me out and followed: and I couldn't hide because the harbor was on fire. I struck at them and screamed, but I couldn't shake them off; they dived and turned; they crept upon me stealthily, in great circles. They were waiting for me to drown. Whichever way I swam I saw them, under me, on every side! They lit the water with great streaks of flame. And she and Vega pointed me out and laughed."

"Stop him!" shrieked Peter. "You must not listen! Give him morphine! Dope him! Stop him!"

Roddy wrenched his wrists free and ran to Pedro, clutching him by the shoulders.

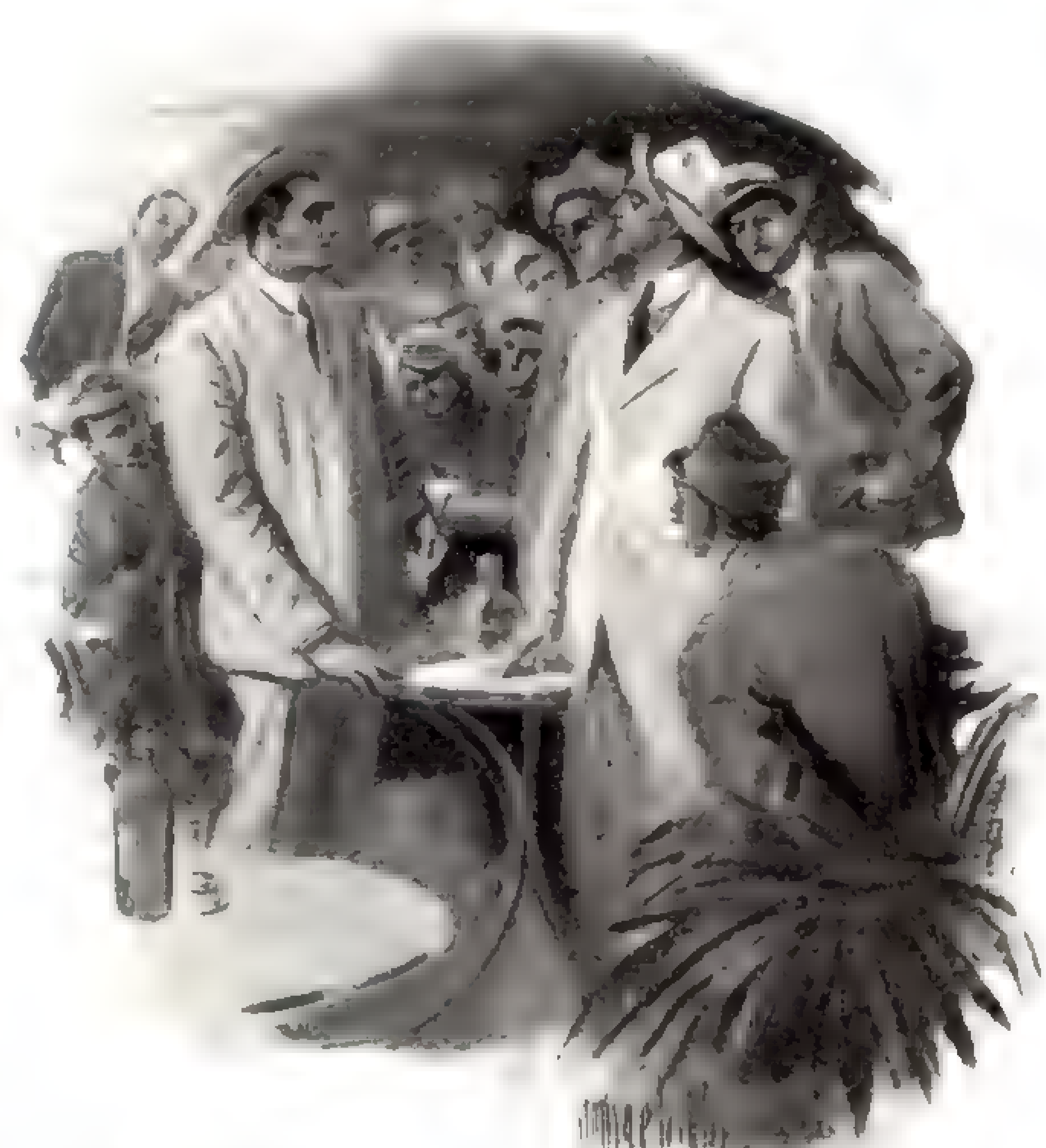
"But we'll save him!" he cried. "We'll set him free! Because he is an old man. Because he is a great man. Because he is her father. We'll make him President!" His voice soared exultantly. He flung up his arms into the air. "Viva Rojas!" he cried.

Peter turned on Vicenti and shook his fist savagely in his face.

"What you've heard," he threatened, "you've heard under the seal of your profession."

But the eyes that looked into his were as wild as those of the man driven with fever. The face of the Venezuelan was jubilant, exalted, like that of a worshiping fanatic.

"The truth!" he whispered breathlessly—"the truth!"



"Outside of Business Hours I Choose My Own Company"

"The boy is raving mad," protested Peter. "He doesn't mean it. You have heard nothing!"

From the servants' quarters there came the sound of hurrying footsteps.

In alarm, Vicenti glanced in that direction, and then came close to Peter, seizing him by the arm.

"If he's mad," he whispered fiercely, "then I am mad, and I know ten thousand more as mad as he."

When the sun rose dripping out of the harbor Vicenti and Peter walked into the garden.

"I can leave him now," said the doctor. He looked at Peter's white face and the black rings around his eyes, and laughed. "When he wakes," he said, "he will be in much better health than you or I."

"He certainly gave us a jolly night," sighed Peter, "and I shall never thank you enough for staying by me and Pedro. When a man I've roomed with for two years can't make up his mind whether I am I or a shark, it gets on my nerves."

A few hours later, in another garden half a mile distant, Pedro was telling his young mistress of the night just past. The tears stood in his eyes and his hands trembled in eloquent pantomime.

"He is so like my young master, your brother," he pleaded, "so brave, so strong, so young, and, like him, loves so deeply."

"I am very grateful," said the girl gently. "For my father and for me he risked his life. I am grateful to him—and to God, who spared him."

Pedro lowered his eyes as he repeated: "And he loves so deeply."

The girl regarded him steadily.

"What is it you wish to say?" she demanded.

"All through the night I sat beside him," answered the old man eagerly, "and in his fever he spoke only one name."

The girl turned from him and for a moment stood looking out into the harbor.

"Then the others heard?" she said.

Pedro, with a deprecatory gesture, bowed. With sudden vehemence, with a gesture of relief, the girl flung out her arms

"I'm glad," she cried. "I am tired of secrets, tired of deceit. I am glad they know. It makes me proud. It makes me happy."

During the long night, while Roddy had tossed and muttered, Vicenti talked to Peter frankly and freely. He held back nothing. His appointment as prison doctor he had received from Alvarez, but it was impossible for any one to be long in close contact with General Rojas and not learn to admire and love him. And for the past year Vicenti had done all in his power to keep life in the older man and to work for his release. But General Rojas, embittered by past experience, did not confide in him, did not trust him. In spite of this, the doctor had continued working in his interests. He assured Peter that the adherents of Rojas were many, that they were well organized, that they waited only for the proper moment to revolt against Alvarez, release Rojas, and place him in power. On their program Vega had no place. They suspected his loyalty to his former patron and chief, they feared his ambition; and they believed, were he to succeed in making himself President, he would be the servant of Forrester, and of the other foreigners who desired concessions, rather than of the people of Venezuela.

The amnesty, Vicenti believed, had been declared only that Alvarez might entice Vega to Venezuela, where, when he wished, he could lay his hands on him. When he had obtained evidence that Vega was plotting against him he would submit this evidence to the people and throw Vega into prison.

"Vega knows his danger," added Vicenti, "and, knowing it, he must mean to strike soon—today—tomorrow. We of the Rojas faction are as ignorant of his plans as we hope he is of ours. But in every camp there are traitors. No one can tell at what hour all our secrets may not be made known. Of only one thing you can be certain: matters cannot continue as they are. Within a week you will see this country torn by civil war, or those who oppose Alvarez, either of our party or Vega's, will be in prison."

When Roddy, rested and refreshed and with normal pulse and mind, came to luncheon, Peter confided to him all that Vicenti had told him.

"If all that is going to happen," was Roddy's comment, "the sooner we get Rojas free, the better. We will begin work on the tunnel tonight."

The attacking party consisted of McKildrick, Roddy and Peter. When the day's task on the lighthouse was finished and the other workmen had returned to the city, these three men remained behind and, placing crowbars, picks and sticks of dynamite in Roddy's launch, proceeded to a little inlet a half-mile below El Moro. By seven o'clock they had made their way through the laurel to the fortress, and while Roddy and Peter acted as lookouts McKildrick attacked the entrance to the tunnel. He did not, as he had boasted, open it in an hour, but by ten o'clock the iron bars that held the slabs together had been cut and the cement loosened. Fearful of the consequences if they returned to the city at too late an hour, the tools

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1909

An Englishman's Home

THERE happened recently an absolutely unprecedented event in British finance—where any unprecedented event is sure to make a profound impression. One of the big joint-stock banks which do the commercial banking of England took into its own vaults three hundred thousand pounds of gold, in derogation of the long-established custom whereby the Bank of England is custodian of all the gold in the country. This novel action is taken in some quarters to mean that the joint-stock banks are going to build up gold reserves of their own.

In the last twelve years the stock of gold in the world has increased greatly. Other Powers, notably France and the United States, have added largely to their holdings of the precious metal; but England's stock, held by the Bank, is actually smaller than it was in 1896. This condition is one of the leading grievances against the Bank. It would be difficult to show that England's commerce and finance have suffered from it in any material way, and at present money is a drug on the market everywhere. But gold is a prime munition of war, and there is a nervous feeling that England can't afford to let France and Germany beat her in accumulating it.

Mr. Balfour, the other day, demonstrated that under certain supposititious circumstances Germany may, some years hence, have actually more Dreadnaughts than England herself, and Mr. Haldane, the Secretary of War, brought forth a plan for a British Army of Empire, comprising twenty-three full corps, which would be equal to the German army and superior to any other. Mr. Balfour's demonstration produced deep agitation and Mr. Haldane's plan was received with much enthusiasm. Some British statesman will presently discover that, though England has more marines, the United States has more salt pork to feed marines with, and the national energy will have to grapple with that problem.

An Englishman's home seems to be a place where, principally, paregoric is needed.

The Case of the Consumer

TARIFF discussion has always been notable for calmness and reason. In that respect, indeed, the tariff shines above every other political subject which men have discussed in the last century with the exception of slavery.

At the distance of sixty years, for example, it looks quite indubitable that the food supply of three-quarters of the population of a country having failed, famine must be imminent. But while the conditions which reduced Ireland's population from eight millions to six were in deadly operation, intelligent English assemblages resolved, with solemn indignation, that there wasn't any famine in Ireland or any danger of one. Famine was driving the Government to reduce the duties on imported grain; a reduction of duties was hateful to English landlords; thence the logical conclusion that there couldn't be any famine. The Duke of Norfolk rose a step higher. Admitting some scarcity of food, he proposed to meet the difficulty by introducing a curry powder of his own invention, which he could guarantee as a preventive of hunger. To some thoughtful persons this seemed far superior to making grain cheaper by tampering with the protective duties.

In the Senate—notwithstanding a constitutional implication to the contrary—tariff bills are mostly made. Senators, as every one knows, represent States, not people. Hence the tribulation of all tariff measures in the upper house. Reductions of duty proposed by the Payne bill are opposed by certain Senators on the familiar ground that such reductions are obnoxious to industries of their States. On that ground, of course, hardly any duty could ever be reduced. Precisely on that ground, in fact, duties as a whole have been maintained on the war basis for forty-five years. The States where the industries are located also contain people—consumers. To meet the difficulties of mere consumers our stand-pat Senators do not offer even a curry powder.

Little Loaves From Big Fields

IN FORTY years the average yield per acre of wheat in the United States has increased a little—about two bushels to the acre, taking the average of five-year periods. Of corn the yield has increased relatively less, and of oats scarcely at all. Meanwhile a hundred and seventeen million acres of new land have been brought under cultivation for the three cereals. No doubt there ought to be a better showing than this. The average yield of wheat in this country is only fourteen bushels to the acre, or about half that from English land which has been far longer under cultivation. Germany and the Netherlands also get much higher yields. England, Germany and the Netherlands are wheat-importing countries, and wheat is relatively a more precious article there than here.

The United States has been decidedly a wheat-exporting country. The surplus grain has been sold abroad in competition with that from Argentina, India and Russia. Generally speaking, the larger the surplus, the lower the price, and American farmers naturally have looked upon big yields as a not unmixed blessing. Raising a hundred bushels of wheat for the same amount of money that one got for eighty is not especially attractive. With the growth of population here and, more important still, with good times the country eats relatively more of its own wheat. Very likely it will before many years cease altogether to export wheat. The result should be permanently higher prices and more careful cultivation, raising the yield per acre. It is not a question of sufficient food supply, for the continent can produce an immensely greater quantity of wheat. It is, however, a question of farm profits. To bring the wheat yield up to only twenty bushels an acre means to increase production by half.

Hotels as Educators

THE young wife wrote to her mother: "I'm just crazy to get our new country-house done and move in. There won't be anything sweller in this neck of woods. You don't need to be afraid that I won't know how to do things right up to the handle with the best of them. I've been to all the first-class hotels catching on."

The enormous educational and social importance of the nobby hotel has never, we believe, been adequately realized. Some good guesser asserts that not less than ten thousand brand-new millionaires were evolved in this country during the late boom era. It is safe to say that for about nine thousand of them and their ladies the swell hotel was the school in which they formed and polished themselves for those enlarged social duties to which providence had abruptly summoned them.

This school, though admirable on the whole, should be improved. It was no unnatural misapprehension, for example, which for a time led the mistress of an exceedingly ornate mansion to provide her house-guests with room keys having tags of stamped leather attached. There is even lack of that uniformity which in itself is the essence of good form. In one Western hotel, which presents every guaranty of genuine swellness that architecture, upholstery and prices can supply, it is a custom among the more genial waiters to address male guests as "Captain" or "Cap" and the females as "Lady." Professor Fishbladder declares that the total amount of bad form which has thus been introduced into the highest social circles of the neighboring States is simply incalculable. Such solecism simply poisons the spring at its source.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to insist upon endowed hotels; but in view of the interests involved there should certainly be a powerful movement to extend and purify, so to speak, the curriculum of our great social university.

Saving the Daylight Hours

FOR about a year now the "bill to save daylight" has been before Parliament in one form or another. It proposes, in effect, that from April to September British people shall begin and quit work an hour earlier, and that this shall be accomplished by setting back the clocks of the United Kingdom in the spring and setting them forward again in the fall. Thus, working-people in the summertime would perform their labor by daylight and have daylight left for their hours of recreation.

It doesn't look as though irreparably calamitous results could flow from such an innovation. Britannia, it seems, might get up a whole hour earlier and still rule the wave. Top hats, we learn, have lost some of their ancient sway in London and English liberty is still secure. It looks, in short, like a measure that wouldn't do any particular harm and probably wouldn't do any great good

Yet, in combating the bill, the principles of the British Constitution are earnestly appealed to. The railroads represent that it would not only involve them in the vast expense of printing their time-tables all over again, but would throw the operating departments into such confusion that train wrecks would probably strew the land. The London Stock Exchange thinks the defeat of the bill is demanded by national interests of the highest importance—to wit: If the Exchange closed an hour earlier in summer, placing a bet in London on the basis of opening quotations in New York would be impossible.

At this distance it looks like much ado about little. But remember that this "daylight-saving bill" is now at its third reading in the House of Commons, while in this country Mr. Cannon would instantly refer such a bill to the Committee on The Coming of the Millennium and thereafter forbid any member to mention in public either the bill or the committee.

The Bitter Cry for a Flat

LITTLE by little the secret is leaking out. Recently, for example, came Lieutenant Colonel Febiger, eloquently pleading that, at army posts, the Government should erect neat flat buildings for the married officers instead of separate houses as at present. Here are people who, merely for the asking, can have that venerable ideal, the detached house with its own porch and grass plot. But they would a lot rather have a flat.

The servant problem seems to have a good deal to do with it. Along with the grass plot, which has to be mown, go stairs and halls that have to be swept. The individual porch is offset by an individual furnace, prone to go out at the most inopportune times. About a third of the families of army officers, says the Colonel, are servantless most of the time. Hence the cry for snug little six-room flats with a practicable gas range in the kitchen, preferably handy to a delicatessen shop where dinner may be bought in a pasteboard box.

That really is the newer and, on the whole, more sensible ideal. The notion that a place cannot be a real home unless the family washing is done in the kitchen and hung out in the back yard begins to be antiquated. It is not true that boiling cabbage in one's own individual soft-coal cook-stove either heightens the nutritive value of the vegetable or imparts to it a flavor of sanctity. Among old people a prejudice lingers against "baker's bread" and in favor of the article of domestic manufacture, but the younger set knows it not. "I am going," said the young hostess, "to prepare for you brown bread and baked beans just like your mother used to make." "If it's all the same to you," replied the seasoned guest, "I'd rather you bought 'em down the street. Mother's were no good."

Probably if Roosevelt's Commission on Farm Life could have figured out a scheme for housing rural families in flats and feeding them from the bakery it would have solved half its problem—that is, the feminine half.

The Overcrowded House

THE House of Representatives was made a numerous body, elected for short terms, with the idea that it would thus be the distinctively popular branch of the Government. No such result, of course, has followed.

A century ago Randolph complained that the House had become mere putty in the hands of the Executive. That the House does not enjoy any such weight in the Government as it was designed to have has long been painfully evident. While the prerogative of originating revenue measures is secured to it, for example, it was permitted to debate the last tariff bill only eight days—so the Senate might have ample time to discuss the measure.

The theory that the more electing the people do the more democratic the Government must be, still sounds as plausible to a few ears as it did to nearly everybody a century and a quarter ago; but the theory simply does not square with experience. Democracy consists not in voting but in impressing the popular will upon the Government. A single executive, elected for four years, takes the impression more clearly and firmly than a numerous House elected for two years.

The lesson of experience is plainly shown in the proposed new charter for New York and the one which many hopeful Chicagoans are trying to get for that city. Both would centralize power, fix responsibility and, as a means to that end, considerably reduce the number of elective officers. It is said that the best piece of governmental machinery yet devised is the British House of Commons, which contains more than half again as many members as our lower house. But the cases are very different. The House of Commons has no competitor. It comprises practically the whole Government. The basic fault with the House of Representatives is the number of its members.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He was Captured in the Fearsome Cañons of New York by That Celebrated Trapper, William Howard Taft

The Mantle of Justice

AND in the next compartment, ladies and gentlemen, you observe the Wickersham—the Samuel George Woodward Wickersham—who, speaking all known languages, speaks none of them for the delectation of the public, reserving his linguistic gifts for the sole entertainment of the few and favored ones who have managed to penetrate the well-nigh impenetrable barriers of his reserve. He was captured after untiring efforts in the inner recesses of the firm of Strong & Cadwalader, in the fearsome cañons of New York, by that celebrated trapper of legal lights, William Howard Taft, and brought to Washington for silent exhibition in that palatial structure maintained by a generous Government for the housing of its Department of Justice, consisting of two old brick houses with holes knocked through the party wall.

The Wickersham, ladies and gentlemen—the Samuel George Woodward Wickersham—is an almost perfect specimen of that practically extinct order of public servants scientifically designated as the Richardius Olneyensius. Having practiced law for many years for the privatest kind of private clients, he has been suddenly transported to the exact center of the limelight, to his consequent bewilderment and without change of his method and manner—as yet. He should be studied at close range at the earliest opportunity, for it is a remarkable characteristic of this odd and curious type that the insidious climate of Washington invariably tends to eliminate those peculiarities that can now be seen to their greatest advantage and in a few months leaves the specimen without a single one of those idiosyncrasies, now so apparent, to interest and amuse.

Look at him carefully and you will see that he remains in constant seclusion in the innermost portion of his abiding-place, issuing forth only at stated intervals, and then merely to wonder why he should be annoyed by people who seek information about public business, and retiring precipitately after uttering twice or thrice the strange cry that marks the species: "Nothing to say—nothing to say—nothing to say."

Mark him closely, for as he was but recently captured and placed on exhibition he still retains those singularities that prove him to be the most perfect example of his kind the country has been privileged to inspect for many years; since, in fact, Richard Olney, for whom the species was named, was at the Capital. The realization that practicing law for the Government and practicing law for an individual differ radically, so far as contact with the public is concerned, has not yet begun to seep into him; and until that gradual process begins, as it will soon, he will have his highest value as a curiosity. Much as it may be regretted, there will come a time when he will mingle freely with his visitors, glad-hand the reporters, find out that sometimes—*sometimes*—there is a little politics in the Department of Justice and learn to play it, and take on all the uninteresting attributes of a Cabinet member.

We are extremely fortunate, good people, in our Wickersham. In many instances, when lawyers have been enticed to Washington, there has been observed a trace or two, mayhap, of the results that contact with the public develops, to the ultimate decadence of the true type. Some of them, while exhibiting almost all the characteristics of the species, have tried cases and appeared in court, thus modifying that attitude of aloofness which is so highly prized in perfect types. I can assure you that nothing of the kind is to be observed in the present instance. Secluded for years in his office, in him are combined all the individualities that go to establish the unblemished variety.

When the System Gets Them

DO NOT feed or annoy the Wickersham, but, rather, apply yourselves to the earnest study of that remarkable mental phenomenon you will be privileged to witness, that gradual unfolding of a great mind to the dazed realization that Samuel George Woodward Wickersham, the tremendous power of the famous Strong & Cadwalader outfit, has been evolved into Samuel George Woodward Wickersham, Attorney-General for the United States, the same being a public servant and not a private counsellor; lifted from the inviolate seclusion of the inside office to the broad highway of a nation's affairs. Watch the Wickersham emerge slowly but surely from his envelope of former ideas to the understanding of just what he went up against when he took his job. And it will be the more interesting, the more entertaining, because he does not now think he ever will emerge, but will fight stubbornly for those methods he has known and employed so long in his most successful career.

We have had them in Washington in a plenty, the Wickershams. They have come in shoals, Cabinet members, assistant secretaries, bureau chiefs, to do things differently. We have sat here and watched them perform, scores of them. They are not going to sign anything they have not investigated personally. They will pay no heed to the newspaper folks. They will have nothing to do with politics. They will not participate in all this vulgar striving for the public ear.

Then the system gets them. Washington was here and the Government years before they were thought of, and will be here years after they are forgotten. There isn't one man in fifty thousand who can name correctly in order of service the ten men who were Wickersham's predecessors as Attorney-General.

Still, Wickersham doesn't think that, and more power to him. He has taken over the Department of Justice, and he is a great lawyer, of high repute among lawyers, but little known elsewhere because he has been the "office member" of his firm, one of the biggest in New York. President Taft persuaded him to come into his Cabinet. He came with the idea of conducting the office as he conducted his own office, which is a good idea, but impracticable owing to conditions and to the system. See anybody for whom he didn't send? Impossible! Talk with anybody about anything in the place? Absurd! Give out anything for the papers? Preposterous! The old order is to be changed. It is all wrong and must be reformed.

Then, gradually but certainly, the new man is moulded into the old form and things go along in the accustomed way. The institution is bigger than the individual, oh, very much bigger! In fact, there can be said to be no comparison.

Wherefore, let us enjoy our Wickersham while we may, hedging himself in and wrapping about him this mantle of reserve and seclusion. Let us watch his development into a regular Cabinet member. It will be worth sitting up for. He doesn't know yet what he is up against, but, being a man of keen perception, he will learn eventually. It will come to him. He has a long, hard lesson to learn, but he will round to all right.

And apart from his perfectly natural obsession Wickersham is quite a man, an extraordinary man indeed. He is long-bodied and short-legged. Sitting at a table he appears to be six feet tall, but when he gets up you find he is not much more than five feet six. He has a drooping mustache and prominent, almost staring eyes. He wears glasses and, at first look, gives you an impression of E. H. Harriman. They both peer with their big eyes through their glasses in the same way.

He is most versatile, especially as a linguist. He is highly accomplished in Spanish and good at French, Italian and German. His mind is incessantly active. They say he knew by heart Herbert Spencer's First Principles when he was seventeen, and that his knowledge of all contemporaneous literature is most scholarly. He dotes on languages. He gets up early in the morning to master new tongues. His legal specialties are corporation and interstate commerce law. He has had large retainers from great institutions, but rarely appeared as a pleader. His was the office work. He studies electricity, photography and was, and is yet probably, an expert telegrapher. He is a discriminating musical critic, a constant operagoer and a patron of many orchestras and other musical organizations. Likewise, he is an art critic and has traveled extensively

Thus, you see, the Washington game is not exactly in the line of our Wickersham; and he has not yet found out that it is going to be in his line before long. Wherefore, he is most interesting to those who look at the passing show at the Capital, for there are few more enlivening sights than to observe a great corporation lawyer, dictator of a great law firm, accustomed to his own arbitrary methods, conscious of his great mental power, strong in the law, go against the system.

Perhaps he will beat it. It may be. Nobody has, but maybe Wickersham will. There was Richard Olney, you know, that great Cleveland Democrat, from whom the species was named. And yet—and yet—there came a time when one could talk—positively talk—to Richard Olney without having one's ears frosted.

Identifying the Lump

WHEN Jerome B. Fisher was county judge of Chautauqua County, New York, a damage suit came before him. The plaintiff sued for a large sum because he was injured by a street car. He was, apparently, in good health, but it was shown he had been injured, and two of the items of proof presented were a spot about the size of a man's hand on his back and a lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. The plaintiff's lawyer said a great deal about these evidences of the terrible injuries his client had received. At summing-up time the lawyer for the street-car company arose.

"If the court please and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "we have heard a lot of talk here about this spot on this plaintiff's back and the lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. Do not be deceived, gentlemen of the jury, by the specious conversation of my friend, the opposing counsel, in this regard. That spot on this man's back is no more nor less than a birthmark, and as for that lump the size of a walnut on the plaintiff's shoulders, that, gentlemen of the jury, is his head."

Quite a Shock

"ONE of the most conservative men I ever knew," said N. V. V. Franchot, of Olean, New York, president of the Mid-Continent Oil Association, "was a neighbor of mine named Wilmuth.

"Wilmuth was very sick. There was a consultation of doctors and they told him he would die in two hours. However, he didn't, and when he had recovered enough to get out on his porch I went over to congratulate him.

"He told me all about his sickness and wound up by saying: 'Do you know when they told me I would be dead in two hours it really was somewhat of a shock to me!'"

No Time for Tears

"IT HAS been many years," said Colonel J. C. S. Blackburn, now Governor of the Canal Zone at Panama, but formerly Senator from Kentucky, "since I have taken a drink of whisky. I have been on the water wagon for years and years, but I always maintain that Kentucky produces the finest whisky in the world.

"I am reminded of the saying of an old friend of mine who always closed his eyes when he took a drink, explaining that the reason he did this was because the sight of real Kentucky whisky always made his mouth water, and he didn't want to see it and thus spoil the drink."

The Hall of Fame

ℭ Richard A. Ballinger, the new Secretary of the Interior, who comes from Seattle, used to be a cowboy.

ℭ Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, recently reëlected, is eighty years old and is reported to have half that many millions.

ℭ Reed Knox, son of the Secretary of State, who has been appointed confidential secretary to his father, is even more diminutive than his illustrious sire.

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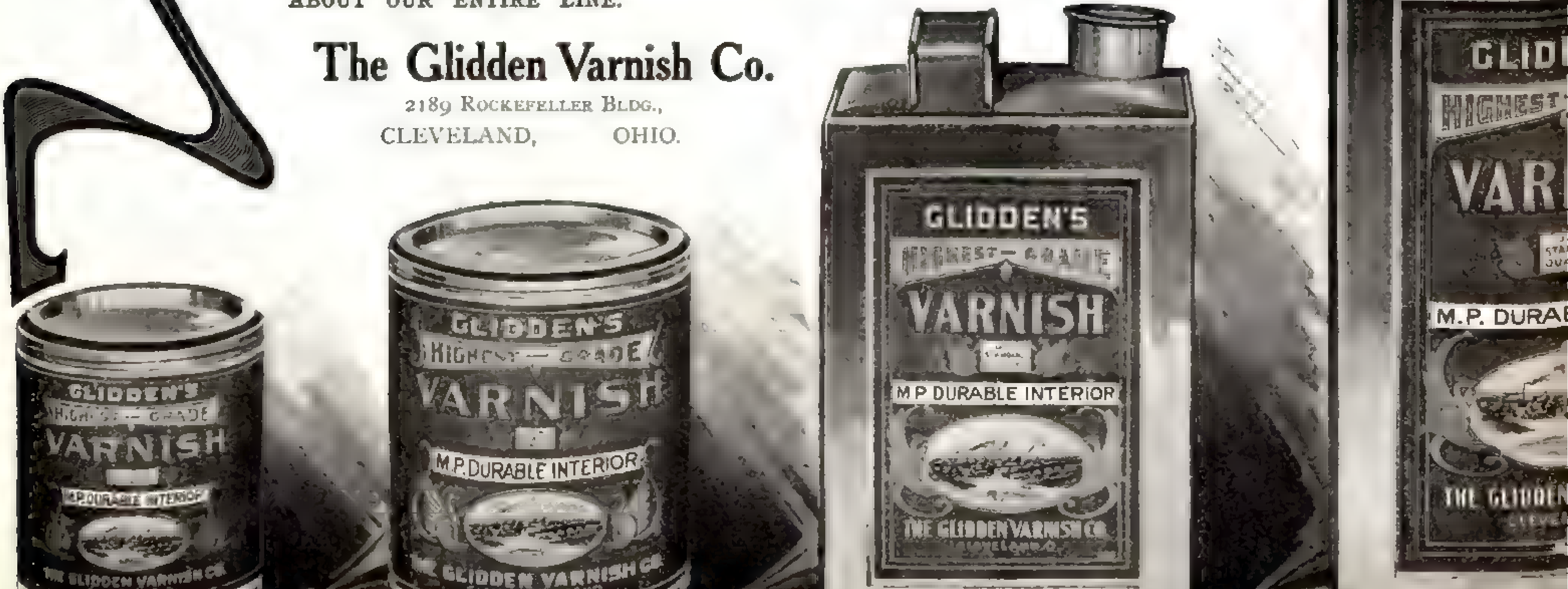
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The Senator's Secretary

FOUR hefty citizens who are members of Mr. Taft's Cabinet are now discovering the amazing truth that heftiness at home and heftiness in Washington as Cabinet members are two different, separate and distinct propositions.

They are gradually awaking to the realization that they are clerks—sublimated clerks, to be sure—but clerks, nevertheless. The five other hefty citizens who make up the Cabinet in conjunction with these four knew all about it before. They went in with their eyes open. The four didn't know, but they are finding out, you may be sure of that. They are finding out day by day and night by night, and whether they like it or not, privately, they have got to like it publicly or quit. To quit would be a confession, so they are taking their medicine in a dazed sort of way, wondering what induced them to leave their happy homes, anyhow, and figuring on how soon they can get back with their faces saved. This period will last for a month or two and then they will be used to it, and it will be impossible to pry them out of their swivel-chairs with a crowbar.

The four hefty ones who are learning are Secretaries Dickinson, MacVeagh and Nagel and Attorney-General Wickersham. Knox, Meyer and Wilson have had Cabinet experience before and know how the game is played. Hitchcock was an Assistant Secretary for so long he is familiar with it, too, and Ballinger was Land Commissioner for a year and had a chance to observe how the Secretary of the Interior got his. These are partially educated, at least.

But the other four—oh, dear! oh, dear! It has been coming hard for them. You see, Dickinson was general counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad, Wickersham a big New York lawyer, Nagel a big St. Louis lawyer, and MacVeagh at the head of a great business. They had been accustomed to having people do as they said, not to doing themselves what they were told to do; to being bosses of their various jobs; and now they are here in Washington working harder than they ever did in their lives for less money than they have made in years, loaded up with imposing titles—but not bosses. Nay, not bosses, but the bossed.

President Taft gave it out that he intended to have his Cabinet a real Cabinet, not a collection of clerks and promoted favorites; and he meant what he said. There is no doubt of that. He said that he had selected big men for the places and that he would hold them responsible for their departments and would allow them full sway. That is all well enough so far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far. It cannot. President Taft has the best intentions in the world in so far as this phase of his Administration is concerned, but the very nature of his position compels him to take a hand everywhere and, in reality, to run the departments himself as he sees fit; for his the glory or the blame.

Striking the Proper Attitude

He means well, does the President, but it will not work out. Thus, the hefty four have discovered that, when they are told to come to the White House, they must come a-running; that when they have a pet idea and it doesn't suit the President they must drop it and drop it quickly; that while the President consults with them they must be careful to do as he intimates or says, not as they think best; for though a Cabinet Minister has an ornate title and is looked on outside as a most important part of the governmental machinery, the man who is President is so much more important, so much more powerful, so much more responsible, that they have to do as he tells them or get out.

Not many men who come to Washington to take Cabinet places realize this, except, of course, men like Hitchcock, who has had a departmental training. Knox, who knows it very well now, had to learn it when he came here first to be Attorney-General, and so did Wilson and so did Meyer. They have their lesson letter-perfect. Capable as he is, you will never find Philander C. Knox running counter to the wishes of his chief very long. He is skillful enough to deflect many things and to hold up many things and to prevent many things, but when it comes down to a case of "Please do this, Mr. Secretary," from the Big Boss, he will do it every time, and so will all the rest of them.

Dickinson and MacVeagh and Nagel and Wickersham are having this pounded into them. Undoubtedly, they came with great ideas as to what they would and could do. Gradually, after many shocks to their sensibilities they are discovering that what they can do is what they are wanted to do, not what they may want to do themselves. It is a tough experience for big men, this shaking down of a Cabinet until it gets into the proper clerkly attitude. Many men have rebelled, protested, fought, but all have capitulated, or resigned. Occasionally, there is a brave soul who, after a trial, discovers that he is but a clerk and goes back to his former occupation, giving this or that reason for his resignation; but most of them hang on, massage themselves into shape and get out of it the glory that goes with the place away from Washington, while toiling in Washington like hired hands, which they are.

Mr. Taft is a pleasant gentleman, good-natured, kind-hearted, regardful of others' feelings, and he has it in his mind to allow the greatest latitude in his Cabinet. He means well; but Mr. Taft, with all his kindness and good-nature and tender consideration of the rights of others, cannot get away from the fact that he is the one supreme figure, and that things must be done his way, inasmuch as he must stand for everything before the people. The system demands it. It is the toll of the institution. Where would a President be if he allowed every Cabinet Minister, most of them with personal ambitions, to go skyhooting around with plans and projects of his own?

A Hypothetical Discussion

Of course, no such situation exists as existed when Mr. Roosevelt was President. His Cabinet members were clerks in fact as well as by conditions. He dominated all of them, made them dance when he whistled, and he whistled most of the time. Taft will be as considerate as he can, but there are many dreary days coming for Dickinson and MacVeagh and Wickersham and Nagel before they fit in. It is hard for a man who has been giving orders for twenty years to begin, abruptly, to take orders.

This is about the way it happens: A proposition relating to Mr. Nagel's department comes up, say, at a Cabinet meeting. Mr. Nagel is supposed to have charge of all matters pertaining to Commerce and Labor and various other allied bureaus. The President asks Mr. Nagel how about this particular thing.

Nagel gives his ideas and tells what he intends to do. Then it is discussed. Mr. Knox, for example, says: "Why, I remember that matter perfectly. It came up when I was Attorney-General and we decided then that the proper procedure was thus and so," or, "It came up when I was in the Senate and it was held that it should be carried on in this way," taking a stand opposite to that of Mr. Nagel.

Then the President says: "I remember it perfectly. I was Secretary of War at the time. I think, Mr. Nagel, that the procedure should be along the lines indicated by Mr. Knox," and Nagel gets red in the face and the veins in his neck bulge out, but he can do nothing but say: "Very good, sir."

Taft had his Cabinet training with Roosevelt, and he was just as much of a clerk as any of the rest while he was there. To be sure, President Roosevelt's particular concern was the Navy Department, where he had six Secretaries in seven years, and he practically ran that department, but he dipped into the War Department quite frequently, too. Taft did what he was told. He had to. Also, he will see to it that his Cabinet members will do as they are told. They will have to, also.

They come in with odd ideas, these new Cabinet members. There's Wickersham. He was a little czar in his way in New York. He practiced law in a great firm and, probably, never saw a reporter or a newspaper writer in his life unless he took the initiative. When he came to Washington, where the best newspaper workers in

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The reason for this is evident. With the very low priced pianos the manufacturer strives for only one thing—to put as little as possible into the cost of manufacture; quality is never considered.

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the world are stationed and where reporters see everybody by right, from the President down, on matters of public interest, somebody told Wickersham that he had better see the correspondents.

Wickersham didn't know why. He had nothing to communicate to the correspondents. Communications of that kind were not in his line. But he had a paragraph put in the papers that on a certain afternoon he would be pleased to have the correspondents call. About a hundred of them called, any one of whom might at any time have some legitimate inquiry to make of the Attorney-General.

Mr. Wickersham came out, shook hands all around nervously, said he was very glad and vanished. The correspondents came away. Two days later a correspondent for one of the big papers had a query from his paper that needed an answer by the Attorney-General. He went up to the Department of Justice.

"I would like to see the Attorney-General, if you please," he said.

"I am sorry, but that is impossible," his private secretary replied.

"Why?" asked the correspondent. "This is an important matter and I will take up but little of his time, or if he is engaged please let me know when I can see him."

"May I ask what is your business?" inquired the private secretary.

"I am a newspaper man."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the private secretary, "you can't see the Attorney-General at all. He saw the newspaper gentlemen only a day or two ago."

"Does that last for four years?" inquired the correspondent.

"Certainly," replied the private secretary with a note of surprise at the question in his voice. "Why should he want to see them again?"

Novelties of the Administration

It doesn't seem like the same old town since Taft came in. Really, it is so calm and peaceful and quiet in Washington that the chaps who like to have things happen are beginning to wonder whether T. R. should not have remained just as an inciter of public interest. Without questioning the loyalty of Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt, it is apparent that he has started out to have an Administration as different as possible from his predecessor's. The lid is on. The Soft Pedal Triplets have got in their deadly work. We are safe and sane to an astonishing degree. There are no loud noises, no explosions, no disturbances of the atmosphere. Just tranquillity, tranquillity, joy and happiness, peace and rest.

As expeditiously as possible, various prosecutions are being dropped casually out of the window and forgotten, numerous indictments are being shoved carelessly into the waste-baskets, multitudes of commissions are being recalled and set to work, large numbers of plans and projects of statesmanship are being labeled and put in the specimen cases as interesting relics of an Administration that is gone. Now and again, frequently in fact, the axe falls on the neck of a Roosevelt office-holder, not because there is anything against the office-holder, but just because Mr. Roosevelt isn't President now and Mr. Taft is. Taft has been told he must impress his individuality on his Administration and not be a carbon copy of another, and he is impressing it. Likewise, he is handing out a few things to the credit of his own private account.

Mr. Taft didn't like Mr. Cortelyou's actions in the canvass before the Republican National Convention that nominated Taft. He seems to have a fairly agile memory. Thus, he never even considered Cortelyou for retention in the Cabinet, although Cortelyou is a most skillful cabineteer as a mechanic of government, having been trained in that line for twenty years or more. Then, too, Mr. Taft promptly chopped off the heads of Mr. Fowler, Collector at the Port of New York, and Mr. Coolidge, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, both close friends of Mr. Cortelyou's—nothing personal, you know, but a neat bit of decapitation just the same.

Other Roosevelt and Cortelyou men will follow. And why not? This is Mr. Taft's Administration.

At the White House things are so different that it dazes any one familiar with the rush and hustle of the past seven years. There is a new staff of clerks, secretaries,

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Kayser Silk Gloves

No need to tell you about them.

You know the Kayser patent tip—the tip that outwears the glove. You know the Kayser fabric—the pure silk that we weave ourselves to secure that remarkable wear.

You know the Kayser finish, the Kayser fit. Every glove goes through fifty operations to get it.

We don't need to advertise Kaysers. For every woman knows that they are all that's desirable.

But You May Not Know This:

During the long glove craze there sprang up numerous inferior makes.

We could not supply one-tenth the long gloves wanted. So you took what you could get.

The most worthless gloves sold at twice the Kayser price. Even stocking tops sewed on to short gloves sold faster than makers could make them.

You got ill-wearing, ill-fitting gloves. And you thought, perhaps, that silk gloves had deteriorated.

But the Kaysers were then—and they are today—just as good as they ever were, but there were not enough to go around at that time.

"The Kayser"

Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves
A Guarantee in Every Pair

Now you can all get Kaysers—any shade or style, long or short. We've immensely increased our facilities.

You can get the perfect fit, the durable fabric, the patent tip—the kind you always wore.

Inferior makes still seek the trade that you gave them when the Kaysers were gone. But you can avoid them if you simply look for "Kayser" on the hem.

Every Woman Wants a Kayser

The Kayser silk glove is the one article on which all ideas agree. Every woman wants it.

In 25 years we have acquired a skill which no one can duplicate. We have no real competition.

We make so many gloves, and sell them so low, that an equal glove at our price is impossible.

The Kaysers sell everywhere at just the same price as gloves less than half as good.

You pay nothing extra to get them. Simply be careful. Look for the name in the hem.

Short Silk Gloves, 50c and up

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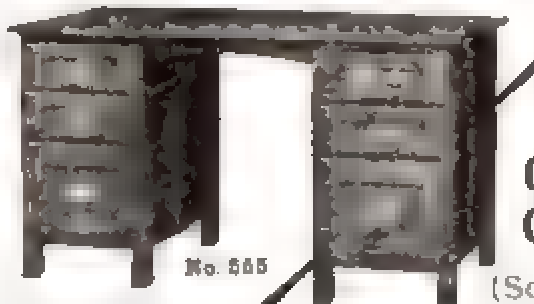

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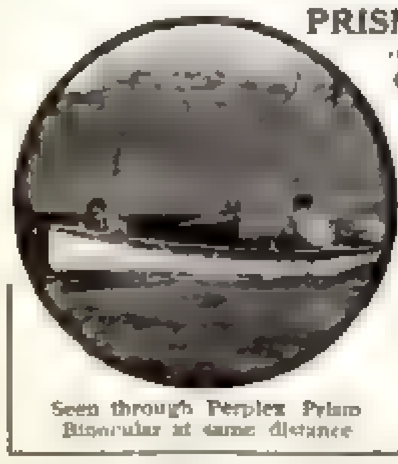

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doorkeepers and the like, of course, and a new procedure in the waiting-rooms. It was President Roosevelt's plan to let in forty or fifty people at a crack, range them around the walls of his private office and the Cabinet room and then dash out, grab a hand, say a word or two, dash along, grab other hands and get rid of the whole outfit in ten or fifteen minutes. There is no dashing about William Howard Taft, positively not a dash. He comes out and takes hold of a visitor's hand. Then he talks and listens until the conversation is finished. It may be forty minutes or it may be ten. He says all he has to say and the visitor says all he has to say. In the mean time, while the President is talking, there are a lot of people outside impatiently waiting to get in; and the word has gone out that Taft is harder to see than Roosevelt.

He isn't, but he is harder to get away from. Naturally, if the President talks for three-quarters of an hour to one visitor, threshing out a subject in all its phases, a lot of people not so fortunate as this particular visitor must cool their heels, a proceeding that, whatever its effect on the heels may be, does not tend to cool the anger. It is the same way with the diplomatists. They cannot leave, if they are talking to the President, until he intimates it is time for them to go or that the interview is ended. Frequently, Mr. Taft has forgotten to do this and has had those gaudy gentlemen hanging around, pop-eyed and wondering what would happen to them, for long periods.

However, Taft will work all this out. The main thing is that there isn't a person on earth who can hurry him. He takes his own comfortable time. He has made a tremendous hit, especially with his first message to Congress, which was less than four hundred words long. That was hailed as a masterpiece. It is a hundred to one that the reason that message was so short was because Taft didn't have time to write a longer one. Probably, he is glad now he didn't. He is like all big men and not overly anxious to do a task until he has to. He was very busy, crowded to death with callers, harassed about appointments and all that, and he put off writing that message until the last minute. Then he wrote it and it hit the country as the greatest document since Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, coming, as it did, after yards of language in other Roosevelt messages. Naturally, Taft is not brief in his expressions. However, he landed exactly right with that little message and it started him out as President amid glad acclaim. All of which goes to show that there are occasions when Procrastination becomes the First Aid to Presidents instead of performing always in the old rôle as the Thief of Time.

No Place Like Home

CHARLEY SEYMOUR, who was one of the best reporters in the business, was floating around Chicago one Christmas Eve. He went into a restaurant and found about fifty people there, mostly visitors from other cities held up in Chicago, sadly eating, and thinking of home.

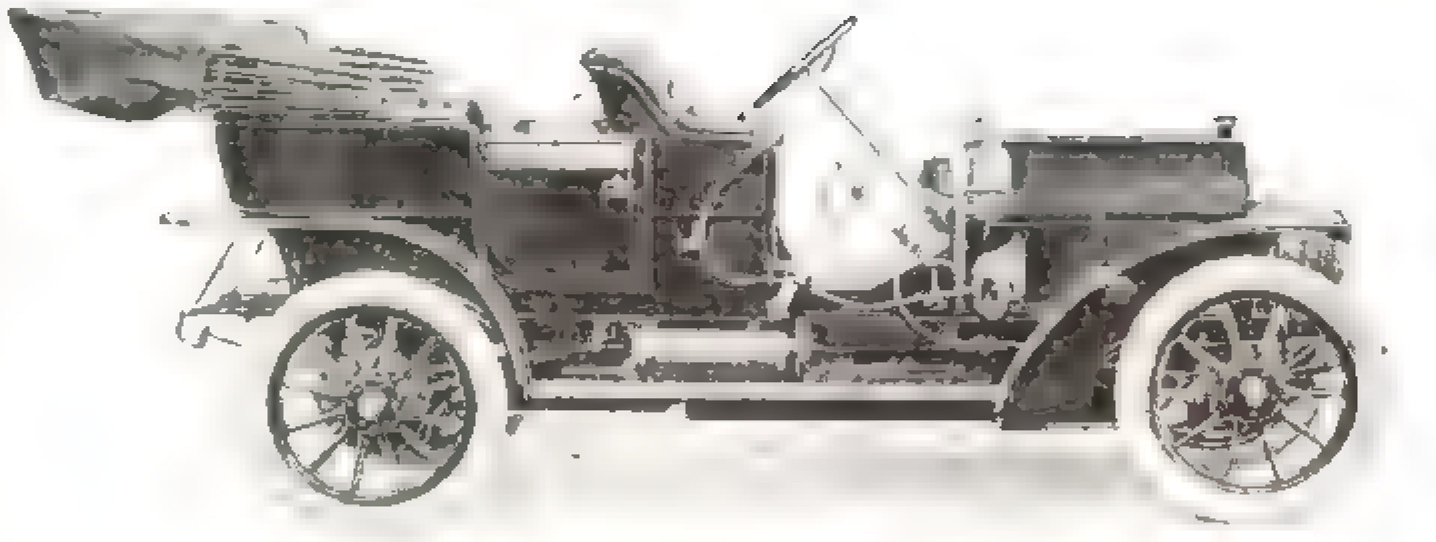
There was an orchestra playing lively music to cheer up the diners if possible. Seymour listened for a time and then went over to the leader. "Say," he said, "what will you take to play Home, Sweet Home ten times in succession?"

"Twenty dollars," the leader replied.

"You're on," said Seymour. "Go ahead."

Presently the orchestra started on the first Home, Sweet Home. There were a few sniffles from the women-folks and almost everybody drank a toast to those at home. The orchestra played it again. There were more sniffles and some of the women left the room, taking their escorts with them. The third repetition caught a good many more, and by the end of the fifth performance Seymour was the only person in the room besides the waiters, some of whom were crying.

"Gee!" said Seymour, as he hurried out to escape the manager's wrath, "we certainly are a sentimental people. I guess I'll go home myself."



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If you are going to buy a motor car at a good price to work for you, why not buy one on its record?

No car has a better record than the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—which sells for $2,750.

During 1908 the "Forty" finished first, or with a perfect score, in twenty-five nationally known races, hill climbs and endurance contests.

We send our cars freely into contests—for your benefit. A car that will stand up under the bitter strain of contests will prove reliable for the owner in every day use.

We do everything we can to prove out the cars, for your benefit. You have a right to know what a car will do—or what it will not do. You like a car that has done things, just as you like a man who has done things.

Read What This Car Has Done

In the Detroit Endurance Run of 450 miles last spring, perfect scores were earned by all three Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" entries. The same story was told in Baltimore-Hagerstown, the Kansas City and the Hartford Endurance Runs, and in the Detroit and Atlanta Sealed Bonnet contests.

In the Minneapolis Endurance Run of 262 miles, the "Forty" made the only perfect road score among nineteen starters, winning the Minneapolis Tribune trophy.

At Denver it won the Rocky Mountain Cup Race of 320 miles over treacherous roads, the only car to finish out of seven entries. As a hill climber the "Forty" demonstrated its superiority by being first at Algonquin, Cincinnati, Giant's Despair, Dead Horse, New Haven, Albany, Spokane, Baltimore and many others. The latest hill climb victory was at Pasadena, where the "Forty" won the free-for-all for stock cars.

Owners of the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" know that it lives up to its public record in private life. A thousand owners will tell you it is reliable, quiet, speedy; that it seldom needs repairs; that it is easy on tires; that it does its work on a small amount of gasoline.

"After running one of your 'Forty' cars over 5,000 miles without the slightest mechanical trouble and not one cent paid out for repairs," reads a letter from Mr. Albert H. Inman, of Worcester, Mass., "I know that it's in every way as good a car as you claim it to be. I have other and higher priced cars but none of them shows such a surplus of power or gets it to the wheels so quickly."

Mr. M. E. Green, 409 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Not only is my Chalmers-Detroit 'Forty' the most comfortable and easy riding car I have had in five years' experience as an owner, but I have found it extremely cheap in maintenance, getting from twelve to sixteen miles from a gallon of gasoline. Tire expenses are reduced to a minimum, owing to the lightness of the car."

Mr. Robert T. Whalen, 735 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, writes that he has traveled 12,000 miles over all sorts of road conditions without the slightest bit of trouble and that he finds the "Forty" light enough to avoid tire troubles.

"This is my fifth automobile and it gives me more pleasure than any I have ever owned," says Mr. Fred. H Clarke, 715 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich. "It will do anything an automobile should do, but the chief pleasure of ownership is owing to the fact that the 'Forty' does not have to be taken to the repair shop."

All that you want in a motor car you get in the Chalmers Detroit "Forty," at $2,750—speed, hill climbing power, silence, low upkeep, beauty of line, reliability, long life. Please write today for our catalog. We honestly believe that we offer the best value for the money, and all we ask is for a chance to tell you more about our cars.

Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1,500

This is the low-priced car we spent two years in designing and building. It represents the utmost value for the money. It is the distinctive car of the low-priced class. No others near its price have the same up-to-date features. It has an I-beam single piece drop forged front axle, cylinders en bloc, aluminum crank case, strongest possible steering connections, a stronger, cleaner frame than any other low-priced car, multiple disc clutch, simple and effective oiling system, unit power plant, vanadium steel springs—¾ elliptic in the rear—annular ball bearings which cost us $103, four cylinder engine, full floating type rear axle, the best grade of material in every part. Five passengers; roomy; beautiful lines. Please write today for our catalog.

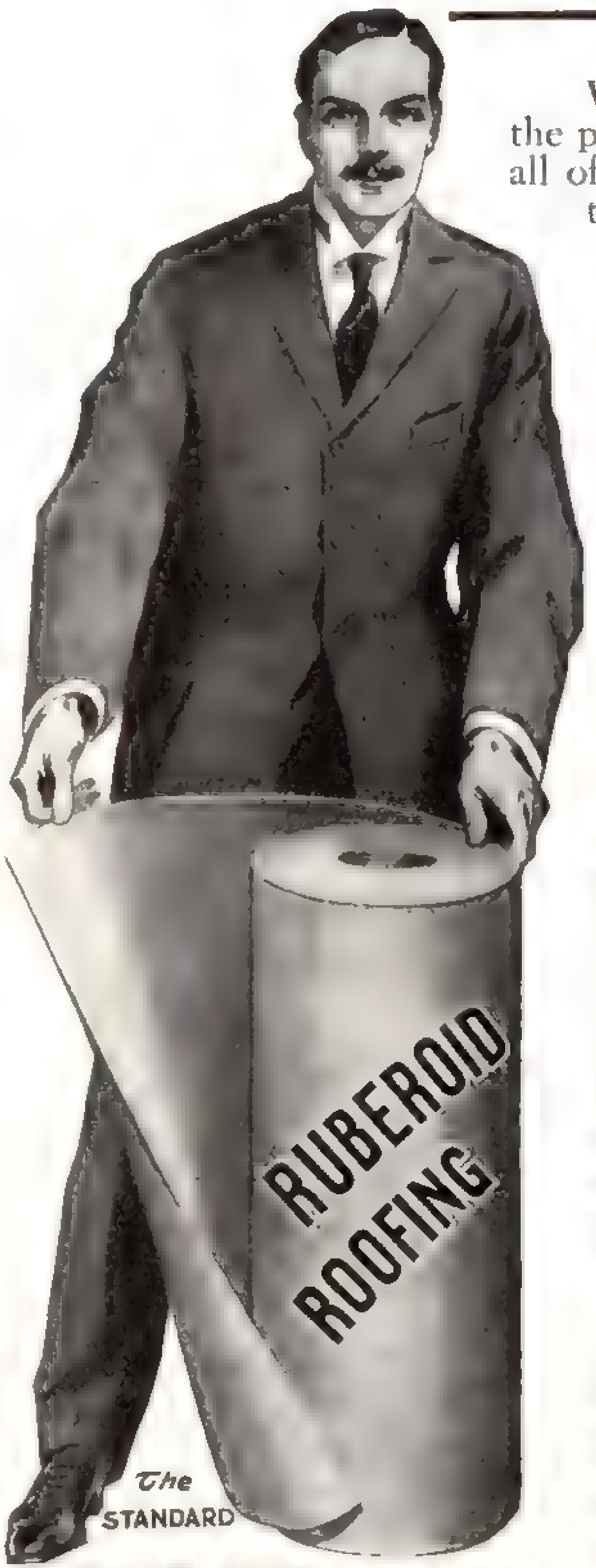
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members A. L. A. M.

You are Paying the Price of Ruberoid —Are You Getting It?

Whatever roofing you are using on any building you are paying the price of Ruberoid. There are 300 substitutes for Ruberoid—and all of them cost more in the end than the genuine. These substitutes have names which sound like Ruberoid. Before they are laid and exposed to the weather, they *look* like Ruberoid. And frequently they are sold *as* Ruberoid.

You cannot judge a roofing by its name. You cannot judge a roofing by its looks. You can judge it only by the *service it gives.* The only way in which you can be sure of telling Ruberoid from the 300 substitutes is by looking for the trademark which appears every four feet on the under side of all genuine Ruberoid.



RUBEROID

TRADEMARK REGISTERED

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the *under* side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for the free book.

The first Ruberoid roofs ever laid—seventeen years ago—are still good for many years of service—still flexible, still waterproof and weather tight.

Seventeen Years of Service

Ruberoid roofing was the first ready roofing by several years. So no other roofing *has* stood this test, even if any other roofing could.

But the truth is that other ready roofings often go to pieces in a single summer.

Because while they look like Ruberoid, they lack the one vital element which makes Ruberoid waterproof, heat proof, cold proof, snow proof, rain proof.

That element is Ruberoid gum—our exclusive product.

This processed gum is as flexible as new rubber. Yet it contains no rubber, and unlike rubber, it withstands the action of the weather.

Where rubber rots in a few months of exposure, Ruberoid has remained sound and flexible for seventeen years.

Unlike rubber, Ruberoid withstands the action of acids, gases and fumes.

A roofing made of rubber would be worthless for any purpose.

Yet many substitutes, not knowing the composition of Ruberoid, have styled themselves "Rubber roofings!"

Protection Against Fire

Ruberoid roofing is more than protection against the weather. It is almost perfect protection against fire.

You can throw burning coals on a roof of Ruberoid. The coals will slowly die out without setting fire to the roofing, or to the timbers underneath.

If the building burns, the roof will burn, whether it be of tin, tar, iron, slate, or Ruberoid.

But a roof of Ruberoid protects against fire from falling embers—against fire *from without.*

Ruberoid is a non-conductor of heat.

The hot rays of the summer sun cannot penetrate it and the house remains cool.

The warmth of your winter fires cannot escape through Ruberoid—and the house remains comfortable without waste of fuel.

All these, and many other properties are due to the use of our exclusive Ruberoid gum.

That is why substitute roofings, no matter how much their names may sound like Ruberoid, no matter how much they may look like Ruberoid, cannot possibly be so good as Ruberoid.

That is why you must be careful to look for the Ruberoid trademark when buying any roofing.

A One-Piece Roof

With every roll of Ruberoid roofing comes the Ruberine cement, and the other materials necessary for laying.

This Ruberine cement, made of Ruberoid gum, is used to seal the laps and edges together—to seal them against leaks and against the weather.

So that a roof of Ruberoid is practically a one-piece roof—with no edges to warp—with no cracks for the water and wind to find their way through.

Ruberoid roofing comes in various weights suitable for all buildings, ranging from woodsheds to palaces.

It can be had plain, or in colors—attractive Red, Brown, Green.

Colored Ruberoid is fine enough and beautiful enough for the costliest home.

Costs Little to Lay

Yet for any purpose, you can lay a Ruberoid roof yourself, or if you have it laid, there is no need to employ high-priced skilled labor.

Any Ruberoid, whether plain, or in colors, is weatherproof and durable, *all the way through.*

The colors in colored Ruberoid are not painted on—they are impregnated into the roofing by our exclusive process, patented both here and abroad.

That is why the colors of Ruberoid do not wear off or fade.

Before deciding on any roofing, for any purpose, please ask for our free book.

In this book we give the actual results of our weather tests of all roofings.

In our chemical laboratory, and on our "roof garden" at Bound Brook, N. J., we have tried out most every roofing made.

We have analyzed each roofing and separated it into its elements. And we have laid it and let the weather itself tell us, to a month, just how long it would last.

This book, which we will send you free, is a gold mine of practical roofing information.

Ask for This Book

It tells the advantages and disadvantages of tin, tar, shingle, iron and ready roofings—fairly, frankly, impartially.

Remember, whatever roofing you buy, you are paying the price of Ruberoid.

So learn about *all* roofs before deciding on any.

To get this valuable free book, address Department 89 B, The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

The Standard Paint Company, Bound Brook, N. J.

New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Memphis, Denver, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris, Hamburg

PUTTING ON THE SCREWS

(Continued from Page 13)

her mind whether to wake him or to let him sleep on. Her face wore the expression of an angel—a happy, good angel.

She touched his shoulder and he woke instantly.

"Ferdinand is better," said Miss Peale.

Coles sprang to his feet.

"Come," she said. She laid her hand on his arm and they went upstairs together and into the sick-room.

"Ellery wouldn't be asleep," said Miss Peale, "if he wasn't better." And then she made a statement that, coming from her, ought to have astonished Coles; but he was too much excited to put two and two together

"I have listened at the door," said Miss Peale, "every fifteen minutes or so, and he is breathing more easily. Listen."

Coles listened and knew that she had spoken the truth.

"He's going to get well," cried Coles.

"Not so loud," said Miss Peale softly.

Then it was that he turned and looked at her in amazement.

"You heard what I said?" he asked. "Have there been two miracles tonight? Can you hear what I am saying?"

"Perfectly," said she; "but you mustn't talk so loud."

"I'm so glad for you," Coles whispered, his eyes round with wonder. "I'm so glad. When did it happen? How did it happen?"

But she only smiled, laid her finger on her lips, and glided from the room.

X

COLES knocked on Miss Peale's door.

"Come in," she called. He went in, his haggard face radiant.

"The doctor has just gone," he said. "He says that Ferdinand is out of danger."

"Thank God for that!" said Miss Peale.

"And now," said Coles, "about the ears."

"It's rather a long story," said Miss Peale; "I have been writing in the Fine-Book under Deceit. Would you care to look?"

Coles smiled and turned the pages till he came to Deceit. Under this Miss Peale had written her name, and Coles looked from the entry to Miss Peale with a blank expression.

"Isn't Dolly pretty sure to win this year?" asked Miss Peale.

He nodded evasively.

"Dear boy," she said, "I've never been deaf, and I've never been poor—that is, not for years and years. It's a bona-fide fine."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" said Coles slowly.

"For passing myself off as deaf—and poor," said Miss Peale. "Oh, I thought," she went on, "that there was no goodness in the world. That people had no real use for other people unless they could get something out of them. And I was very cynical and misanthropic—not without some reason. But I was getting old, and it seemed terrible to me to be all alone and to get older and older and die—without any family or anything. And I kept thinking more and more of you and yours. I said, 'Will they give me affection and be kind to me?' And the answer was, 'Yes—rich old woman—with not so many years to live, they will give you what will seem like affection and kindness.' I said, 'If I go to them asking for charity—will they take me in?' The answer was, 'Probably not—but it's worth trying.' So I wrote on impulse—and you told me to come and be taken care of. My heart warmed, I can tell you. But I said, 'He will be sick of his bargain when he finds out what a nuisance a pauper aunt is.' And I said, 'Even if they're decent about it to your face, they'll curse you out behind your back.' So I decided to be deaf. And I came, and you were all so kind! It was too good to be true. I said, 'Wait a little.' And I began to make myself expensive for you to keep. But you wouldn't complain. So I put on the screws tighter and tighter. I pretended to be sick—I had to confide in Doctor Barbour—and I began to run you into debt. And still you wouldn't complain. Then, to see what would happen, I proposed to go to an asylum. And you wouldn't let me. Then I said, 'There are good hearts in the world—there are people who are unselfish. There are people who will go down hill to the very bottom—rather than be unkind!'"

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can now have in Sectionets the advantages of the best modern systems in filing devices.

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Around the World in Luxury

The Greatest Vacation Trip the World Can Afford for a Fraction of the Usual Cost

Circling the globe ordinarily requires 6 months, 12 changes of steamers, with indefinite connections, trouble and discomfort, and costs nearly $3000.

Clark's Cruise AROUND THE WORLD

starts Oct. 16, '09, by the S. S. Arabic, 16,000 tons, large, luxurious, unusually steady; berths now available from $800 to $1,200, shore trips, hotels, etc. included. Avoids all the changes, delays and worry. Visits ports usually accessible only by "tramp" steamers or sailing ships, a route that would require 18 changes to cover otherwise. Less than 4 months. All first-class—no steerage.

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made possible by the enterprise of the most successful cruise conductors. Write for itinerary.

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A Genuine PANAMA

Fit for a King

Express prepaid $4

Two profits saved. This Panama, closely woven, light and pliable, blocked and trimmed, all sizes, $10 value; prepaid for $4

We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day, stating size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Panama Hat Kings

World's Largest Panama Hat Importers HOUSTON, TEXAS

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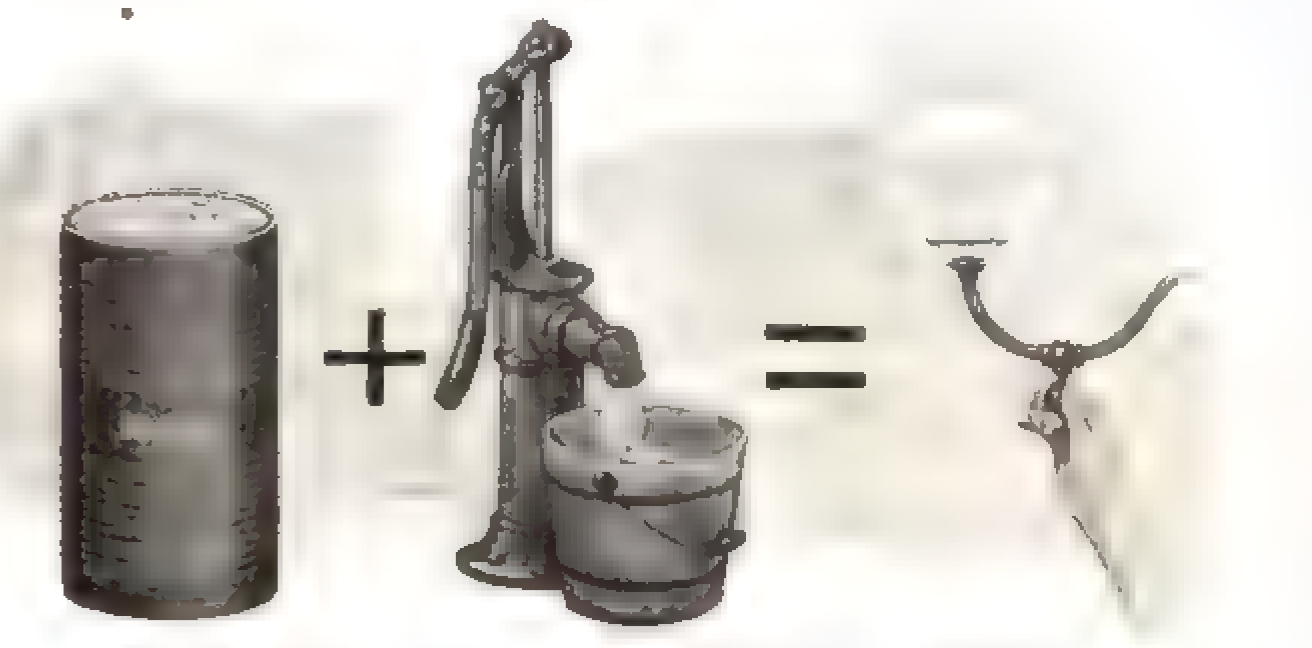


Home Made Gas Light From Crushed Stone and Water

VOLUME for volume, this rural gas actually gives twelve times more light than the best city gas.

Like city gas, it is used in handsome brass or bronze chandeliers and fixtures of endless variety.

A simple twist of the wrist turns on a brilliant flood of light in any room in the house, day or night.

It has already driven the oil lamp with its grease, smoke, soot and smell, out of 176,000 town and suburban homes.

Takes some member of every one of these 176,000 homes, fifteen minutes once a month, to make all the gas the household can use.

⁂

The magic is all in the wonderful gas-producing stone.

This stone is manufactured in huge electric furnaces, in a temperature of over 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit

When ready to use, it looks and feels like crushed granite and is then known as Union Carbide

Union Carbide is packed at the factory and distributed through warehouses all over the country in sheet steel cans in which it may be kept for years

In these packages it is safer to handle and store than common coal, as it will not burn and can't explode.

⁂

The gas which this wonderful stone yields is genuine Acetylene.

And Acetylene, carried in iron pipes to ornamental fixtures, burns with a soft, brilliant, pure white light.

On account of its color, it is the easiest of all lights on the eyes, and is a boon to those afflicted with eye strain troubles.

It is not poisonous and one might sleep all night in a room with an open burner without harm.

For these reasons it is used extensively as an illuminant in hospitals, factories, mines, light-houses and government army posts.

To produce Acetylene, it is only necessary to mix Union Carbide with plain water in a small tank-like machine that is usually set in one corner of the basement.

The formula is simple, and the work can be handled by most any school boy

Once a month he must fill the little machine with Union Carbide—the machine does the rest—it makes gas only when the lights are burning and stops making gas when they are turned off.

Anybody that can cut and fit pipes can install the generator, pipes and fixtures in two days without injuring walls or floors

With such an installation you can make this glorious beautifying light in your own home for less money than same amount of light from kerosene would cost.

⁂

If you happen to live in the country, you can do as thousands of farmers have done—run the gas pipes to lights placed on your porches, in your horse and cow barn, or even in your barn yard and have all of them fixed up to light with a touch of an ignition button on post or walls.

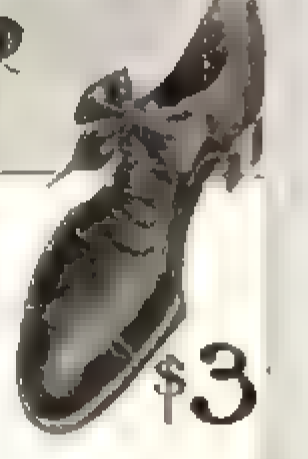
Such a lighting scheme is not only a boon to the housewife and children, but it's a mighty handy convenience for the man of the house when he must do his chores after dark, or when he is called out in the night to attend a sick animal.

All these lights will be permanently fastened to ceilings, walls or posts, and enclosed in tight globes.

For this reason they are many times safer than lamps or lanterns that are so often tipped over with disastrous results

Write us today how large your place and where it is located. Then we can mail our booklets and tell you how little it will cost to make this light yourself.

Just address Union Carbide Sales Co., Dept. B—155 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.



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Guaranteed Fit, leather and workmanship definitely guaranteed in writing. Your money back, repairs free, or a new pair, as the case may warrant, if a fault develops.

You can't get more style, better fit, or greater comfort at any price than you get in the Hanover, yet this high quality costs you only $3—maker direct to wearer is the reason

$3

Write for Hanover Style Book and system of foot measurement. If not near a Hanover store send us your order, giving size of last comfortable shoe and style you want. Add 25c for expressage and we'll ship immediately, express prepaid

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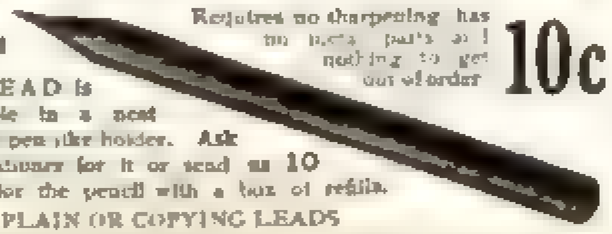

The "CADO" Fountain Pencil

Patented

Requires no sharpening, has no metal parts and nothing to get out of order

10c

The LEAD is adjustable in a neat fountain pen like holder. Ask your stationer for it or send us 10 cents for the pencil with a box of refills.

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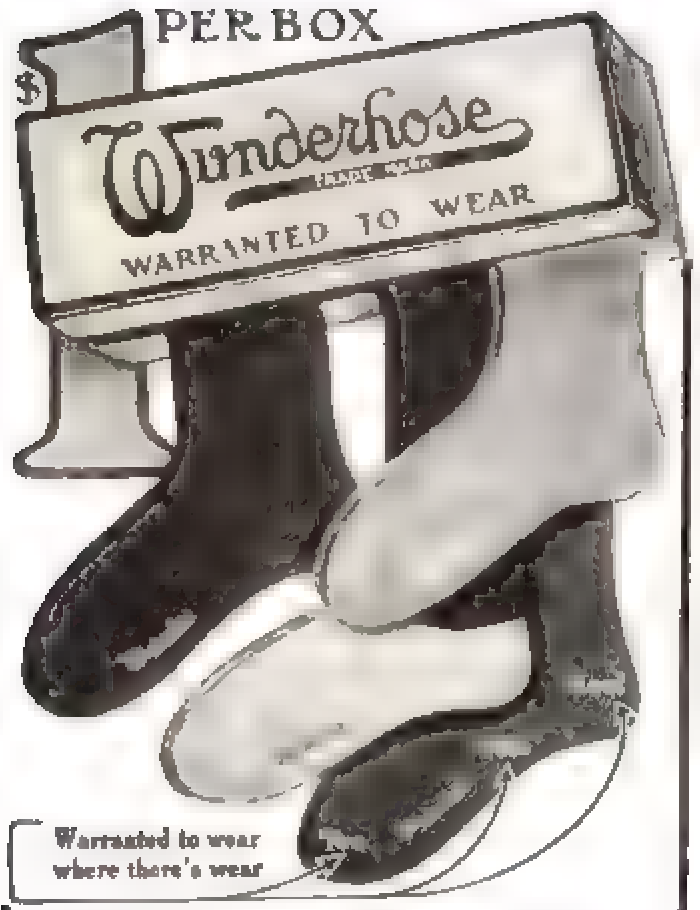
HEALTH

REST

[illegible] accommodations for [illegible] guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.



THE RIGHT PRICE—QUALITY HOSIERY

YOU can buy "this and that" brand of hosiery, but what's the use? You can't get as good as **Wunderhose,** and you won't get as much if you pay more.

Wunderhose
TRADE MARK

protect your feet with quality. We protect the price you pay by the best wear guarantee issued.

Freely and free we'll replace with new **Wunderhose** any that might punch thro' heel, toe or sole within **four** months' solid wear. Ask your dealer.

MEN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box, black, tan, grey or pearl shades are without peer at the price. Warranted proof against holes in toes, heels or soles for four (4) months. $1.00 per box.

CHILDREN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box, come in black or tan; four (4) months wear guarantee. *The best child's stocking with [illegible] guaranty.* $1.00 per box.

WOMEN'S WUNDERHOSE, three (3) pairs to the box, black or tan, are warranted to wear three months without darning in toes, soles or heels. $1.00 per box.

Don't confuse **WUNDERHOSE** with other brands. **WUNDERHOSE** are different, better, more lasting and [illegible] supply [illegible] all degrees [illegible] desired, and you [illegible] **WUNDERHOSE** the family

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For Dress you can choose nothing more graceful or becoming than our **Stock No. 126**—Sterling Patent Colt, Smile Last—$4 00.

Style hard to duplicate even in $6.00 shoes. "Foot print fit" known only to Ralston wearers

We Send Free Our New Spring Catalog

On request, we will send name of nearest agent or will mail shoes direct at $4.00, plus 25c. for carriage fit guaranteed or money refunded. Union made

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street, Campello (Brockton), Mass.

She took the big-shouldered man in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks.

"If I talk sentiment any more," she said, "I shall scream and howl and possibly have hysterics—because I'm so happy!"

Then—the tears running down her cheeks—"We'll talk business," she said.

"Oh," said Coles. "Must we?"

"Why," said she, "aren't you dying to know how rich and comfortable we are all going to be?"

"Yes," said Coles, laughing, "I am."

"When I got tired of throwing money away," said Miss Peale, "though it isn't generally known that I ever did get tired of it, I began to save and to invest. I bought some lots in Portland, Oregon. And I bought some mining stock—just to help a poor fellow out, I thought—and—I don't know how much I made—it was sinful. And all the while I was earning good money, and investing in this and that. And I got in on one of the Long Island land booms. And I've been lucky—oh, so lucky! But money's a lot of responsibility. And my holdings are beyond me—quite beyond me. And I've thought that perhaps you could leave the bank—and manage my affairs for me—and all and all. And you'll need a head assistant, a young, emphatic man who can do all kinds of things—you see, there are mines and buildings and a ranch and land—and I thought Jim would be just the person ——"

"He would," exclaimed Coles, "he'd be just the man. But, Aunt Margaret, aren't you?" and he looked at her quizzically and tapped his forehead.

"No, I'm not," she said tartly.

"Well," he said, "I've worked up in the bank until I am earning a good salary."

"A good fiddlesticks," said Miss Peale. "But I'm not offering you a salary—I'm offering you an income—and, besides, all that I have goes to you and yours when I die. Man alive, don't look so perplexed! I'm not talking to you in terms of necessities. I'm talking to you in terms of automobiles and greenhouses."

"Do you mean it?" he asked. And, when she nodded: "I'm going to tell Ellery," he said. He turned at the door. "You wouldn't let me tell her—would you," he said, "unless it—it was all true?"

"I would cut my throat first," she said. And he looked at her a while and knew that she meant it, and he came back and kissed her.

Coles put on his sheet and knotted handkerchief and went into the sick-room. Ferdinand had come uphill almost as fast as he had gone down. He was deeply sleeping, cool, comfortable, and breathing like a lamb. But Coles did not tell Ellery about the money at this time; he saw by her eyes, yearning joyfully over the baby, that in her heart was room for no more glad tidings.

She was the last member of the family to know about the change of fortune, and she cared the least about it.

. . . . .

Jim stood on the pavement in front of the house: he had been denied admittance by Doctor Barbour himself. But Dolly had been watching for him and she threw open one of the windows of the big room.

"Jim," said Dolly, "we've struck it rich."

"Honest Injun?" he doubted.

"Honest to Gospel," said Dolly, and she crossed herself just over where her heart had been before she gave it to Jim. "And you're in it, too," she said. "And there's twenty-five thousand dollars of it, all mine."

"Dolly," said Jim, "you feel all right, don't you? I don't know how diphtheria develops—but ——"

"The first symptom," said Dolly, "is brass, and the second is brazenness. And I've talked with Papa, Jim, and I'm going to talk with Mamma, and then I'm going to name the day."

Alice, being in the corner with a pad and pencil, looked up and frowned. She had begun to dramatize the whole incident, and did not enjoy being interrupted by trifles.

Miss Peale was in her room, and she had Mary in her lap, and one arm around little Ellery, and the other around Peter.

"Peter," she said, as to the old and tried adviser, "do you think I could do any better for a yacht than Herreschoff?"

As this story is not an advertisement I am unable to print Peter's answer. Enough that the oldest and wisest salt in Christendom could not have advised her better.

(THE END)

Sending Worry To the Attic

WHAT do you really know about your clothes until you get them on, completed?

In a custom shop you see only a basted coat even at the last "fitting."

You do not see the *finished clothes* until they reach your room.

This has occasioned many exasperating moments in your life—unless you are a mild mannered man.

Stein-Bloch have sent all this to the attic.

It is ended forever.

They employ designers who command remuneration that few if any retail tailors could afford to pay—cutters of note—tailors better than your tailor can support.

Regardless of where you live, Stein-Bloch clothes offer you a wider range of good fabrics, a more authoritative line of fashions, a more perfect fit, than any tailor below the $75 or $80 grade can show.

These clothes are offered to you *finished*, at the best clothier's in your town. You see them on yourself before you enter into any obligation for their purchase.

THIS LABEL IN EVERY COAT, IS EVIDENCE
OF 54 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

Send for "Smartness," full of Spring and Summer fashion photographs.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops:
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New York:
The Fifth Avenue Bldg.

Every quality you seek in a saw—perfect "hang" or balance, tough, flexible blade, sharp, edge-holding teeth that cut clean and easily without frequent setting or filing—all these are guaranteed by the Simonds trademark etched on

SIMONDS SAWS

That trademark is a guide and safeguard in purchasing—it insures the utmost in value and service

Simonds Saws are sold by most dealers. If not by yours, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Write for "Simonds Guide"—mailed free

Simonds Mfg. Co.
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R-S
America's Best

Do You Motorcycle?

THOUSANDS of people are becoming enthusiastic converts to this exhilarating pastime, which offers many of the pleasures of automobiling at a trifling cost.

On a pint of gasoline, costing a cent, the "R-S" carries you 20 miles, and there is *no limit to its speed but the law.*

Only American motorcycle successfully using the famous mechanical intake motor. Other exclusive features of the "R-S" are new "R-S" Carburetor; new pneumatic Springfork; improved "R-S" Muffler, etc. Low saddle position enables rider to touch the ground with both feet, while mounted, and low center of gravity insures safety. Strong, durable, comfortable and easy to operate. Belt or chain drive. 26 inch wheels. Battery or magneto ignition. 3 to 7 h. p.

If you are interested in motorcycling, don't fail to write for our 1909 illustrated catalogue.

Reading Standard Company
Largest concern in the United States devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Motorcycles and Bicycles
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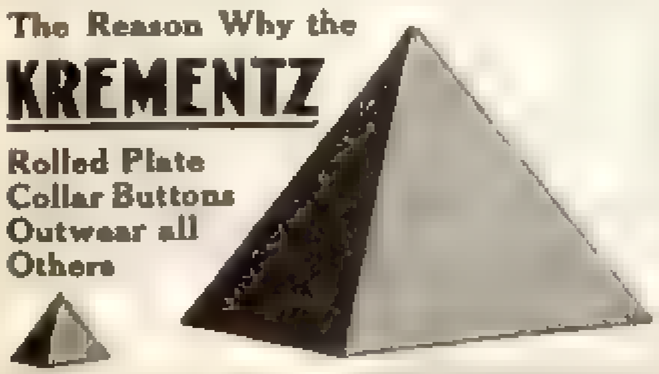
We have an interesting proposition for dealers in territories where we are not represented. Write for particulars.

"The only Motorcycle to climb Pike's Peak."

The Reason Why the KREMENTZ Rolled Plate Collar Buttons Outwear all Others


This Diagram Illustrates Quantity of Gold in **Imitation Buttons**

This Illustrates Quantity of Gold in the **Krementz Button**

At all dealers. Gold and rolled plate. Insist on the Krementz. If damaged in any way a new one free. *Story of Collar Button* showing shapes and sizes free. If dealer will not supply, we will.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

THE ECONOMY OF WATER-POWER

(Concluded from Page 11)

cost nearly two million dollars, has just been approved by the Japanese Government, according to the customs of that country, and is now furnishing the city of Tokyo with light, heat and power. The apparatus was installed by American engineers after the most approved American practice. Twenty-five miles from Tokyo, a river has been converted into a gigantic storage reservoir. The water is carried by canal to the edge of a steep hill, from which it plunges down steel conduits to the water-wheels in the power-house. This modern plant is built within sight of an ancient Japanese rice-mill, run by water-power from the same river. The twenty-six thousand horse-power is transmitted a distance of twenty-five miles at sixty thousand volts, nearly double the voltage of any other transmission line in the Empire, to the main sub-station, just outside the city of Tokyo. From there the current will be carried on underground cables to twelve smaller sub-stations about the city to be "stepped down" and distributed to the company's many patrons.

In Mexico, where fuel is very precious and water-power available only in the distant mountains, the transformer has done more toward developing the industries of the country than any other thing. With it thousands of electrical horse-power have been brought from the most remote waterfalls to light the cities, turn the industrial wheels, cook the food and to haul the ores and do other work about the hundreds of valuable mines. The water-power development at Necaxa, Mexico, the largest in the republic, has accomplished wonders in developing the country and the people as well. Before the electric power came all the work was done by hand. The corn for the table was ground by hand, the cloth was woven by hand, and diminutive burros and half-naked Indians dragged the ore carts and staggered under great loads. Today electric cars are running, electric mine locomotives haul the underground trains and small motors do the work.

This is the beginning of an age of water and electricity, and modern engineers are daily demonstrating what can be done with the world's most ancient power. Like all great things in the beginning, only the largest and most accessible waterfalls are being developed today. In a few years every stream, from the big ones capable of running a steel plant to the tiny creek just large enough to supply current to do the farm work and to light the country home, will be harnessed and put to work.

On the Side

THE head of one of the branches of the organization of the House of Representatives and a member of the House, who was also a member of the Appropriations Committee, sat in a little game of draw, a time ago, with some other statesmen.

The betting was principally between the employee and the man on the Appropriations Committee. They tilted at one another all night and, when the game was over, the Representative paid to the employee a large roll of money.

Next day, this employee appeared before a sub-committee of the Appropriations Committee to advocate the increase of salaries for House employees. The Representative whom he had trimmed the night before was chairman of the sub-committee that heard the argument.

The employee advocated the increase of everybody's salary except his own. He said nothing about himself.

"How is it," inquired the chairman of the sub-committee, of the employee, "that you do not ask for an increase in your own salary?"

The employee reached down into his pocket, took out the roll of bills he had taken from the chairman of the sub-committee the night before, handled it lovingly, and replied: "I have other sources of income."

What a fine piece of mockery it would be if we slighted

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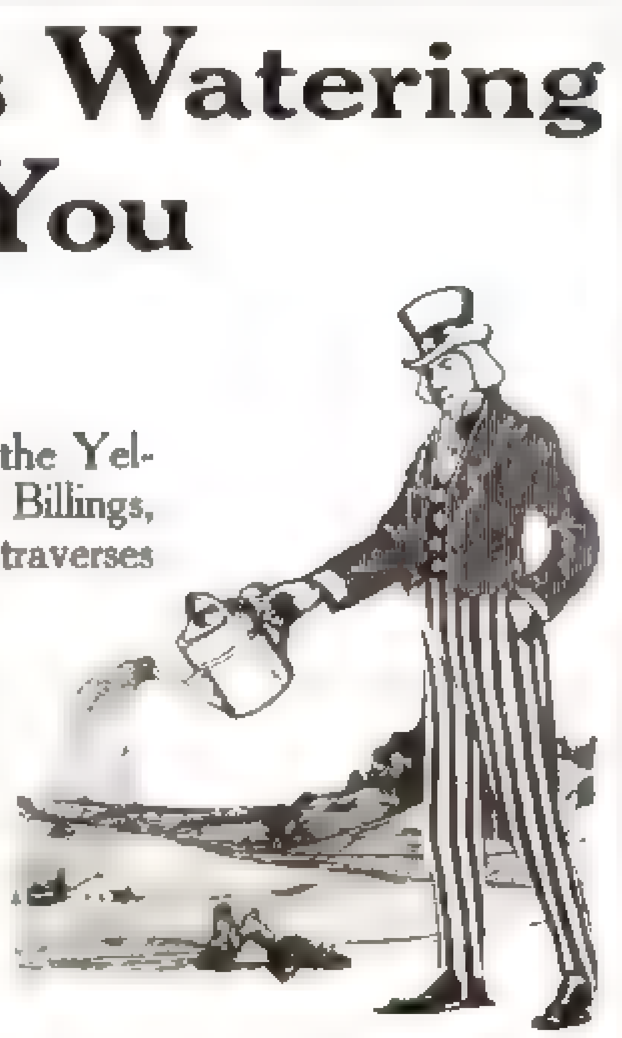

33,000 acres in southern Montana along the Yellowstone River about 12 miles east of Billings, Montana. The Northern Pacific Railway traverses the full length of the tract east and west.

It is a delightful climate. The soil is very fertile. Irrigated lands produce abundant crops. Cereals, alfalfa and sugar beets are principal crops now, apples, small fruits and vegetables are coming in. Alfalfa is sold at the farm to surrounding ranchmen and yields good profit. Big sugar factory at Billings assures good revenue an acre from beets. Market for fruit and vegetables right at hand and results very encouraging.

A large part of this land subject to Homestead entry under reclamation Act at Government Land Office, Billings, Montana. Initial fees about $5 an acre and annual payment of about $4 for ten years secures title. Such land under cultivation in this section is now worth $75 to $200 an acre and the increase in land value in that time assures success. The lower Yellowstone project adjacent to Glendive, Montana, will water about 60,000 acres of land—two thirds in Montana and one third in North Dakota. Private projects at Billings, Forsythe, Miles City and Glendive also present attractive opportunities.

Northern Pacific Railway

is anxious to assist in locating settlers in this territory and will gladly give information. The Flathead Indian Reservation, west of Missoula, Montana, will probably be opened for entry this year. It contains practically one million acres of land suited to agricultural development and grazing.

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The quality of ordinary tires, no matter whether "moulded" or "wrapped tread," depends largely on human dexterity and strength. A tire casing is built up from alternate layers or sheets of rubber and fabric. The layers must be laid on with absolute evenness and uniformity or the tire falls down in mileage. It takes long training to learn the knack.

Each layer of fabric must be stretched and rubbed down into place at an absolutely *even tension*. If the first layers are pulled tighter than the finishing layers, the casing can never endure as it should. This is a matter of strength and "feel" which it takes years to develop. Yet no matter how highly skilled a man may be, *his muscles tire* as the day wanes. Tires made in the morning while the men are fresh are always infinitely better than those turned out in the afternoon.

This is true with regard to all Automobile Tires *save* one

Goodyear Tires are made *on a machine* invented in the Goodyear factory and fully covered by patents, which perfectly does away with all muscular effort

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO.

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We alone in producing Goodyear Tires have entirely eliminated the *human element*, which because of tired muscles, wearied eyes and strained nerves, has resulted in untold thousands of *imperfect tires* which have given unsatisfactory mileage from no other cause than *human frailty* which no manufacturer has heretofore been able to overcome

This is simply to explain why *we know* we are not exaggerating and how *you* can know we are not guessing when we refer to Goodyear Tires as being [illegible] [illegible] construction with all the life, endurance, and supreme wearing quality which is to be expected in a perfect product

Other Goodyear Points

— The breaker strips [illegible] rivet fabric [illegible] rubber [illegible] rivet the tread to the carcass. Mud boils or sand blisters or stripping impossible.

— It alone combines the good points of both "moulded" and "wrapped tread" tires with the advantages of neither. [illegible] miles from a single Goodyear Tire is not unusual.

The base or "feet" of the tire contains a band of piano wire which contracts — makes the tire base smaller — [illegible] inflated. The harder you pump a tire the tighter it grips the rim.

— They are made from two "compounds" of rubber — soft, tough, resilient Para for the walls, and tough, leathery, wear-resisting compounded rubber for the tread or wearing surface, both thoroughly vulcanized together. This means maximum of wearing quality at a minimum of wear.

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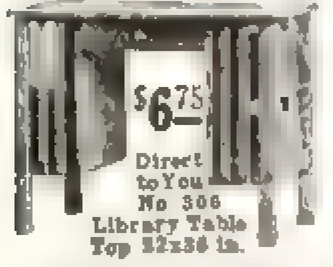

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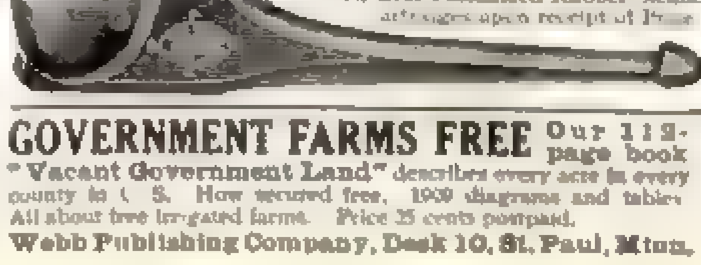

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THE HOOKERS-UP

(Concluded from Page 4)

own sake and there is usually a fine surf on the beach—might go bathing without all this fuss at ten-thirty or at twelve-thirty, but that wouldn't be the Palm Beach way. Eleven o'clock! Irremovable and inexorable. If you do not feel like bathing at eleven o'clock wait until the next day. The idea of going in at any other time is preposterous

Bathing is over, practically, by twelve o'clock, and then it dawns on the perplexed observer why all the women rushed upstairs and changed their frocks. The fashionable thing to do, after bathing, is to sit on the porch of The Breakers and listen to the orchestra. Also, that is first drink time. So they jam in at little round tables, and the orchestra blares, and the waiters scurry about, and the ladies with the beautiful togs, who have just arrived, push their way to one end of the porch and back again, looking vainly for some one, and hoping that everybody is looking at them.

The women do the most of the talking, and always about dresses. The men, knowing nothing about dresses—except what they cost—have little to say. "I saw that hat in the window yesterday—I asked the price, but it was too high—I don't see where she got the money to buy it—I saw her at Ormond, and of all the frumps—look at that woman—actually drinking a highball—do you like this frock, dear?—it is only a simple little thing.

And after an hour of it they go to luncheon. Then the shops are visited. Those wise shopkeepers! Right in the middle of the hotels they spread their lures. Gowns, hats, laces, jewels, and they catch them by the scores. Many a male has groaned over those shops, but there they are. Many a woman, coming down for a few days in Florida, has wept bitterly in her room over her little show of frocks and resolutely led Papa down to one of those shops and acquired a directoire for the evening's exhibit. Sometimes it is pathetic. A little woman from the West, finding herself not properly attired, rushed in and bought a wonderful lace coat, three-quarters length. That night she went to dinner wearing the lace coat over a black traveling dress, but she didn't care. She had the lace coat and she wore it every time she went out of her room.

Late in the afternoon the band moves to the Royal Poinciana and it is teatime. They have tables out in the cocoanut grove, a most entrancing spot, and just as the band starts the second piece the hookers-up get back to the porches and the third phase has begun. Then the afternoon gowns appear, wonderful affairs, and the porches pulsate with pinks and blues and greens and whites. The next-to-best gowns are out and they are shown in the sunlight for about an hour, while the band plays and the rockers swing back and forth.

At six o'clock the band stops and the rush to the rooms for the dinner-dressing begins. This time the hookers-up have to go along earlier, barely having time to drop down to the bar for a cocktail, for they, too, the hookers-up, must pay a part of their penance now. They must "dress for dinner." A brave man may squeeze through the day in his blue serge and flannels, but he must come to taw at six o'clock.

He may think he came down to loaf, but he didn't. He came down to do as others do, and he'll do it, too, or pass on to another place. The quickest way to acquire all the feelings, emotions and experiences of an Ishmaelite is to circulate in mufti for an hour in the Royal Poinciana after dinner. Heavens! how superior are the gasping, tuxedoed persons who sit around and stare. And although, in other places, the conventionalities require a full-dress regalia for a man when ladies are present at a function, Palm Beach has its own creed. Tuxedos are the thing, and a man in a spike-tail is as out of place as a man in a sack coat. Lovely garments, too, tuxedos, with the thermometer along about eighty. Comfortable as Navajo blankets—almost.

Bewildered maids dash through the halls, hairdressers flit in and out, valets bring freshly-creased trousers, there are raucous cries for the chambermaids from hookers-up who have absolutely revolted, loud shrieks from the hooked-up as they are dragged about the room, and presently the parade to dinner begins.

They come down, wonderful ladies in wonderful gowns, laden with jewels until they shine like the exhibits in the shops, carefully practicing so they will not step on the fronts of their gowns—the fashion seems to be to have them about two inches too long in front—when they sweep into the dining-room, the admired of all admirers. There are fresh young ladies, slimmer than reeds, in their high-waisted affairs that cling around them like wet bathing suits, diligently making an impression; and kalsomined old ladies, not so slim, but just as keen to impress; calm, middle-aged ladies, whose waists do not fit into the prescribed directoires, or whatever they are, but who have them on just the same, and all followed by somber, stifling men, who walk behind far enough not to step on the trains.

But, naturally, gowns cannot be displayed to much advantage while the wearers are sitting at table, only when coming in and going out of the dining-room. No person would be so hard-hearted as to restrict the exhibition to those short parades, so the great exhibit of the day is provided for in the lobby. There are hundreds of chairs, and after the preliminary sashay on the porches the real show starts.

Presently, a woman with a shimmering blue effect that winds and clings about her gets up and saunters, in a most casual manner, to the extreme end of the succession of rooms. Sometimes she is with a man, who trots along beside her, trying to make conversation. Sometimes the man rebels, and she goes alone, but she always goes. She is showing her clothes.

As gracefully as may be, and most of them manage the things pretty well, she sweeps to one end and back and sinks languidly into a chair. Then a pink one glides through. Then a blue one. Then the one in black satin with the gold lace It isn't long before there are dozens of them gliding and sweeping and loping and kangarooing through the crowd, apparently intent on getting to the other end of the room, and then apparently intent on getting back again as if they had left something in the chairs where they had been sitting originally. The older ones watch and comment. Often, an elder dame, who has a lot of spangles on, lumbers through herself. Those who are not parading look on solemnly and criticise.

"Goodness, did you see that dress?—I never saw anything like it in my life—that's that new shade—they tell me it is going to be all the rage this summer—I wonder where those people got money enough to get down here—most ordinary-looking—this is the third time she has worn that dress—some people seem to have so few clothes—oh, please pardon me, sir, but would you mind allowing me to have this chair?"

Between ten and eleven o'clock there is nothing left to do but go to bed, unless one belongs to the elect and wants to go over to the club and gamble. So, after a final glide, the lady and her hooker-up go to their room, where he rips off his coat and does his last job of unhooking for the night. At midnight there are very few about. The day has been arduous, and, if there are any more clothes left in the trunk, there is another, just as arduous, coming tomorrow. If there are no more gowns in the trunk, plans are made for departure No self-respecting woman would wear a gown more frequently than once in seven days in that crowd.

Florida is a pleasant playground and its most beautiful spot is Palm Beach. There is boating there, and fishing, and bathing, and golf, and tennis, and all sorts of opportunities for enjoyment, and many of the regulars get the best out of it. But having made Palm Beach the show place, the people go down there and put on the show.

The women like it, until they have exhibited all their clothes, and then they pass along. The men, the hookers-up, have to like it, whether they want to or not. It is a wonderful show, a wonderful show of gorgeous gowns, of glittering jewels, of women brilliant in prevailing modes, of fashionable togs of all kinds; a wonderful show run on schedule every day, with only incidental regard for the sparkling lagoon, the sapphire sea, the perfumed breezes, the tropical foliage; with little attention paid to those stately palms—the royal and the cocoa—but with careful consideration, if you would be at all happy, of that other variety of palm—the outstretched—that can be observed in great profusion.

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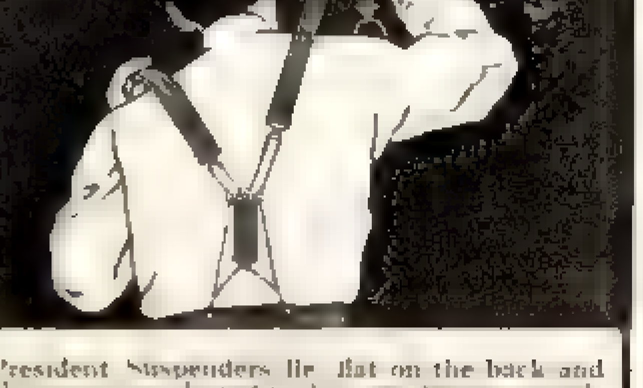

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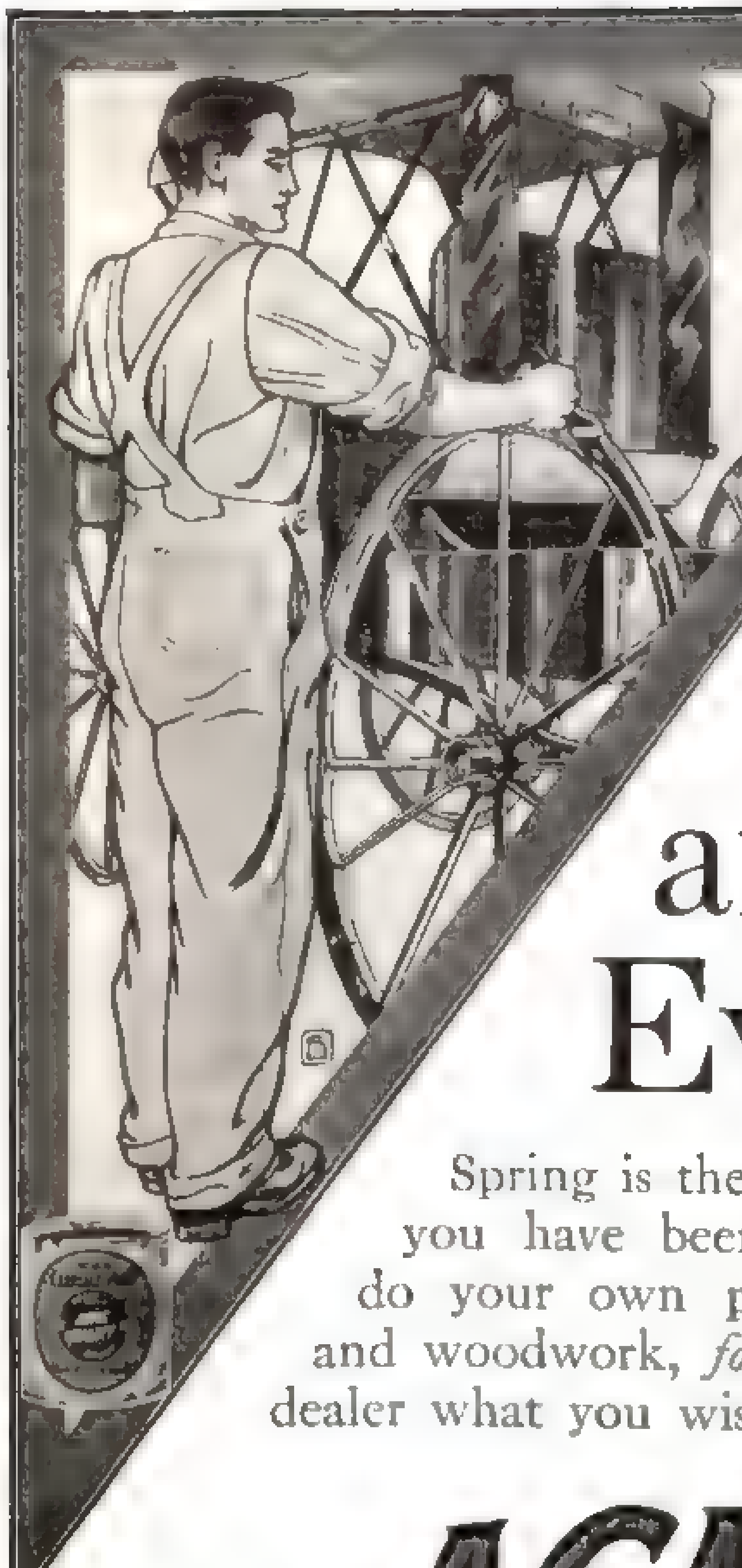

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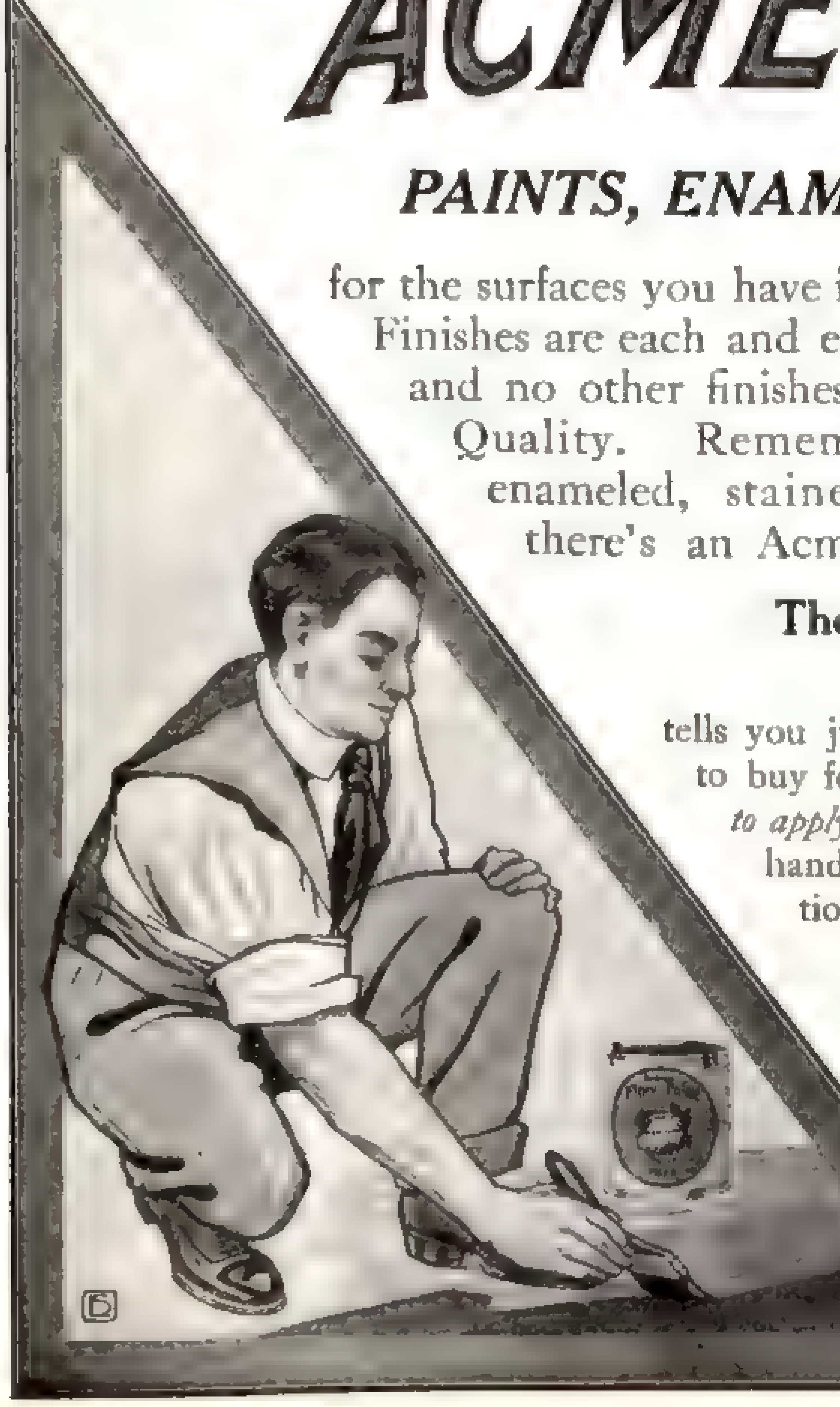

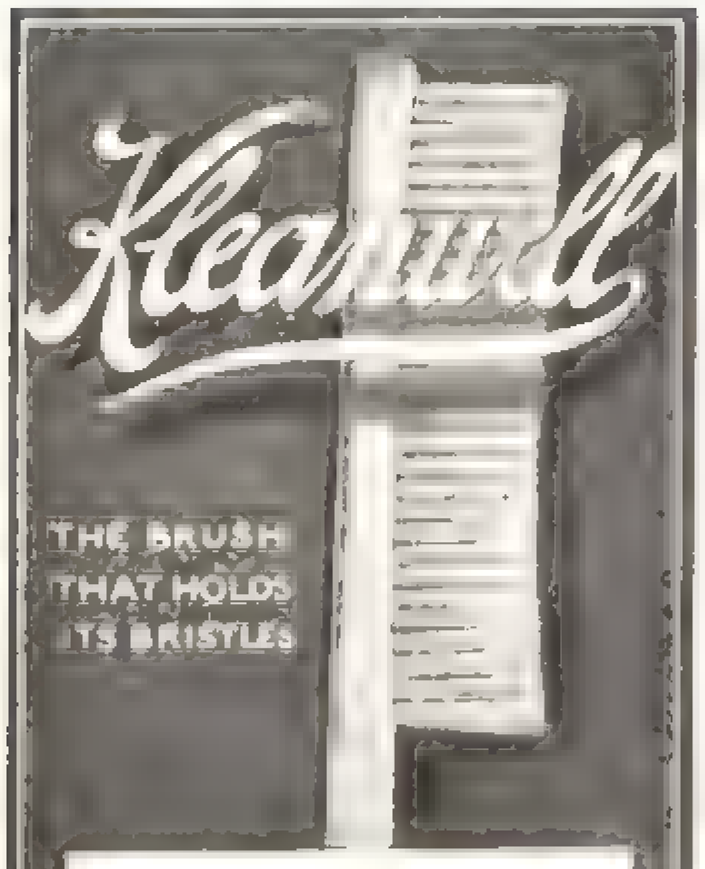
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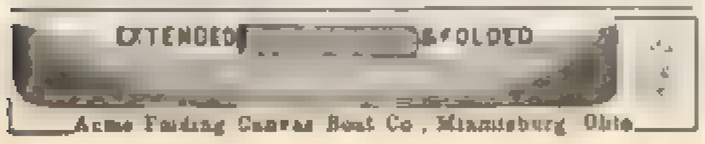

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THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 17)

and dynamite were hidden, rubbish and vines were so scattered as to conceal the evidence of their work, and the launch landed the conspirators at Roddy's wharf.

"We shall say," explained Roddy, "that we have been out spearing eels, and I suggest that we now go to the Dos Hermanos and say it."

They found the café, as usual, crowded. Men of all political opinions, officers of the army and the custom house, from the tiny warship in the harbor, Vegaistas, and those who secretly were adherents of Rojas, were all gathered amicably together. The Americans, saluting impartially their acquaintances, made their way to a table that remained empty in the middle of the room. They had scarcely seated themselves when from a distant corner an alert young man, waving his hand in greeting, pushed his way toward them. They recognized the third vice-president of the Forrester Construction Company, Mr. Sam Caldwell.

Mr. Caldwell had arrived that afternoon. He was delighted at being free of the ship. At the house of Colonel Vega he had dined well, and at sight of familiar faces he was inclined to unbend. He approached the employees of the company as one conferring a favor and assured of a welcome. He appreciated that since his arrival he was the man of the moment. In the crowded restaurant every one knew him as the representative of that great corporation that had dared to lock horns with the Government. As he passed the tables the officers of that Government followed him with a scowl or a sneer; those of the Vegaistas, who looked upon him as the man who dealt out money, ammunition and offices, with awe. How the secret supporters of Rojas considered him was soon to appear.

"This," Roddy whispered in a quick aside, "is where I renounce the F. C. C. and all its works."

"Don't be an ass!" entreated Peter.

Roddy rose and, with his hands sunk in his pockets, awaited the approach of the third vice-president.

"Well, boys, here I am!" called that young man heartily. He seemed to feel that his own surprise at finding himself outside the limits of Greater New York must be shared by all. But, as though to see to whom this greeting was extended, Roddy turned and glanced at his companions.

McKildrick rose and stood uncomfortably.

"Well, Roddy," exclaimed Sam Caldwell genially, "how's business?"

Roddy's eyebrows rose.

"'Roddy?'" he repeated, as though he had not heard aright. "Are you speaking to me?"

Sam Caldwell was conscious that over all the room there had come a sudden hush. A waiter, hurrying with a tray of jingling glasses, by some unseen hand was jerked by the apron and brought to abrupt silence. In the sudden quiet Roddy's voice seemed to Caldwell to have come through a megaphone. The pink, smooth-shaven cheeks of the newcomer, that were in such contrast to the dark and sun-tanned faces around him, turned slowly red.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"You sent me a cable to Curaçao," Roddy replied, "telling me to mind my own business."

It had never been said of Sam Caldwell that he was an unwilling or unworthy antagonist. He accepted Roddy's challenge promptly. His little, piglike eyes regarded Roddy contemptuously.

"I did," he retaliated, "at your father's dictation."

"Well, my business hours," continued Roddy undisturbed, "are between eight and five. If you come out to the lighthouse tomorrow you will see me minding my own business and bossing a gang of niggers, at twenty dollars a week. Outside of business hours I choose my own company."

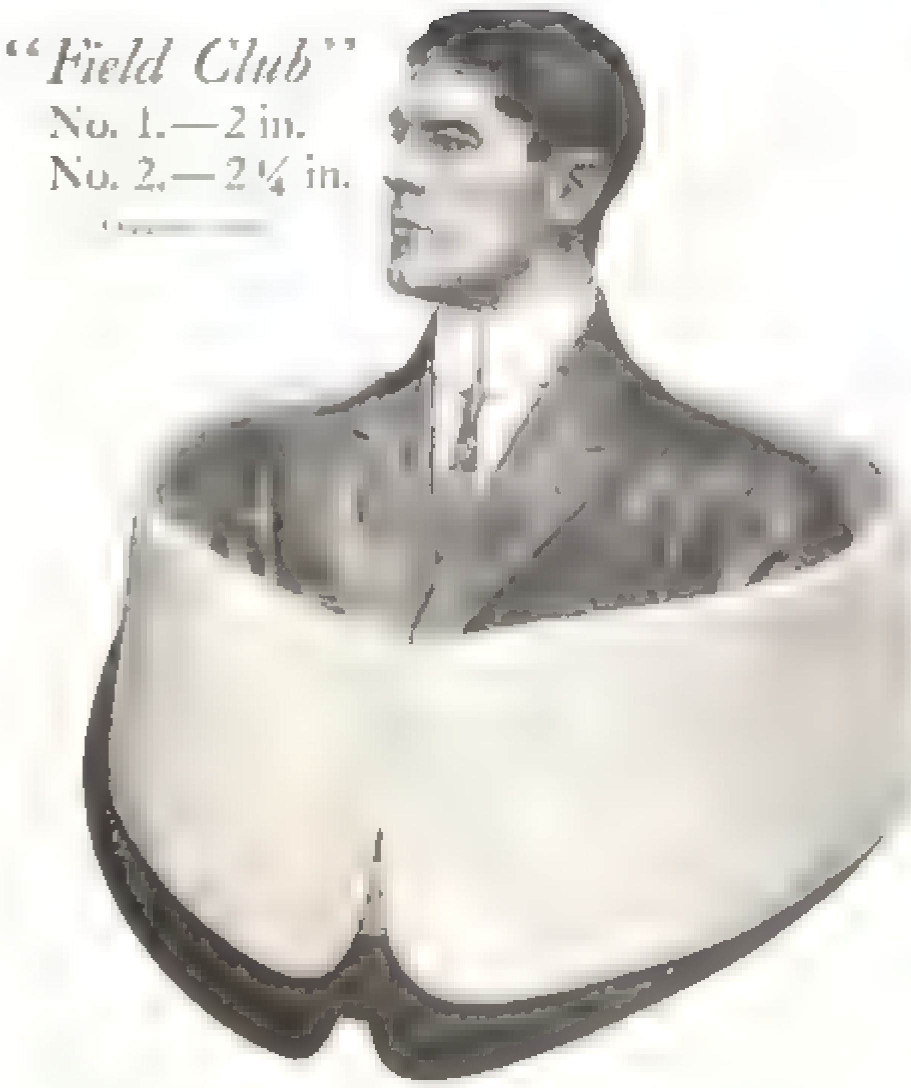
Caldwell came closer to him and dropped his voice.

"Are you sober?" he demanded.

"Perfectly," said Roddy.

Caldwell surveyed him grimly.

"You are more out of hand than we thought," he commented. "I have heard some pretty strange tales about you this afternoon. Are they true?"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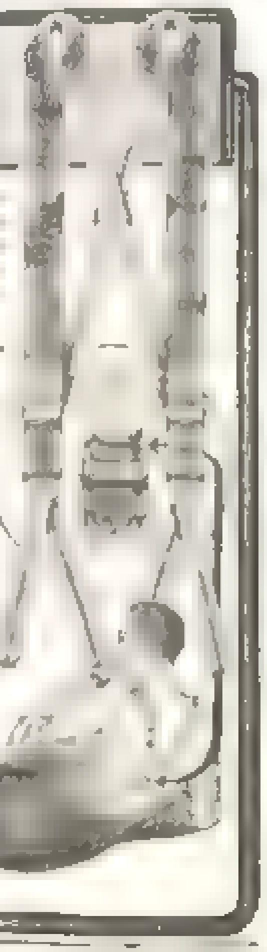

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“You have your own methods of finding out” returned Roddy. He waved his hand toward the table. “If you wish to join these gentlemen I am delighted to withdraw.”

Caldwell retreated a few steps and then turned back angrily.

“I'll have a talk with you tomorrow,” he said, “and tonight I'll cable your father what you are doing here.”

Roddy bowed and slightly raised his voice, so that it reached to every part of the room.

“If you can interest my father,” he said, “in anything that concerns his son I shall be grateful.”

As Caldwell made his way to the door, and Roddy, frowning gravely, sank back into his chair, the long silence was broken by a babble of whispered questions and rapid answers. Even to those who understood no English the pantomime had been sufficiently enlightening. Unobtrusively the secret agents of Alvarez rose from the tables and stole into the night. A half-hour later it was known in Caracas that the son of Mr. Forrester had publicly insulted the representative of his father, the arch-enemy of the Government, and had apparently ranged himself on the side of Alvarez. Hitherto the Dos Hermanos had been free from politics, but as Roddy made his exit from the café, the officers of the army chose the moment for a demonstration. Revolution was in the air, and they desired to declare their loyalty. Rising to their feet and raising their glasses to Roddy they cried, “*Bravo, bravo! Viva Alvarez!*”

Bowing and nodding to them and wishing them good-night, Roddy hurried out.

Under the lamps of the Alameda McKildrick regarded him quizzically.

“And what do you gain by that?” he asked.

“Well, I force Sam into the open,” declared Roddy, “and I'm no longer on the suspect list. Look at my record! I've insulted everybody. I have insulted Rojas, insulted Vega, insulted Caldwell, all enemies of Alvarez. So now the Alvarez crowd will love me. Now they trust me! If they caught me digging the tunnel and I told them I was building a lighthouse, they'd believe me. If I insult a few more they'll give me the Order of Bolivar.”

The next morning Roddy attended mass. But he was not entirely engrossed in his devotions. Starting from the front entrance of the church he moved slowly nearer and nearer to the altar, and, slipping from the shelter of one pillar to another, anxiously scanned the rows of kneeling women. He found the mantilla a baffling disguise, and as each woman present in the church wore one, and as the hair of each was black, and as the back of the head of one woman is very much like that of another, it was not until the worshipers had turned to leave that he discovered the Señorita Inez Rojas. In her black satin dress, with her face wreathed by the black lace mantilla, Roddy thought he had never seen her look more beautiful.

After her commands that he should not attempt to see her again he was most anxious she should not learn how soon he had disobeyed her; and that she was with her sister and mother made it still more necessary that he should remain unnoticed.

But in his eagerness and delight at the sight of her he leaned far forward. Inez, at that instant raising her eyes, saw him. Of the two Roddy was the more concerned. The girl made no sign of recognition, but the next moment, with an exclamation, she suddenly unclasped her hands, and, as though to show they were empty, held them toward her mother and sister. Leaving them, she returned hurriedly toward the altar. Señora Rojas and the sister continued on their way toward the door, exchanging greetings with the women of their acquaintance, whom, after an absence of two years, they now met for the first time. Seeing them thus engaged Inez paused and, turning, looked directly at Roddy. Her glance was not forbidding, and Roddy, who needed but little encouragement, hastened to follow. The church was very dark. The sunlight came only through the lifted curtains at the farthermost entrance, and the acolytes were already extinguishing the candles that had illuminated the altar. As Inez, in the center of the church, picked her way among the scattered praying-chairs, Roddy, in the side aisle and hidden by the pillars, kept pace with her.

Directly in front of the altar Inez stooped, and, after picking up a fan and

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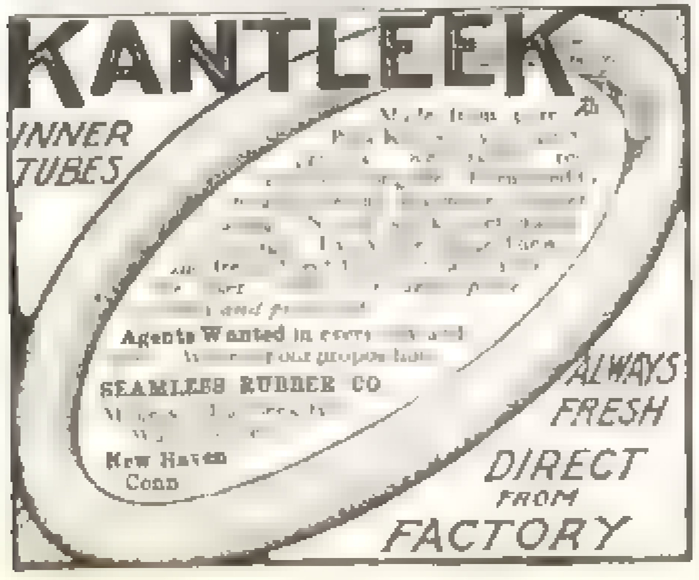

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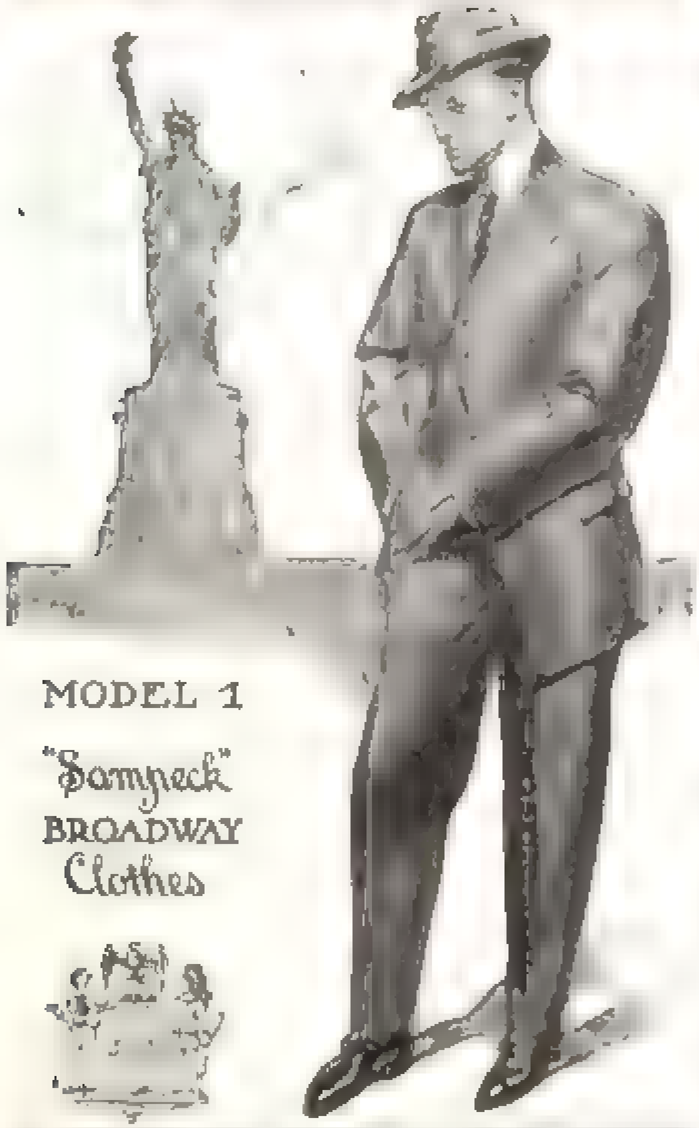

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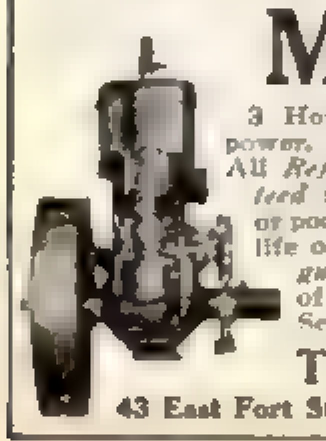

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a prayer-book, stood irresolutely looking about her. Roddy cautiously emerged from the side aisle and from behind the last of the long row of pillars. Inez came quickly toward him. The last of the acolytes to leave the altar, in their haste to depart, stumbled and tripped past them, leaving them quite alone. Concealed by the pillar from all of those in the far front of the church, Inez gave Roddy her hand.

"I am so sorry," she begged; "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" whispered Roddy. His voice was filled with such delight that it was apparently a sufficient answer. Inez, smiling slightly, withdrew her hand, and taking from inside her glove a folded piece of paper, thrust it toward him.

"I brought this for you," she said.

"For me!" he exclaimed in surprise. As though in apology for the question he raised his eyes appealingly. "How did you know," he begged, "that I would be here?"

For an instant, with a frown, the girl regarded him steadily. Then her cheeks flushed slightly and her eyes grew radiant. She flashed upon him the same mocking, dazzling smile that twice before had left him in complete subjection.

"How did you know," she returned, "I would be here?"

She moved instantly from him, but Roddy started recklessly in pursuit.

"Wait!" he demanded. "Just what does that mean?"

"The note will tell you," she whispered, and turning her back on him hurried to the door.

Roddy allowed her sufficient time in which to leave the neighborhood of the church, and while he waited, as the most obvious method of expressing his feelings, stuffed all the coins in his pockets into the poor-box. From the church he hastened to an empty bench in the Alameda, and opened the note. He was surprised to find that it came from Mrs. Broughton, the wife of the English Consul at Porto Cabello. She was an American girl who, against the advice of her family, had married an Englishman, and one much older than herself. Since their marriage he had indulged and spoiled her as recklessly as any American might have done, and at the same time, in his choice of a wife, had continued to consider himself a most fortunate individual. Since his arrival at Porto Cabello Roddy had been a friend of each. For hours he would play in the garden with their children, without considering it necessary to inform either the father or mother that he was on the premises; and on many evenings the Broughtons and himself sat in his *patio* reading the American periodicals, without a word being spoken by any one of them until they said good-night. But since his return from Curaçao, Roddy had been too occupied with coming events to remember old friends.

The note read:

> Dear Mr. Forrester: My husband and I have not seen you for ages, and the children cry for "Uncle Roddy." Will you and Mr. De Peyster take tea with us day after tomorrow? The only other friend who is coming will give you this note.

The Broughtons had been stationed at Porto Cabello for five years, and, as Roddy now saw, it was most natural that in the limited social life of Porto Cabello the two American girls should be friends. That he had not already thought of the possibility of this filled him with rage, and, at the same time, the promise held forth by the note thrilled him with pleasure. He leaped to his feet and danced jubilantly upon the gravel walk. Tearing the note into scraps he hurled them into the air.

"Mary Broughton!" he exclaimed ecstatically, "you're a brick!"

That night the attack on the barricade to the tunnel was made with a vigor no cement nor rusty iron could resist. Inspired by the thought that on the morrow he would see Inez, and that she herself wished to see him, and anxious to give her a good report of the work of rescue, Roddy toiled like a coal-passer. His energy moved McKildrick and Peter to endeavors equally strenuous, and by nine o'clock the great stone slabs were wedged apart, and on the warm-scented night air and upon the sweating bodies of the men there struck a cold, foul breath that told them one end of the tunnel lay open.

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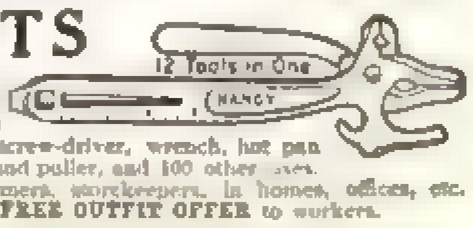

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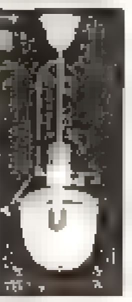

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We have added to our STANDARD line of socks

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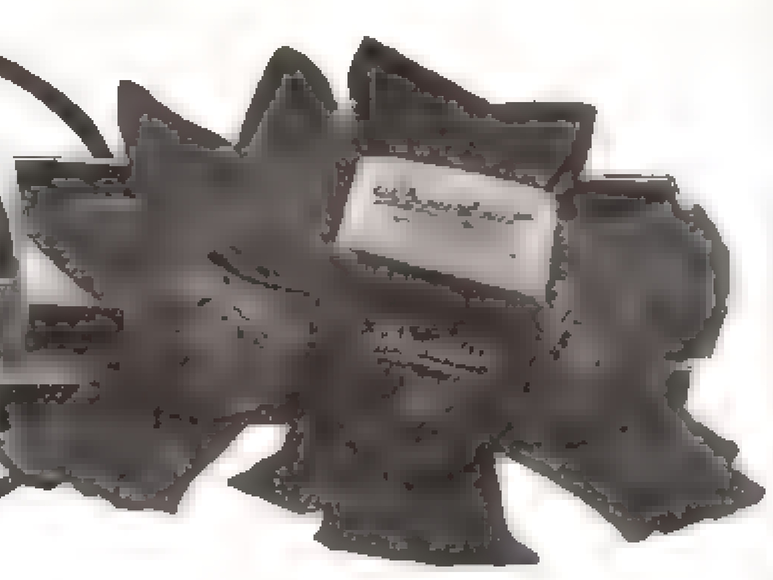

Which offer an assortment that will appeal to the most fastidious dressers. These new shades are *strictly* new, and will be in great demand.

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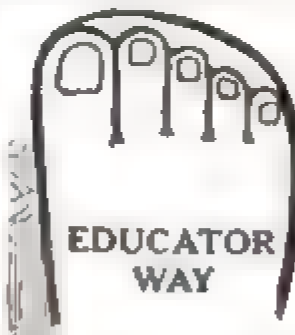

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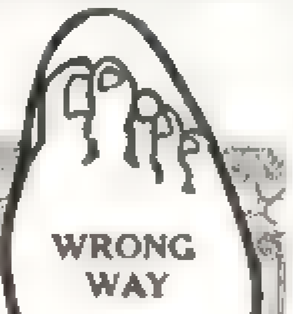

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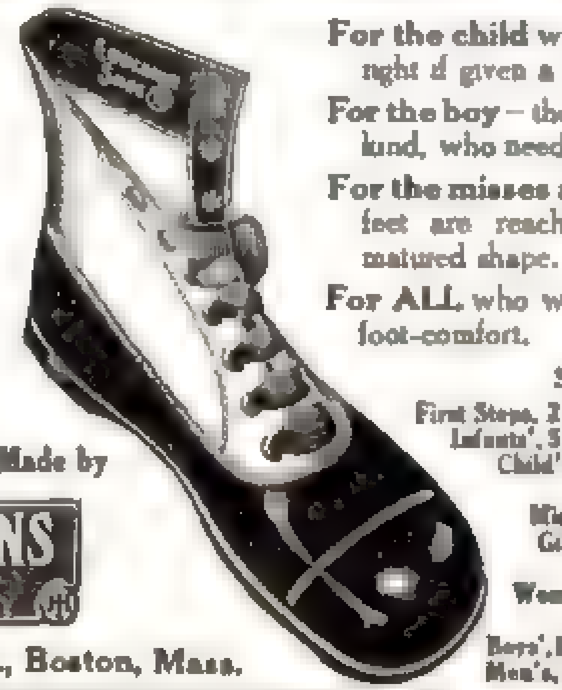

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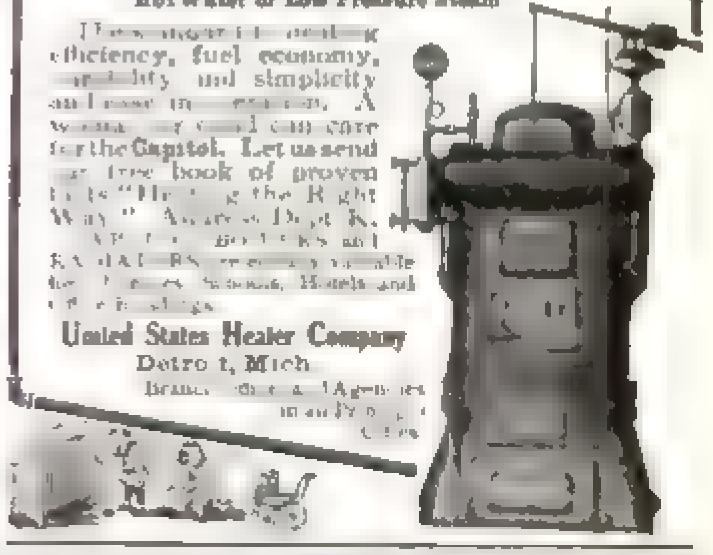

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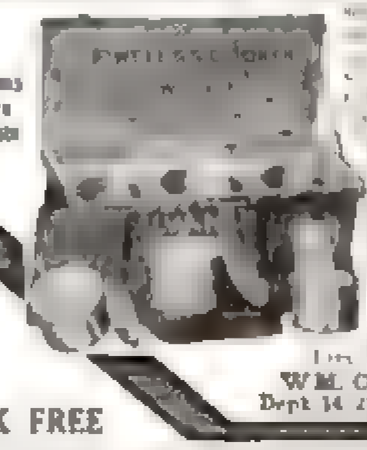

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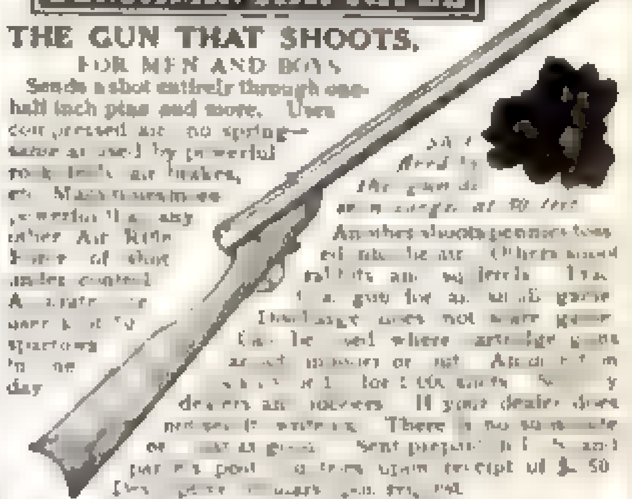

Another shoots pennies [illegible] Others sized rabbits and squirrels [illegible] gun for all small game [illegible] not scare game. Can be used where cartridge guns are not [illegible] dealers and jobbers. If your dealer does not [illegible] There is no substitute or [illegible] as good. Sent prepaid [illegible] upon receipt of $2.50 [illegible]

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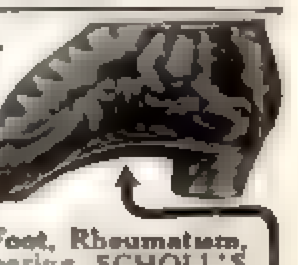
See that Foot-Eazer



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VALUABLE BOOKLET MAILED FREE

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THE FIRST SCOOP

(Concluded from Page 7)

where Johnson had left him, was waiting. Ringling was pondering that Chestnut Street affair, a fight of serious consequences, in some trepidation. Lanning was quietly smoking and looking out of the window.

Johnson handed to Galway a copy of the extra and passed the other one to Lanning. Across the entire head went the line:

STOLE MARKET NATIONAL'S RESERVE!

Then a smaller line:

CASHIER JIM BUXLEY A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!

Below that was a line dictated by fairness—and safety—and a few other mixed considerations:

Depositors Guaranteed Full Protection, But
Stockholders Will Lose Nearly a
Quarter of a Million!

There was the big group cut; there were other headlines; there were boxed facts. It was a dandy spread! Johnson was proud of it; Lanning was proud of it; Ringling, who had hurried over to Lanning, looking eagerly over his shoulder, was so proud of the page that for the moment he forgot the possibilities of that Chestnut Street affair.

"I give you fair warning!" threatened Galway, making one last, desperate stand. "You'd better not let this extra go out of the house!"

There came a sudden jar to the whole building, and then a rumbling whir that set it into a steady vibration. The big presses down there were throwing off the copies at the rate of a thousand a minute. All of them pricked up their ears at that sound.

"There's your answer," thrilled Johnson, unable to resist the dramatic opportunity. "More than that, there will be a second extra out in a few minutes. Mrs. Bell's husband just now followed her down to the G. & R. depot and had her pinched at the very gates. She was on her way to Honduras to join Jim Buxley!"

There was a hubbub of voices in the alley. Already carriers were taking away the papers, and at the corner just above the Courier office there began the shrill cries of boys. The home-hurrying crowd would get that late extra and the news would cover the entire city, to the utmost suburb, within an hour.

"You'll suffer for this!" declared Galway savagely, visibly trembling with anger for the first time in years.

"Sure," agreed Johnson complacently. "It's only a question of who's going to suffer the most, however. Galway, we're going to cut off your political head just beneath the chin and stick it on a high pole in the center of Washington Plaza."

Galway's only response to this threat was to slam the door from the outside. Lanning arose, and with a white handkerchief flicked some loose ashes from his clothing.

"That was exhilarating," said he. "It reminds me, in some absurd way, of the time I had my collar-bone broken in a football game. Boys, it's the first real scoop we've landed since I took over the paper! I think I'd better buy something!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Chester dealing with the building up of a sensational newspaper.

The Very Worst

SHORTLY before Colonel J. W. Zevely, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, was married, and while the city was agog with the news, a client of Colonel Zevely's got hold of some prohibition-state liquor and filled up on it.

He started home, was met at the door and promptly thrown out by his irate wife. He tried again to get in and was thrown out again. Then he sat on the horseblock for a time and, finally, sent a friend for Colonel Zevely.

"What does he want?" asked the Colonel.

"He says he wants you to get him an injunction restraining his wife from throwing him out."

"He can't get that," replied Zevely, "and, besides, I think his wife ought to throw him out."

The friend went back and reported. The client was amazed. He wept bitterly and sobbed through his tears: "Did he say that? Did Bill say that? Well, I just hope he does get married."

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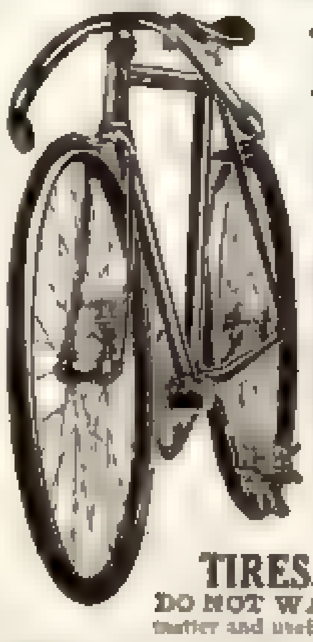

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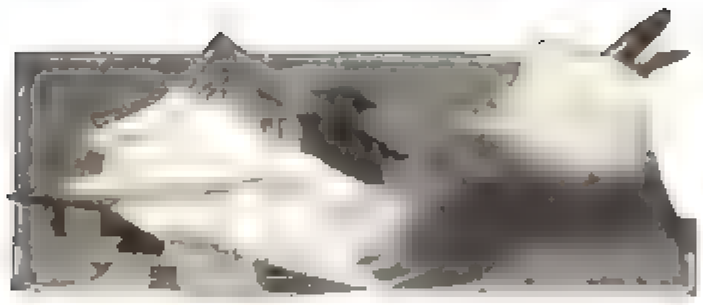

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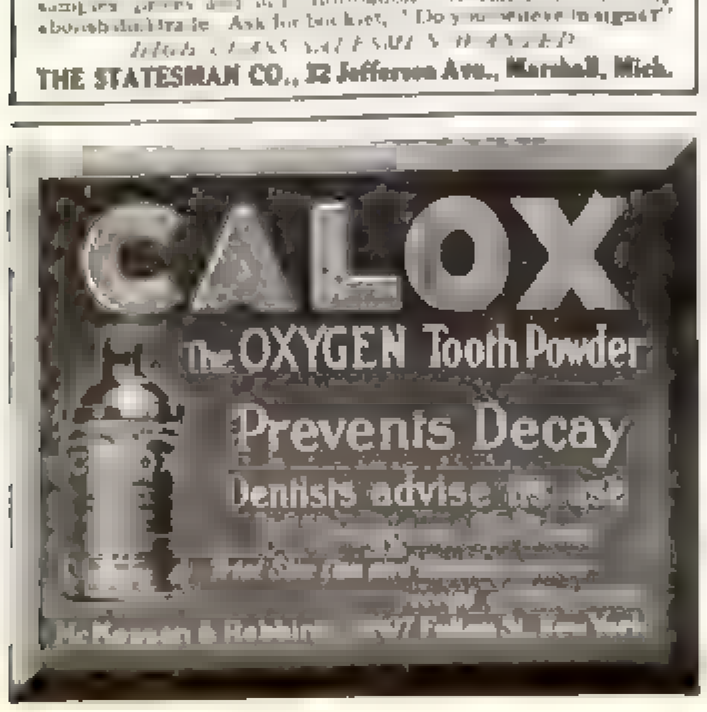

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HENRIETTA'S HAIR

(Continued from Page 9)

he returned. He seized a pen. "It is, then, breach of warranty. Such is the defense. There will be the trial the day after tomorrow. You will be here. I will be here. The plaintiff, Pantaneous, she will be here. And we shall try out this breach of warranty for sure."

"You bet we will!" exclaimed Miss Hendershot, "and, by George! you can call it breach of warranty if you like. I call it a downright swindle. That's what I do."

. . . .

Two days later, as Dan Keogh, with a derby hat a mile too small for him, a suit of clothes with concave collar and convex shoulder, and all the other necessary qualities attendant—as Dan Keogh issued from his boarding-house on his way downtown a little old man touched him on the chest. Dan drew back.

"You, Mr. Helmstaedter!" he exclaimed, flushing. "Say," he added, "by George, I forgot all about that little bill I owed you." He drew forth sixty-five cents in change. "Say, old man," he apologized, "I've got to go to the bank this morning to get some bills, and I'll fix you up. I really will, Mr. Helmstaedter. Sure!"

"Justice Helmstaedter!" returned the other. He thrust forth a green slip of paper. "You are summoned on a jury, Daniel Keogh, at my courtroom, at my store, at nine o'clock today. There is the summons. You get your jury fee after the trial. You will be on hand?"

Dan Keogh looked at the paper blankly. "Jury!" he spluttered. "At your court at nine o'clock? Why, hang it, I've got to be at Blumenthal & Meyer's at nine o'clock. I—can't!"

"You—can't?" echoed the old man. "Can't? There ain't no such word as can't. You are summoned on a jury by a Justice of the Peace. You—come."

"I can't come, I tell you!" groaned Keogh. "I—I—I'll lose my job if I ain't at the office by nine o'clock. I will, for sure. I'm havin' hard work to hold it as it is. Sorry. I can't, that's all!"

He started off. The Justice of the Peace clung to him frantically. "I arrest you, man!" he yelled in shrill tones; "I am a Justice of the Peace. You are in contempt of the process of this here court of mine. I arrest you."

Keogh flung him off. But no sooner had he done so than a bluecoat turned the corner, and the old Justice in one instant had told his tale into Maloney's ear. Maloney, guardian of the peace, and an inch taller than Keogh, was upon him.

"Yer summonsed for a jury, Keogh!" he blustered. "If you don't know what it means to disobey that summons you'll land in jail. You come with me."

Keogh went, pleading all the way that he'd lose his job. But not once did Maloney loosen his grip until he had deposited Keogh on the bench at the shoe shop of the Justice of the Peace, where five other citizens sat, obedient, waiting, with jury like meekness, for the trial to begin.

"Now, Justice," said Maloney, "if he gives you the slip you let me know and I'll put him behind the bars; you see?"

Keogh didn't give him the slip, for at that instant, as Maloney left, a vision of beauty entered—Miss Henrietta Hendershot, no less. The plaintiff, Madame A. Pantaneous, was on hand, and the trial began.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began the Justice of the Peace, "this here is a suit between one lady against a swell lady. We have all had hard times for these here past many months, hard times. But there is one kind of peoples who hasn't had hard times. These here peoples is the false-hair peoples. They have made money, and it is one of these here who now appears before you. Plaintiff, be sworn."

Now, it so happened that, though Keogh had seen Miss Hendershot enter, that lady, Henrietta, owing to the light without and the darkness within, had not seen him. Keogh, after his humiliating encounter with the strong arm of the law, didn't want to be seen, and he gave no sign. Miss Hendershot occupied a seat in front of him and her back was toward him, her face toward the Justice. So Keogh merely watched, waited and gnawed his fingernails in silence.

"Plaintiff, you are sworn," said the Justice to Madame; "you will state your

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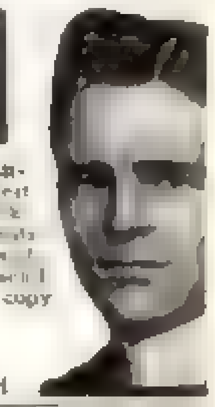

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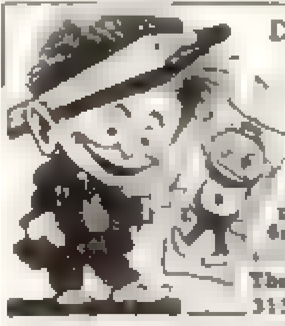

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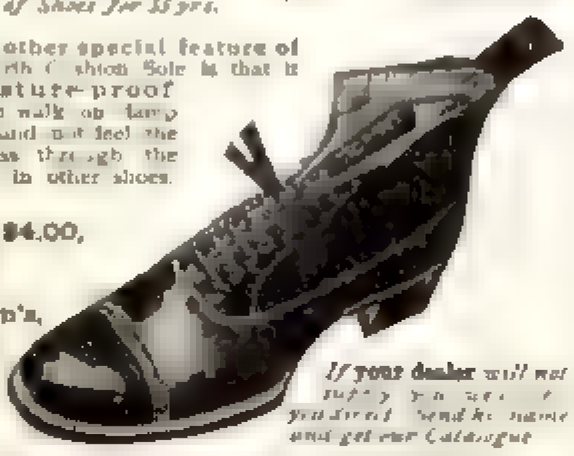

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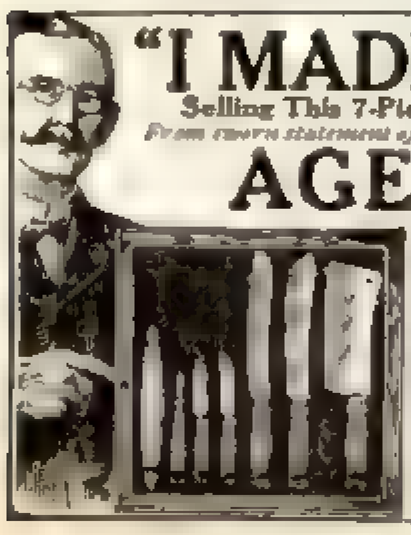

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case to this here intelligent jury, and be quick about it, please."

The plaintiff stated her case with more or less eloquence, showing how defendant bought goods of her, by name Fritzi Scheff, Tetrazzini, Marlowe, Mary Garden, May Irwin, cluster puffs, wavy switches, hair rolls, rats, *chignons*, psyche knots, pompadours and transformations, that together and separate they were sold and delivered by plaintiff to defendant at defendant's request, and were of the reasonable and agreed value of eight dollars and twenty-five cents more or less, which sum she had duly demanded of defendant, but the said defendant then and there had absolutely refused to pay, though often requested so to do by plaintiff, and thereupon the plaintiff brought her suit.

"Defendant will be sworn," said the Justice, suiting the action to the word. "Now, defendant, go ahead. Tell me your defense."

"A swindle, Justice Helmstaedter," returned the defendant; "they turned green after I bought 'em. Green. Think of that! I was green to buy 'em. Really, I was."

"Let me look," commanded the Justice. "The Court here must examine these here commodities. Defendant must offer them in evidence. Take off this here hat."

"You bet I will," returned the defendant, "and you can see for yourself."

"Where is this green?" queried the Justice of the Peace.

Defendant held a finger in the air and pointed down. "It's on the Fritzi Scheff," she said.

The Justice nodded. "Take off this here Fritzi Scheff," he commanded, "and we will mark it in evidence."

"Take it off?" faltered the defendant. "Not on your life."

"You take it off," commanded the Justice. "Do you try to monkey with the Court? This here is a court of law. There was one young man"—he shot a glance of rebuke toward a member of the jury—"who tried to monkey and came near getting locked up in the prison jail. You take off this Fritzi Scheff, or I commit you for contempt."

The Fritzi Scheff was removed, and the Justice examined it. "Defendant is right, gentlemen of the jury," said the Justice, passing the Fritzi Scheff among them; "there is green upon that. Defendant, you are a truthful witness. I think maybe the jury will give you a verdict. But we shall see." He drew her head toward him. "More green," he exclaimed, "much more green."

"The Tetrazzini pompadour," asserted the defendant, "that is green on the under side."

"Take it off!" commanded the Justice.

"I will not," returned the defendant.

"Defendant," exclaimed the Justice, "you are confronted with the majesty of the law. Take it off or I will get out the Penal Code." Off came the Tetrazzini. That was not all. The Justice, a very active and astute member of the judiciary, discovered green in every item of the plaintiff's demand. Off came the Marlowe, the May Irwin, the Mary Garden; off came puffs, waves, rolls, rats, pompadours, transformations—all.

And what was left? Henrietta Hendershot, where was she? Ask of the winds that far and wide with fragments strewed the sea. Henrietta Hendershot stood, or rather sat, in the sight of men, with nothing to crown her cheap and pallid beauty other than a mere wisp of hair—a poor thing, but her own—a long, stringy, discolored fragment. Henrietta Hendershot was nothing save a rag and a bone and hank of hair.

But the Justice was not satisfied. He clutched at what was left.

"I see more green—always green!" he exclaimed. "Come, take this off, too."

"But," wailed Henrietta, "I—I can't. That hair is my own."

"That's just it, Judge," exclaimed Madame A. Pantaneous, "you see the color of her own hair, this hussy. She has bought of me good goods—good, blond material. But after she has bought them she has tried to keep her own hair blond. She had bleached her own hair. You see its roots, a drab color, that is her natural color, but she has to keep it blond like my superior makes, and she applies the bleach to her own hair, and the bleach it touches my lovely masterpieces, Justice of the Peace, and she poisons my own hair until it turns green, just like her own. I am under oath—I, the plaintiff—and I say it.

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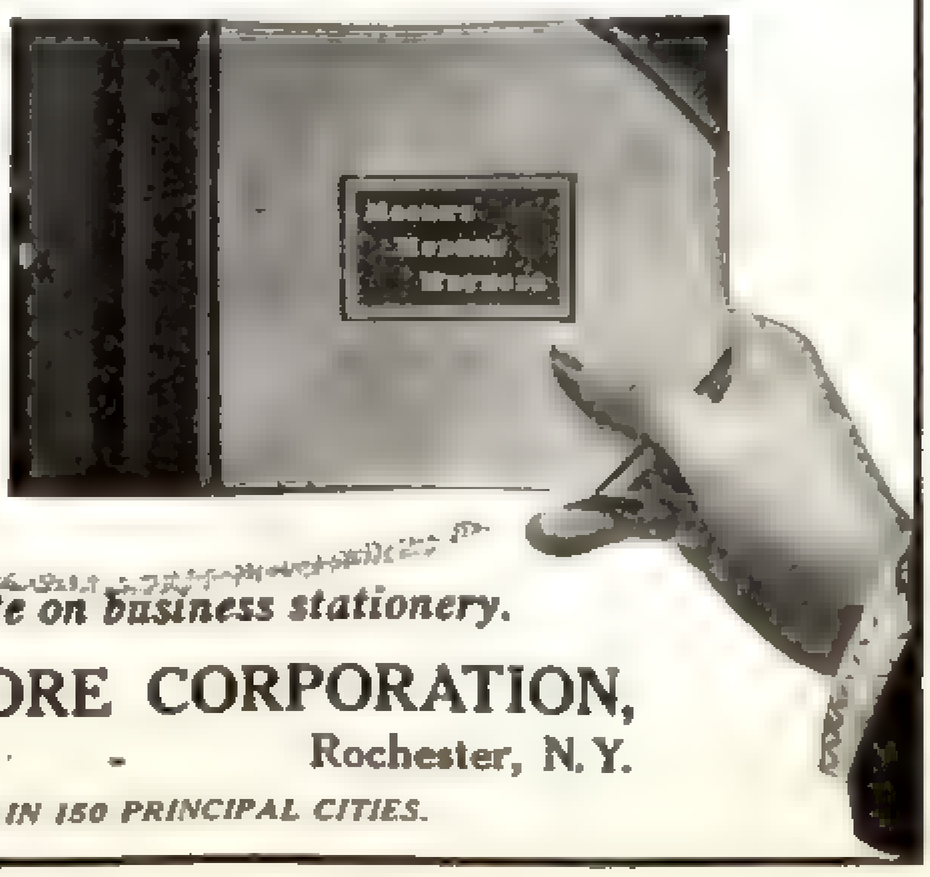

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Henrietta Hendershot, disheveled, streaked, her insignificant wisp of femininity straggling down her back, turned sharply to the jury.

"You bet I'll tell them," she began angrily. And then she stopped. Her eyes met the eyes of Daniel Keogh; he flushed with shame, and she knew she was undone.

"Do you deny this—what plaintiff says?" queried the Court.

"I deny nothing," stammered Miss Hendershot. "I—give me my hat." She twisted up her fragments into a diminutive knot and frantically placed her hat upon her head. All present save one man burst into a howl of glee. For, alas, the hat was a structure with a general crown intended to embrace within its space all kinds and quantities of Tetrazzinis, Fritzi Scheffs and Marlowes—but now a dishpan would have rested quite as comfortably on the knob which had become her head, as did this hat. It wobbled back, it wobbled front, it dipped right and left. It swamped her, eclipsed her features, extinguished her. She jerked it off. "I have changed my mind, Justice," she said, "I will keep the goods." She grabbed the Tetrazzini, but the Justice was too quick.

"Not so," he returned, "not so. You are too excited. You must have justice and you shall get it. This here is evidence. The jury will decide this case, going into my back room, and they must have all this here evidence. Maybe they see green, maybe not. It is for them, not me, to decide this case. Gentlemen of the jury," he went on, passing over the exhibits, "I charge you that you must decide this here case upon the facts as you have heard it and upon the law as I have charged it. You must bring in a verdict without fear, threats or compulsion of or from your wives; you must decide this case without reward or the hope thereof. Gentlemen, you may retire."

Henrietta Hendershot, with her hat wobbling on her head, sprang for Keogh. "Dan, Dan," she cried, "won't you make 'em let me keep the Fritzi Scheff out here?"

. . . .

The next evening Lena Helmstaedter was in the little kitchen, prinking just a bit after her chores were done. She had taken down her glorious, jet-black coils of hair and was engaged in twisting them into a tighter and more secure adornment. Suddenly there was a knock upon the door and a man strode in. He was a six-footer, with tousled hair, clad in a blue flannel shirt, open at the neck, and his brawny, graceful form was tightened with a belt. This man was Dan Keogh.

Lena uttered a scream and started from the room. But Dan crossed it and caught her in his arms.

"I want to watch you do that," he exclaimed; "stay where you are and finish up." She obeyed him. She knew not how or why. But his eyes gleamed as he saw the thickness and the luster of the coil. Then, when she had finished, his self-possession fled from him.

"Didn't come over for anything," he blurted out, "except to pay the old man a bill I owe him. It's been standin' long enough. An' I thought besides, Lena, that I'd tell you that I was goin' back to the works tomorrow—got fired down to Blumenthal's." He stretched his arms. "I'm going back to the works—to earn some money—to save some money—to ——" He stopped. "Say, little girl," he stammered, "I—don't deserve it—don't you see? But—there ain't nothin' against me but a lot o' foolishness, and—would you mind it if I stopped here in the morning and—walked down with you to the works? I wish you'd let me, Lena—and back again at night."

. . . .

"You know, little one—and Dan," the Justice said to them that evening, "there's something I learned in this here interesting legal trial, Pantaneous *versus* Hendershot. That here is this: Hard times may come; hard times may go, but these here false-hair factories goes on forever. *Hein?*"

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"As sweet as a nut, As clean as a whistle"

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Absorbent cotton catches all saliva and nicotine. Change cotton when saturated, thus the entire pipe is kept dry. **We please you or return your money.** 3½ in. bent or straight rubber bit. French briar $1. Same in second quality, 50c. With amber bit, silver mounted, in case, $5, postpaid. **Ask your dealer,** or send direct. Booklet free. REFERENCE: First State Bank.

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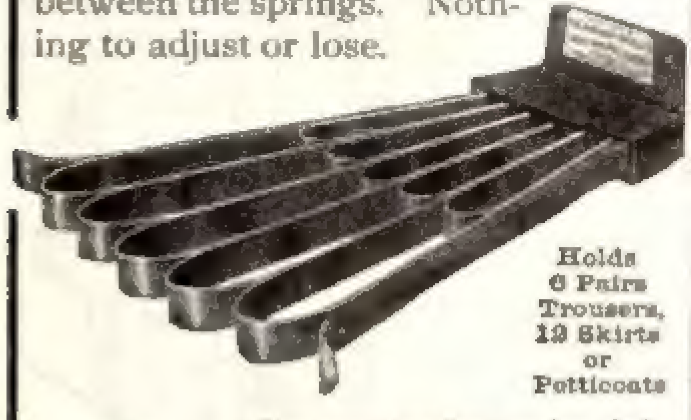
For Men's Trousers, Ladies' Skirts and Petticoats

The simplest and most convenient device of its kind. Always ready to use.

$1.75

Takes but an instant to insert trousers, skirts or petticoats between the springs. Nothing to adjust or lose.



Holds 6 Pairs Trousers, 12 Skirts or Petticoats

Garments always in plain sight—in compact space, out of the way.

The holder easily attaches to any place with three square inches or more of surface.

Saves Pressing, Closet Space and Time

Enthusiastically endorsed wherever used. Try it. Send today.

If not on sale in your city, we will send direct upon receipt of price—$1.75. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Buckingham Rae Company,
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Write for Catalog

Start your Gas Engine with the **Motsinger Auto-Sparker** and run it without the aid of batteries. Not a cheap magneto but the original high grade speed controlled friction driven dynamo. Perfectly insulated, "water and dust proof." Fully Guaranteed. Operates "make and break" and "jump spark." Charges all storage batteries for ignition and lighting on a small scale, perfectly with our special switch board in the circuit. Ten years actual service with over 36,000 Auto-sparkers in operation to testify to its merit.

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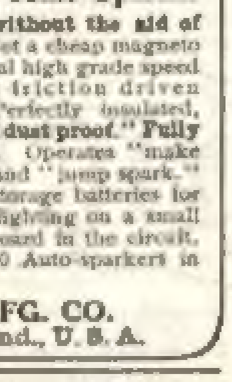

You can obtain a better finish on your fine linen, plain clothes, flat work with less effort and expense, in one-fourth the time required by the old method, by using the

SIMPLEX IRONER
THE BEST IRONER

Heated by gas or gasoline—1 cent per hour. Where we have no dealer we'll send Ironer on 30 Days' FREE Trial. Write today for FREE Booklet showing all sizes and styles.

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE CO.
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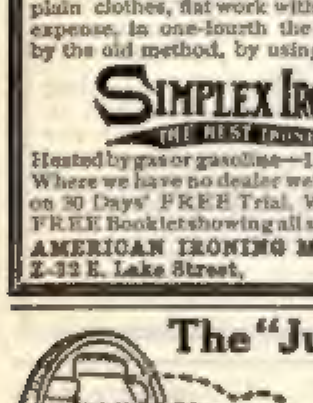
The "Just It" Collar Button

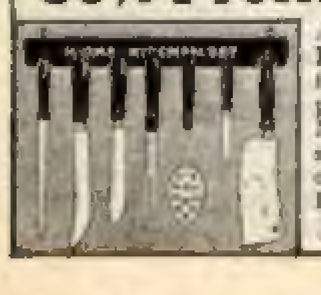


Patented Nov. 17, '08.

is entirely different from and superior to any other make on the market. It admits of an easy adjustment of the tie on a lay-down collar, and can be worn by women as well as men. It lays flat against the neck band and is guaranteed not to hurt the neck. If your dealer can't supply you, send his name and 10 cts. for sample postpaid.

"Just It" Collar Button Co., Dayton, O.

80% Profit—Easy Sales



Agents! Sell this great 7-piece **Kitchen Set** for $1.50. Hung on fine ebonized rack. Best tempered steel—fully guaranteed. Money back if not right. Every article used daily. Appeals at once to housewives. Free outfit. Exclusive territory. Write **today.**

E D Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

THE NEW CANADA

(Concluded from Page 15)

—the Canadian Northern. Mackenzie is the financier and Mann the constructor. Years ago they were contractors building the road for the Canadian Pacific. Somebody gave them a little strip of railroad, or died and left them a strip, or something like that. Then they bought a second strip and built a third strip to connect them, and then began to build on to both ends, and then to work toward both oceans. One day a gentleman walked into Mackenzie's office at Toronto with a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile railroad in his pocket. He represented the company that owned it. The Canadian Pacific operated this line. A lease was about to expire. The leasing road evidently thought it would get it again at its own terms. The owners thought it best to shop around a bit before signing a new lease, however, so their representative came to Mackenzie and he practically took the road that same day. More than six million bushels of wheat were hauled out over this line the same year. This Canadian Northern project is as close to Canadian sympathies as any railroad can ever be to anybody's sympathies. Today the system embraces more than four thousand miles of road and is growing a mile a day. Twice a year the senior partner goes over to London and sells bonds. They say that once, after an English financier had put more money into the enterprise, he tried to sound Mackenzie politically.

"Is Canada loyal to England?" asked the Englishman.

"No—she is loyal to Great Britain," said Mackenzie—a Scotchman's reply.

The Purpose of the All-Red Route

Canada's transportation projects color her views of the British Empire. England today is full of jingoes who insist that it is necessary to fight Germany, the country that is doing most to arouse England commercially and which may teach her eventually that a nation cannot live by politics alone. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada last summer the "colonials" had difficulty in comprehending the members of his suite, who invariably spoke the military slang fashionable in London. The Prince was much appreciated because he spoke plain English. In this state of mind England is curious to know how far Canada would go in helping build a greater British navy.

Canada is peacefully busy, but occasionally catches just a whiff of this jingo infection. Looking back over her quiet history she asks: "Why have I never had a great war?" John Bull is assuring himself that what he needs to pull himself together is a great conflict. That leads Canada to ask herself seriously whether a nation is really a nation unless born in blood and strife. This is only momentary doubt, however—Canada's way of wondering whether the national hat is on straight. The chief benefit of a thundering big war seems to be in the disciplinary period afterward, when the debt has to be paid. Canada has had no war. But she has had her disciplinary period in learning to walk without the aid of Uncle Sam. She came through that by hard living and frugality. Today she has a savings-bank on every corner, where we usually plant a saloon, and the Canadian one-cent piece is still made a trifle larger than a quarter, so that people will think twice before they spend it foolishly. Tomorrow Canada will be dangerously rich—just like ourselves. But what she is today she was made by that period of discipline and by her Scotch blood. Her national strength is illustrated by the Toronto man who got tangled up in a poker game with a strange Yankee:

"He'd draw four cards, and, when I called him, lay down nothing less than a straight or three aces. You never saw such playing—it was with the utmost d-e-e-ficulty that I won six dollars from him."

So, when England tentatively sounds Canada upon an imperial tax for naval purposes, Canada points to her enormous railroad projects. That is her contribution to the Empire—the famous "all-red route" that links it together. If a navy is necessary she might prefer to build one of her own, and could profitably use it as we have lately been using ours—for international advertising purposes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Collins dealing with Canada and the Canadians of today.

SAPOLIN

GOLD ENAMEL

Makes old things new like magic

It puts a rich lustrous finish on any surface, that will outlast any other.

It is inexpensive and will save money by renewing things you would otherwise throw away.

You may have old-looking picture frames, chairs, pedestals, chandeliers, radiators, plumbing, fixtures, stove pipes, etc., in your home.

No need of a decorator. Refinish them yourself with SAPOLIN. It requires no experience and only a few minutes, and the bright new finish given by SAPOLIN will wear for years. A child can use it successfully.

SAPOLIN means a finish to suit every surface, producing handsome effects in rich Gold, bright Aluminum, hard Enamel White, Wood Stains, Porcelain finish for bathtubs, brilliant Black for stove pipes, wire screens, etc.

Tell your paint dealer what articles you want to refinish. He will sell you SAPOLIN .or that particular purpose. At 25, 40 and 75 cents, wherever paint is sold. Trial size 15 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER During April and May, SAPOLIN dealers (and that means first class dealers everywhere) will give free with every 25 cent purchase of SAPOLIN, a handsomely decorated Savings Bank.

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are artistic in appearance, honest in construction, distinctive in style and sold at reasonable prices.

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Write for our Challenge Catalog "De Luxe," (pages 11 x 14) with supplement "Colonial Beauties." It costs us 50c to deliver, but we send it to interested persons only, who state number of mantels needed, and send 12 cents to pay expense of mailing.

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Write today.

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No. 29—$3000.

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My other books for home-builders are:

100 designs for Attractive Homes, $2,500 to $6,000	$1.00
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Enjoy that **luxurious rest** and **relaxation** which gives renewed energy and makes the hot, sultry days **cool and delightful.** Be truly **comfortable** when reading, resting or ill. The expense is only nominal. Our **Reclining** chair, **automatically** adjusting itself to every position, will do all this for you. Write us for free trial offer and catalogue No. 128 showing ten models of this chair and sixty other designs of summer furniture. Ask your dealer for **Superior Quality** lawn furniture and make your home **comfortable, attractive** and **distinctive.** **Kalamazoo Sled Co., 575 3rd St., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

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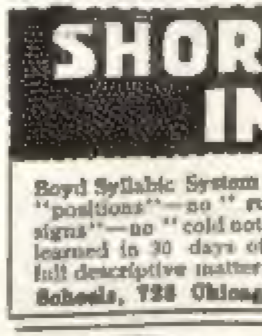

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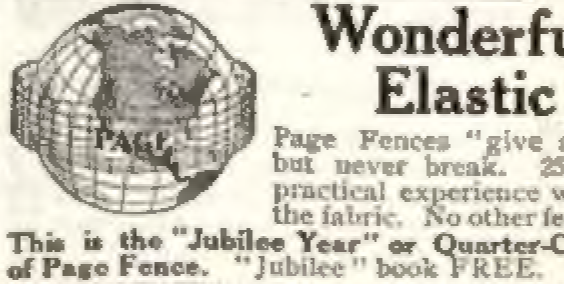

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Write to-day

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Made to wear
Where the
Wear comes
Most—

Everwear
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For Men and Women

EVERWEAR are *More* than merely guaranteed hose. They are made for EXTRA EASE as well as EXTRA WEAR. They retain their shape and hold their color through all their long wear and many washings.

You should remember these particular advantages, and the name EVERWEAR, when buying hose. For it's so easy to make a mistake in purchasing — So easy to become confused in names.

So always look for the name Everwear on the Hose. Examine them closely — see that they have that smooth, soft texture; the neat shape and the fine finish found only in Everwear.

And remember all these superior features are the result of special care and a special process in making.

For it is a very easy matter to make hose that will wear six months — and to give a six months' guarantee. There are many such hose on the market.

But why make your feet endure heavy, stiff, ill-fitting hose? Why put up with this discomfort? Everwear though made to withstand hard wear, are as fine and soft as any hose you ever wore.

The cotton we use is of an especially fine quality — a cotton that not only looks well, but one that resists great strain and hard wear.

Then the knitting is done by a special process. At the heel and toe the stitch is uniquely doubled — not thickened, but made closer, so that these parts retain the same soft texture as the balance of the hose.

We guarantee six pairs of Everwear to wear six months — and we give new hose FREE for any one or all of six pairs that shows a hole, rip or tear within that time.

We feel certain that you will enjoy more real satisfaction in wearing EVERWEAR than any other hose. Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Read the description below and order accordingly. Send for our free booklet—"An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box — Solid or Assorted Colors

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Men's—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, London smoke, light and dark shades of blue, gray, and green.

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Men's—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

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EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

Victor-Victrola

Victor-Victrola XVI
Mahogany, $200
Quartered oak, $200
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Horn and all moving parts entirely concealed. Music made loud or soft by opening or closing small doors.

The cabinet contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories. All metal parts heavily gold-plated.

Other styles of the Victor from $10 up

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IF only a few of the world's greatest artists made records exclusively for the *Victor*, it might signify little. But when such famous singers as Caruso, Calve, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Homer, Melba, Plancon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich and Tetrazzini *all* make records exclusively for the *Victor*, it is not only a splendid tribute to the high musical qualities of the *Victor*, but the most conclusive proof of its all-around superiority.

Prove it for yourself. Hearing is believing. Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor* music you want to hear.

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Victor
HIS MASTER'S VOICE

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.

A complete list of new Victor Records for May will be found in the May number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and June Cosmopolitan.